THE AUSTRALIAN Over 393,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JUNE 18, 1938

Heristred at the GP-O. Sydney, for

Published in Every State

PRICE





For £45 a week you can live in historic No. 145 Piccadilly

The King's Old Home

By Air Mail from London

The King wants to let his old home, No. 145 Piccadilly.

Wealth is required to live in the King's former home.

An Australian millionaire settled in London, who wished to launch his daughters into society, could, if he so desired, lease it until 1975 at a rental of £45 per week exclusive of rates which amount to a subof rates, which amount to a substantial additional sum.

Tenants may use the house as a club or convert it into flats, but no trade can be carried on in it.

IT is a house with a certain historic fame. It was the first British Royal residence to open direct on to a public thoroughfare or bear a street number. And it is the only house with a number in which British king lived and

The Queen used to call it "Four Winds," because it stands on a triangular site facing the Palace Garden and backs on to Hyde Park getting an unrestricted supply of fresh air. The Princesses had one of the lineat yiews in London from the day



The moving out took place early in the movings, to avoid sightseers. There is no "To Let" board displayed for the same reason.

Says the caretaker's wife, "We'd have half London queueing to see over it if there was a board."

The house requires thirty servants to run it, and there are twelve kitseas.

chems, spreading far under the gardens.

A chef's sitting-room is also underground, with a ghas cupoin roof emerging in the shrubbery.

Next to it is the strongroom, the coor of which is so heavy that two men are required to heave it open. On the other side is the Queen's basaur room, where she used to store her sale-of-work purchases.

As you enter the house you pass through two loftly entrance halls with mosaic floors and a wide spiral staircase with wrought ron balustrades. The top landing is guarded with gill-wire netting.

It used to be the nursery floor, and the Queen had a horror of her tumboy daughters climbing up the banishers and falling into the hall sixty feet below.

No. 145 Piccadilly has one of the finest reception suites in London.

The first floor comprises a series of four communicating drawing-rooms in blur and gold. The King and Queen used the second largest, which faces the back garden, as their bedroom.

tathrooms.

All the rooms have double doors and windows to shot out the traffic noises of Hyde Park Corner.

New tenants will have to do the interior decorating.

The gilt cuputs flutes, and scrolls on the doors and dadoes gleam bright.

on the 1990s and dadoes gleam bright.
But heavy pictures have left their mark on the walls.

Below-stairs expenses and heating and lighting of the house cost £20 a week.

week.
The house faces Green Park with its incessant roar of traffic, but in the days of the King's residence it was a haven of peace and quietness made so by the housekceping genius of the Queen, who was then Duchess of Now.

The house itself is not so very dif-ferent from other houses of its kind, but its history is vastly different. Under the sombre slate roof of this old house we saw history in the mak-

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



University Tutor

MISS ANNE NICHOLLS. geography at Melbourne University who has been abroad for 18 months who has been arroad for 18 months, has returned to her post at the Uni-versity. Under a Carnegie Corpora-tion research grant Miss Nicholls studied at Toronto University. Canada. In America Miss Nicholls did research work at the Berkeley University, paying particular atten-tion to soil erosion and irrigation



Viceroy of Abyssinia

GRAZIANI. MARSHAL GRAZIANI, first Viceroy of Abyssinia received a tumultucous welcome from the Italian people when he went to Milan, where he was presented with the bonorary citizenship of the town. The hemedalled Marshal is shown smiling from the balcony of the Town Hall as the crowd cheered him after the recognitation. after the presentation



Vice-Regal Appointment MISS PHYLLIS PARKINSON, of

M ISS PHYLLIS PARKINSON, of Sydney, has been appointed confidential clerk to the Governor-General (Lord Gowrie) and Lady Gowrie. She will take up her duties at Admiralty House. Sydney, when Lord and Lady Gowrie return from abroad in September. On several occasions in the past few years Miss Parkinson has acted as social secretary to Lady Gowrie.

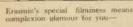
In the meantime Miss Parkinson in the meantime Miss Parkinson

In the meantime Miss Parkinson is publicity hostess for the new Royal lee Skating Palais. Sydney, and is busy with the formation of an ex-

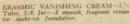
A fortunate accident







FACE POWDER







A Real Home

WHEN the King and Queen (then Duke and Duchess of York) lived in 145 Piccadilly it was more than a Royal residence. It was a real

Everywhere was the influ-ence of the Queen, with her flair for making sombre palaces into something more

palaces into sometring more human and individual. The color scheme was Adam-green walls and autumn tonings. Rest, quiet, and warmth were the key-notes of the King's home.

It was in this house that Elizabethheiress presumptive to the thronenent her very early childhood.

She and her younger sister had a
ursery which looked out from the
indows of the old house on to a busy
ondon street scene, and the youngzers kept a pot garden on the window
ills of their nursery window.

It was here the King lived his life as younger son to Koyalty before his kingship and where he spent hours in his book-lined study which was added to the house at his own ex-pressed desire.

All that is gone now, and the house

All that is gone now, and the house is to be lef.

It is hoped that the house may become an Embassy.

It would be an ideal house for a wealthy Australian, who wanted to launch his daughters into British society.

In view of its historic association as the town house of a reigning monarch, the idea of its conversion into flats is not generally favored.

Although such flats would be of the de luxe variety, it is hoped that it will become the home of an Ambassador or the official residence of some distinguished foreign official in London. Whatever its fate the simple democratic charm of 145 Piccadilly, which once housed England's democratic King, will always have a happy association in the minds of the people.

Bradman Has Ideal Test Match Temperament



Drama Of Sydney's Sleeping Nurse

Spent Five Weeks In Dream World

In Australia's medical records there are few cases so strange as that of Miss Kathleen Wilson, 36, the Sydney nurse who has lain for five weeks unconscious.

She is now at lost emerging from her state of coma. Last Friday the crisis was past, when she began to reply by single words to questions asked by her doctors.

She cannot yet see, and she has no recollection of anything since the beginning of her mysteriously-induced sleep.

WHEN her seizure came on May 9 she was practically dead for four minutes, during which she did not breathe. Artificial respiration brought her to a state of coma—a living death, from which there was no communication with the world around her.

She is in a bed at the Royal North Shore Hospital, where some years ago the was trained as a nurse.

She lies with her eyes open and her mother and salters have waited beide her day after day, hoping for the moment when she will see and recognise them.

She lies with her eyes open and her mother and salters have waited beide her day after day, hoping for the moment when she will see and recognise them.

Stopped Breathing

SHE was found unconacious in her hed by her stater, Stella, A doctor when he arrived the phy careful feeding. When touched are responded by reflex movements of muscles.

When she came here she was pale and tred, said the mother, "She has always been for health. She has always been seriously ill.

Stopped Breathing

SHE was found unconacious in her hed by her stater, Stella, A doctor when he arrived the believed at first that she was dead. For about four minutes her breathing books for that of cases of the rare disease and the actual of the rare disease and the rare disease.

Communication with the world around her.

"More caseo of prolonged unconacious in her health. She has always been seriously ill.

Stopped Breathing

SHE was found unconacious in her hed by her stater, Stella, A doctor when he arrived the believed at first that she was dead. For about four minutes her breathing and one decided that her conscious for few needs was trained at her mother's home in Mosman on a holiday. The mother's home in Mosman on a holiday

hed by her state. Stella A doctor was called at once. When he arrived he believed at first that she was dead for about four minutes her breathing had ceased.

But when he touched he believed at first that she was dead for about four minutes her breathing had ceased.

But when he touched her body he found it still warm. Artificial respiration was out of the question.

"All we can do," said one nerve specialist, "is to wait for the clot to he tradually absorbed and carried away by the blood-stream.

"Their inquiry was not dropped until the continued on Page 21.

"Resembles Death Miss willsons in her was called at once. When he arrived he helicity and ceased. Will we can be to capture the found it still warm. Artificial respiration was applied, and she began to breather again.

"Her condition was so mysterious that foul play was regarded as a possible level compatible with life. "Although still alive, an extreme case may sprear to be dead. You sometimes hear that catalepites have been used alive. But I have never been given proof of this in any case. Continued on Page 21.



MRS. DON BRADMAN has a way of her own of deating with Test match tension.

"Knitting soothes the nerves," she says, "so I knit."

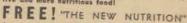
The charming picture above shows Mrs. Bradman at the home of her friends, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hodgetts, junr., of Adelaide.

of Anciane.

Seated beside a crackling fire, and with "Robbie," her dog, nearby, she followed the varied fortunes of the first Test at Trent Bridge.

-Women's Westy photo







It's An Exciting Life Living In The Clouds

Air Hostess Finds Adventure in Job

By Our Special Representative

"I've got the best and most exciting job in the world," said Miss Laurie Steele, newly-appointed airhostess to Royal Dutch Airlines.

"It was a 1000-to-1 chance that came off. for the position; there didn't seem much hope; but I made a happy landing of it, and on my birthday, too.

The job will take her over half the cities of Europe every other week—Poris, Berlin, Budapest, Milan, Stockholm—fairy tale cities she has always wanted to see.

"Now isn't that something to be up in the oir about?" said the aughing air hostess.

MISS STEELE is 27, and a girl celebrating her big chance when The Australian Solicitor's secretary, mannequin, air hostess, she was just tive interviewed her in her

mother's ney harborside

flat.

She has been air housess for a year with Airlines of Australia.

The air never loat its thrill even after 180.00 miles between Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide.

"The one see the sydney of the control of the sydney of the sydney of the sydney of the sydney.

are on the plump side. Weight counts in the air, you know." Miss Steele turns the alroort scales at 7st. 7th.

little Dutch windmills, and the plump little women in their wooden shoes. "The not frightened the Job will make me too sophisticated Of course not.

"Well, even an air hostess has to come down to ground sometimes, and when I do I'll have a nice little flat, as much like home at I can make it, whether it is in Amsterdam or anywhere.

"The not going to collect to the control of their first price and the people I meet."

"There's a sense of adventure about air travel that makes the passengers where.

"The not going to collect to the control of their first price with a part of the other some are their first price must have found some pretty nice men, to leave jobs like those. I'll be one of the other some pretty nice men, to leave jobs like those. I'll be one of the other some pretty nice men, to leave jobs like those. I'll be one of the other so per cent. They must have found some pretty nice men, to leave jobs like those. I'll be one of the other so per cent. They must have found some pretty nice men, to leave jobs like those. I'll be one of the other so per cent. They must have found some pretty nice men, to leave jobs like those. I'll be one of the other so per cent. They must have found some pretty nice men, to leave jobs like those. I'll be one of the other so per cent. They must have found some pretty nice men, to leave jobs like those. I'll be one of the other so per cent. They must have found some pretty nice men, to leave jobs like those. I'll be one of the other so per cent. They must have found some pretty nice men, to leave jobs like those. I'll be one of the other so per cent. They must have found some pretty nice men, to leave jobs like those. I'll be one of the other so per cent. They must have found the pretty nice men, to leave jobs like those. I'll be one of the other so per cent.

"I'm not going to collect a lot of postcards and souvenirs and that sort of junk, It will be recipes. I'm going to start an international cook-book of

Travel Memories



In Love With Job

at 7st. 7th.

While she cooked dinner she told why she thought her new job would be the best in the world.

She has travelled a lot already by air, but not out of Australia.

Foreign countries are still storybook places to her.

She wanted to see Holland — "the little Dutch windmills, and the plump little women in their wooden shoes."

"I'm not frightened the job will make me too sophisticated. Of course not.

"At present I'm in love with Job.

very friendy."

Miss Steele can speak five languages — English, Dutch, French, Italian, and German. Besides an interest in the comfort of air travel, she is fully conversant with the engines of a plane, and is a very keen motorist. She follows motor racing closely.

In the end you get tired of pictures of places you have been, but iff ind a recipe for a paprika schnitzel in Budapest that will always remind me of Bungary, sauerkraut and bauernwurst to remind me of Berlin, and I'll try my hand at becoming an expert in the salads for which Stockholm is famous.

"Then Fil always have my travels right at home in my kitchen.

"Perhaps, when I get home—sick (I've never been airsick, although I've attended plenty of people who have been), I'll cook myself a good Australian meal.

"It'll be just what I'm cooking now."

It smelt good.



DINNER ON AN AIRLINER. Air hostess Laurie Steele brings the truly feminine touch to air travel—well-cooked meals and service with a smile.

You may be satisfied now but until you use PERSIL your washing can't be really white

However experienced you may be, directly you see Persil whiteness you'll be amazed that you were satisfied with your results from ordinary soaps. Persil whiteness stands alone—because its active oxygen-charged suds remove all stains and worked-in dirt, leaving your things absolutely clean and so, naturally, absolutely white! For real whiteness, therefore, you must use PERSIL!

Use Persil alone for the whole family wash—no other soaps

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER



The WHISTLING

Continuing "The Adventures of a Little Black Bag"

A case that had no parallel in young Doctor Hyslop's experience . . . Another story of this series by the famous author of "The Citadel"

R. HYSLOP was getting on fast; a little too fast, maybe. He was known in the town now not as Cameron's new arsistant, but by his proper name.

And he was making friends—Jackson, of the Lerenford "Advertiser"; Peter Weir, the solicitor's son. "Dogay" Linidasy, man about town, and the Provost's heir.

Perhaps the tide was flowing his way too strongly, too amoothly. There were moments when Cameron, confronted by his junior's cheerful cocksureness, would steal a dry look at him, stroke his jaw reflectively, mask the amusement in his eye, and say nothing.

On the day before Hogmanay, a fine crisping day with a cold aparkle in the air, Finlay was working out a Fehling's test in the little room off the surgery.

Khown always as "the wee back room," Finlay, with a rush of scelarion seal, had rechristened it the lab. This affernoon, when Cameron had indicated that he had a case to visit in the Newtown, Finlay had airly remarked:

Rightol I'll tackie the tests in the lab."

Now, with his pipe between his testh, he was therd the blue liquid in the test-tube bubble above the bunsen and slowly turn brick-reduigar, by Jove! Just as he'd suspected.

He was interrupted by the opening of the door. Janet stood before him.

"Young Duncan wants Dr. Cameron," she announced brusquely. "Young Duncan the draughtsman. Him that got married three years back and has the cottage Knoxhill way."

FINLAY looked up in annoyance—Janet, confound her, was still far too offinand in her manner. Then, making a great show of interest in his test-lube—
"Dr. Cameron's gone down to Newtown."
"Twe just telled him that," said Janet primity. "And he said you would have to do."
Pause, while Janet struggled with that awful tendency she had to smile.

Panis: While vanet arrigard with at awful tendency she had to mile.

'He's in a dreadfu' state, poor using fella; he seems near off his bead. Ye maun go right away. The cuncans were aye decent folks, a well-respectif family in Levenford, ceby Duncan, his suntle, was in no class at the Sunday School." Finlay frowned.

'I don't care if his uncle was here, too. Can't you see I'm in the iddie of a highly-scientific experient? What does he want?"
'He says his bairn's deeln's
True enough, Will Duncan was a a state of extraordinary agita-

in a state of extraordinary agriation.

He stood in the hall, hatless, and
without an overcoat, a scarf flung
haphasardly round his neck, fairly
shiyering with anxiety.

Yes! It was the baby, he told
Finlay. Bad? Oh! Dreadfully bad!
The little one didn't seem to get
her breath, such a fearful whistling in her lungs, and it had come
to sudden, his wife was plain
distracted, for Mintress Niven, of all
people, had said it was congestion.
Finlay frowned again. He had
no love for Miss Niven.

Part midwife, part nurse, part

"layer out," fat, wadding, interfering, wholly insqualified, the sage femme of the district, entremended behind a portentous reputation for sagacity—on, that was Bella Niven—and every doctor in the town hated her like poison.

"It be aiong as once," Pinlay said, "You get back and let them know I'm coming."

Cameron had the gig, so Finlay had to make the best of the two miles to Knoxhill with the bicycle. Not that he minded the exercise; he liked it, to be honest, but he felt it rather inglorious to pedal down the High Street with his bag swinging from the handlebarn, the more so as "Duggy Lindsay and Jackson, ensconced in the bay window of the Elephant and Castle, observed him pass, and, misconstruing the purpose of the wee black bag, waved out to him derisively.

Lemond View was the name of the house, a rig little cottage standing behind a holly tree with bunches of scarlet berries. Though Finlay had come fast, young Duncan had come faster. He was already at the door,

agitation. He stood with Janet in the hall, fairly shivering with anxiety.

Will Duncan was in a state of

please, and let me have a little light?"

Bella Niven, holding her formidable bosom against the end of the not, milfed contemptiously.

"It was me ordered the curtains to be drawn. Don't ye know the light frets the boirn?"

"I'm not a cat." Finlay retorted sharply. "I can't see in the dark."

Mistress Nivan said nothing her.

pheumonic, and not pleuritic, something outside his experience — desperate, unknown.

Finlay was worried—really worried—really worried he feit himself at a rare condition he had read about but never seen. It might, wes it might conceivably be pneumothorax; or perhaps acute oederns of the lung—but the whitelling was too dry, too shrill for that. Slek children were so difficult, the very devil, in fact—if only they could talk—describe their symptoms.

Abruptly he straightened himself from the cot. He was baffled, completely baffled.

As, very slowly, he began to put away his stethoscope, Mrs. Niven, with a narrowed eye, scornfully interposed—

"There's little need for all your thumpin and listenin'. The bairn has congestion of the lung."

In spite of himself Finlay began to feel intimidated, But he looked dourly at the hateful Matress Niven,

"It's not congestion." He said it chiefly for the sake of contradicting her.

"Ye mean it's worse," she asserted instantly.

"Heaven ave ust" whimpered Mrs. Dumon.

instantly.
"Heaven save us!" whimpered Mrs.
Duncan.

Pinlay turned to the frightened young mother, but Mrs. Niven was

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

upon him again before he could utler one word of comfort.

"Since ye say it's not the congestion, what do ye say it is?" she demanded aggressively.

Pinlay racked his brains.

"I have my own opinion," he said at last. "It's the lung."

"The lung!" muttered Miatress Niven, casting up her eyes, "The lung, quoth he! As if I hadra kemed it was the lung the minute I stepped in this door. And what are we to do, then since ye've cam' to the conclusion it's the lung?

"Am I to stand here and watch the dearie whistle heresil intil her beloved grave, or am I to poultice her with linseed back and front, like I wanted to do a solemn-hour syne if I'd had my way?

"Don't poultice her." Pinlay said savagely.

"Then shat.

"Do nothing!"

He cut her off and took Mrs. Duncan by the arm.

Please turn to Page 14

Please turn to Page 11



panting from his run, and desper-ately declaring—
"Twe just had a word with Mis-tress Niven, doctor, She's no better, not a bit the better."

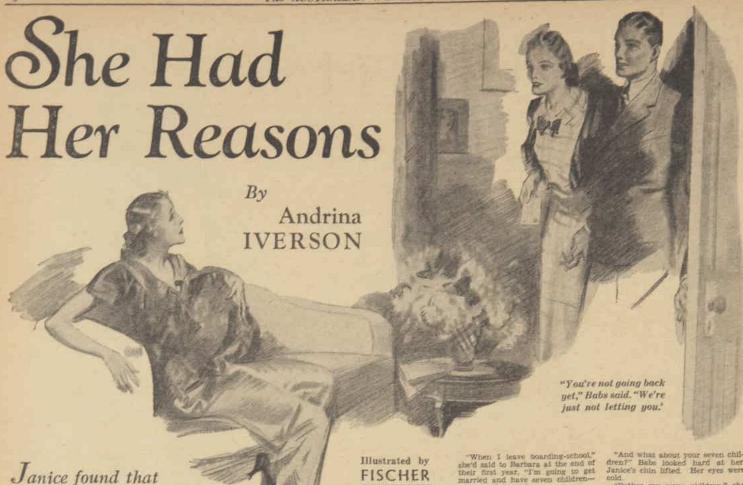
not a bit the better."

Pinlay went upstairs, and no sooner was he in the darkened room than he heard the baby's breathing; a shrill, half-whistling respiration which caught him up charp.

Something bad here right enough, he thought. To the mother, who stood perfectly distracted by the newly-lit coal fire, he said kindly—

National Library of Australia

http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4619869



something more

than a career was needed

to bring happiness ...

WELL, it wasn't getting the chance, she told herself, sitting stiffly beside Douglas in the houseward taxi. She'd go sway — stay until her crasy world righted itself. None of this two-hearts-beating-as-one stuff for Janice Pemberton. Barbara's invitation to the sesside had been the ensupe perfect. Barbara's invitation to the sesside had been the ensupe perfect. Barbara's and John Cher huxband) had found a little cottage by the sea, near enough to the city where John worked to enable him to travel up and down every day. Janice's firm had been very nice about her going—insisted on knowing where to post the railary That was her place in the sun—a law office—while Babe"—Janice felt for ber smoked glasses. "Barbara's she walled, "oughto't you to take a look at me? I'm getting toasted all over."

Barbara's voice came firm from the deliter of a bright umbrella.

Complete Short Story



Illustrated by WEP

For five days after we left Otter River the storm howled, drenching us with rain, numbing us with cold, making travel an agony.

NORTH-WEST By Kenneth Roberts

Continuing our serialisation of this year's best selling novel

turous story is Sept. 1759, on the Canadian border-lands, where war was being waged for North America—the English and Colonials fighting the Prench and their

nighting the Prench and their indian allies.

Langdon Towne, the narrator, was a young New Englander, who got into trouble at Harvard College, quarrelled with Elizabeth Browne, the girl he loved, and with the King's Attories.

With another youth Hunk Marriner, he fled to join Rogers Rangers, a daring company commanded by the intrepid Major Robert Rogers, who is to attempt an attack on the Indian stronghold of St. Francis.

They become members of the

of St. Francis.

They become members of the party Rogers is taking in boats on an expedition to Lake Champlain for a foray against the French and Indians, who have been forturing and killing English colonists, and capturing their womenfolk. En route

they meet a party of Mohawk Indians, and one of them causes a bag of gunpowder to explode. Now read on:

Now read on:

WHEN I got to my knees dazed, the cluster of men who a moment before had been the incarnation of violent energy were stretched on the ground, a smouldering, feebly-moving tangle of human wreckage from which came groans and incoherences.

The air was filled with the thick and saity smell of gunpowder, the musty odor of burning leather; and high in the trees hung a slowly-drifting cloud of builds smoke.

I was conscious of men running from all sides toward this writhing, smoking heap. I crawled among them myself, looking for Hunk Marriner. I recognised him by his fair hair. He was on his knees pawing with one hand at the shoulder of his Rangers smock, from which came wisps of grey smoke, and his face and hands were black.

"Wait." I said. "Let it alone I'll

Hunk lifted his hands. Both palms were blown full of powder grains. "I darned near got that powder bag from him," he said. "I almost had my hands on it when he fired his musket into it. What happened to the Mohawk?"

I heard Sergeant McNott's voice behind me, husky and sour. "He got away." I looked around McNott sat with his legs stretched straight in front of him. His face was as black as Hunk's. The left leg of his breeches had been all open, and burning powder had so seared his knee that the tendons showed white through the blackened, bloody flesh.

Captain Ogden came behind us

Half of my leggin's got blown into that hole."

"Til take Marriner," I told Ogden. "They'll hurt his shoulder if they try to carry him." I got him around the waist and holsted him to his feet. When I burned him toward the knoll. Captain Williams came up to us and looked hard at Hunk's shoulder. The captain was almost unrecognisable. The whole side of his face was blown full of powder, his face was blown full of powder, his face was ounpietely closed, and the tow-colored hair on half of his head had been singed off, leaving a charred stubble. To Hunk he said. "You behaved well. You nearly saved us all."

"I thought I had it," Hunk said. "I ought to have known what he figured on doing when he stuck his knife in the bag."

"Not at all." Williams said. "Not at all. You acted as quickly as anyone could have. You'll make a good Ranger. I'd be pleased to have you in my company."

Swaying like a drunken man, be turned to leave us, but Ogden took him by the arm and steered him between the trees. From his closed, puffed eye a stream of moisture had

SSAGE

washed a white furrow on his blackened cheek. The sickening thought
struck me that in all probability he
would never lead another company,
that Hunk might not only never
serve in any company, but never
even hold a musket to his shoulder
again.

Major Rogers came back to the
camp from his excursion to look at
the sloops. I had expected him to
show violent anger at what had
happened or perhaps grief; but what
I seemed to read in his face was
a sort of grim amusement and a
kind of regretful relief. Officers
crowded close around him, and before him stood Captain Butterfield,
making a haiting explanation. He
seemed entirely unburt.
Rogers pulled his hat down on his

fixed his eyes upon source, again.

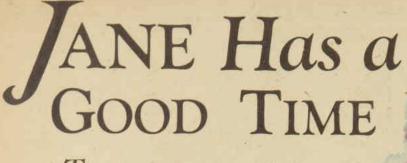
"All that you say is beside the point. The point is that you didn't maintain discipline, and the moment discipline's gone everything's gone. You lost your head. Captain.
Butterfield, you're going back!"

"Be turned and called, "Captain.

He turned and called, "Captain Williams,"

Williams moved forward, sup-ported by Captain Ogden.
"Captain Williams." Rogers said.
"I'm putting you in charge of all these sick men-Indians, Bangers Regulars and Provincials.

Please turn to Page 16



The backwaters of Life can often mean complete happiness, as the woman in this story found ...



eye of Amy.

It did not take Amy more than one look to realise Bob's letter was no ordinary letter. She helped herself to marmalade and said, genially:

"Ah! Bad news?"

Japa E.

ordinary letter. She helped herself to marmalade and said genially:
"Ah! Bad news?"

Jane Bartelmy pulled herself together with an effort.
"Dear me, no. Anything but
It's from Bob.—Bob is going to be married. Doesn't that seem odd? In fact, I can hardly believe it's possible. They are being married next month, and having a short toneymoon in Kashmir. That meams, let me see, he won't arrive until January."

And she had expected him next month! Planned their Christmas together. She smiled bravely, but there was no taking Any in. There never had been any use trying to take Any in. And to make matters worse she could not keep her iddottlys from guivering.

"Oh!" said Amy, "that's rather widden, isn't it? But, of course, these modern girls are like that. Once they've halled a sultor, they don't give him time to change his mind. Things move more brickly than they did in our day. But don't you pretend to me you think it's good news. My dear girl you know you are as sick as mud. No mother likes her only son to go off and marry."

"I'm sure I.—" began Jane stunchly Amy simply disregarded her, as she had always disregarded her.

"Of course, it always has to come."

her, as she had aways has to come, ber "Of course, it always has to come, sooner or later. My son's my son till he gets him a wife. I'm often glad I had no children. Maybe one misses great joys, but one is also spared 'mnumerable regrets."

"I amle now she is a nice siri."

spared 'miumerable regreta."

"I only nope she is a nice girl,"
said Jane, unsteadily, "for Bob has
always been.

"Every mother thinks her goose a
swan, my dear. Bob is a nice enough
young man, but very ordinary. And
there is only one type of girl in
India. I know her."

Any laughed.

Jane hardly listened to her sister.
Her mind had flown back across the
years. Why must children grow up?
It seemed only yesterday her Bob
was pink, and small, and helpiess.
With no one in his world, except
herself.

"You will like Claire, I know," said

with no one in his word, except
"You will like Claire, I know," said
Bob's letter, beside her breakfast
piate. "She is frightfully pretty, and
has fair hair, which reminds me
of you, and people out here like
her awfully. I know you will get on
well together."
She toyed with her bacon, visualsing the kind of girl everybody liked
in India. A modern young thing, of
ourse, with a sealing-wax mouth,
and boyish hair-dressing. And it was
to her, in future. Bob would turn.
Don't pretend to eat your break-

to her, in future. Bob would turn.

Don't pretend to eat your breakfast if you don't want it, to inopress
me, said Amy "Of course, it's
been a blow to you. Why act?"
Jane laughed, and picked up a
catalogue at random from the bundle
of correspondence beside her. With
shaking fingers ahe turned the pages.
She wanted at all cost to hide fer
feelings from Amy. The catalogue
cams from Holland. On the back
of B was written!

"Will you not let me make your
home coay with my flowers?"

By...Dorothy BLACK

Funny how different people are thought Jane. No English-speaking man would dream of bursting into print in a foreign language unless he was pretty sure of himself, and his verbs and tenses. No such inhibitions troubled them in Holland. "Beloved Christmas Hyacinths." she read, "those old, sweet and darling biossoms shall spring into flower all around you



while Christmas anows shout without. "Have our odoriferous

I not make your nome con with my flowers?" She laughed, putting the thing aidle. She thought, "It would be fun to send her some of them. I'll plant them in the green bowls for the drawing-room window. It will give me something to do."

me something to do."
She got up and looked out of the window. Up the Gien the hills towered against the sky flushed pink with heather. Below the garden lay the Loch hile as a bit of the Mediterranean trapped inland. It was fourteen miles to the nearest town, to the nearest picture house. She thought her heart heavy:
"Claire won't ever like this. Nothing but the heather and the hills. The call of the grouse on the hill side. The cry of a curiew on the Loch......"

here to cheer you up. I think you are an owl to bury yourself here. Jane. You are a very good-looking woman still. If you took a little trouble with yourself-dressed decently-good Heavens, you'd probably marry again. Now just listen to me."

to me."

Whether you admired her or not, you had to own that Amy was a wonderful woman. She was only forty-nine. But her face was smooth and unwrinkled. With determination and face creams Amy had kept time at hay. Her hair was carefully tinted its original ebony black. Save for a slight heaviness round the middle, there was nothing to distinguish Amy from a young woman.

out with her, and they became familiar figures at the smartest places.

He liked to go

"I've always said it was bad for you mouldering up here, Jane," said

"I don't moulder."

"And I say it again. Now that this has happened and upset all your plana, you had better pack up and come back to town with me. I'll take you round and amuse you. You'll discover there are other things in life besides your beloved Bob. Stay with me over Christmas. I'll get you properly turned out—your hair seen to— What is there for you to remain here for?"

What was there to remain for? Bob wasn't coming until after Christmas. There was very little to be done in the gurden once the frosts started. Why not take Amy's advice and find something else to fill

her life, now her greatest interest was gone?

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

was gone?

"This devoting of one's life to one's children is always a mistake."
went on Amy. "They don't thank you for it. You just fuss and wear yourself out, trying to get things ready for them. As likely as not, Bob's young woman will hate this place. It's much too quiet for a girl who has been in India."

That fear had whitspered in Jane's ear some minutes ago. She knew that it was quite probable. Nothing exciting ever happened in the Gien. It wasn't a place for gay young people. But she loved it.

Amy said:

people. But she loved it.

Amy said:

"Make up your mind, and come back with me on Tuesday."

"Oh, I can't go Tuesday, pos-sibly But later I will. I think you are right. That it would be a good idea."
"Then why not do it at once? If

rien why not do it at once? If you put it off you won't come at all. Look at the various other times you have said you would."
"I can't come next Tuesday. I've got—oh, lots of things to do. Odds and ends—"

"What odds and ends?" asked Amy lynx-cycd, pinning her down. She said, clutching at the first idea that came into her head:

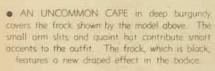
Please turn to Page 20

FASHION PORTFOLIO



WINTER OCCASIONS





 VERY ATTRACTIVE is the winter afternoon frack at the top right. It is of carnation woollen with self-covered buttons and new zippered packets. Trimly tailored, it goes well beneath a coar

 VERY STRIKING for spectator sportswear is the checked ensemble at the right. In yellow and brown tweed, it comprises a slim-fitting track out on the bias and a casual rag-like coat with fringest edges.

 THE LUXURIOUS COAT at the extreme right is of heavy black foceclath, lavishly trimmed with skurik fur. The attractive fact is trimmed with lang coa pluries, which are thrust forward in a novel manner.









Famous for their Endurance

S FAMOUS SHEETS

Look for the name "FINLAY'S"

母 福

温 領 信 個 運

海

An Editorial

JUNE 18, 1938.

SILLY TALK ABOUT WOMEN



IF there is any sure way to make women show their formidable power in public life, it is a contemptuous challenge from the male.

Women of Geelong have just demonstrated this by the elec-tion of Mrs. E. F. Brownbill as Member of the Victorian Parliament.

A few days before the elec-tion, Mr. R. G. Casey, Federal Member for the same district, was foolish enough to make some smug remarks about the unsuitability of women for Parliament.

They were no use, he said, except in the Upper Chamber, "where the old gentlemen sometimes drowse in their beards.'

To make things worse, truculent Mr. Archie Cameron, another Federal Member, said at nearly the same time that "sex equality is all rot—women can't hold their own with men."

Now, to say that say this stage of history is very lly. It has been refuted by a long line of brilliant women who have held their own not only against drowsy old gentle-men, but against the hardest and keenest men of their time.

Shrewder politicians than Messrs, Casey and Cameron know better than to offend women electors, They are careful to woo them with gracious language.

The result is that many women view politics with apathy, and are even suspicious of members of their own sex who stand for Parliament.

It is a pity so many women wait for rude remarks from male politicians before making full use of their hard-won privilege of the

There are so many issues be-fore Parliament, notably maternal and child welfare, on which the voice of Australia's women should be

-THE EDITOR.



service.

Much damage has been done unjustly to the profession by highlights focused in the Press on deaths in public hospitals from what might be construed as careless treatment. If a nurse's work is to be done properly she needs the full confidence and trust of her patients. But women in general are very quick to develop doubt and suspicion of a nurse's capacity.

Honor to the Nurse

Raising the School Age IT seems to me that there is a good case for alteration of the

nent.
I suggest that the ages be al-tered to seven for starting and sixteen for leaving.
W. Alchin, 365 Sulphide St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

MY little boy recently spent two hours listening to speech, and some about in the British Em-pire at a school celebration.

When he came home I asked him what he knew about the Empire, and he said: "Oh, nothing. I couldn't understand what they were talking about!"

It seems to me it would be a better idea to show children travel plctures about the Empire than to make dull speeches to them.

....LYRIC OF LIFE...

Mrs. A. Gospel, 40 Barambah Road, Rose-lle, N.S.W.

TO OTHER EYES

TO OTHER EYES

I saw the stars climb down that night
From their exalted places.
And tiny sky-men run about
With wonder in their faces.
I heard them whisper each to each,
Puzzled by the things they saw—
'as THIS the planet steeped in light
That chastened us with awe!

"You poor, ungainly, human things,"
Mocking us the sky-men cried,
"Your light is from the sepulchre
Of all your dreams that died,
And all the star dust we have shed
On every upturned face
Has drifted on some worldless wind
And lost itself in space."

-P. Duncan-Brown

Brightening the Empire

THE present shortage of nurs-ing trainees should lead the public to appreciate more keenly the value of the nursing



MAILBAG

Armament Profiteers

BAG

TWO years ago British people were promised that extravagant profits in armaments would not be allowed. Yet British armaments would not be allowed. Yet British armament firms are now showing enormous annual profits—in one case over £2,000,000. It is difficult to understand the mentality of those willing to acquire material wealth by selling weapons of destruction to any nation, even if the buyer is a potential enemy of their country.

The genuine will of the mass of humanity towards peace is being mullified by a few who respect neither flag nor country, and are concerned solely with dividend payments and bonus ahares. towards peace is being mullified by a few who
respect neither flag hor country, and are
essent treatment of thousands of hospital
asses—a success which is due to devoted
sursing as well as medical skill.

Miss Kath Robertson, 29 Perkin Street,
lewcastle, N.S.W.



NOW WE HAVE the metallic bathing suit, and this young swimmer is testing the hardness of her costume with a hacksaw blade. According to its sponsors the suit will dry quickly, will not cling when wer, and, of course, will make everyone turn round for a second look.—Ar Mail shells The vast range of places under the British flag would appeal to the romantic dreams of boyhood. But dreary harangues make the children regard the Empire as a most tire-some institution.

Defence Lottery

WAR clouds are hovering over the horizon

WAR clouds are hovering over the horizon, so come, my comrades, add your plea to mine, and cry aloud for more armaments to protect our fair land.

We need thousands of aeropianes and submarines, and men trained to use them. I suggest a Pederal 15000 lottery each weekproceeds to be used for defence.

Now then—wake up, Australians, get busy, help protect and keep Australia free.

M. Ruane, 62 Albion St., Waverley, N.S.W.

Against Public Phones

IT is strange that health officers are so midifferent to the unhygienic nastiness of public telephones.

The monthpleces and receivers of these do a lot to apread throat and ear troubles, colds, and influenza. In my opinion, public phones should only be installed in public buildings where an attendant could be employed to keep them clean.

Mrs. H. Greenfield, Livingstone St., Yeerongpilly, Qid.

Heart-Break Has a Hard Cash Value

By ADELE SIMS

How much is a heart worth? Is there a cash value on heart-break?

Mrs. Thelma Clark, heiress to a Mrs. Thelma Clark, heiress to a mining fortune in America, has just been ordered to pay Mrs. Christine Filzpatrick, wife of a ship's purser, £5625 "heart balm" for alienating the affections of Mrs. Fitzpatrick's husband during a cruise to Panama. band during a cruise to Panama.

In terms of the heart, such cases In ever make it clear whether the amount of money involved is the value set on the victim's own wounded heart or on the other person's fickle heart which now beats for someone else.

set on the other person's fickle heart which now beats for someone else.

In legal terms, the money awarded is the amount of financial damage that the Court considers the victim has suffered.

In Mrs. Pitzpatrick's case the Court held that the amount was not "ito excessive as to shock the sense of justice"

In many cases the court's valuation of a broken heart is about a third or less of the value put on it by a filted wife, husband, or sweetheart.

In a case in England a divorced woman who claimed thousands of pounds from a man who had deserted her a few days before their wedding day to marry someone else was awarded only one farthing as compensation for her damaged heart, and/or the wandering heart of her former lover.

The value of a woman's heart seems to increase according to the coatly silks and furs that cover it, and of a man's heart according to the coatly silks and furs that cover it, and of a man's heart according to the chelkness of the pocket-book that is hidden beneath it.

Eddy Brandt, the American singer and song-writer, found that the affection of his actress wife. Lee Russell, was worth 550,000 when he accused Herbert Marshall recently of stealing her heart away.

Until they were reconciled, Adele Crane, the Australian actress, set the temporary loss of Jushand Jan Rubinit's heart to film actress Terry Walker 3x a first 2 her of 512,500.

Apparently the most valuable heart in the world belongs to Jack Doyle, the boxer. His former wife, Judith Allen, claimed £500,000 from Mrs. Delphine Dodge Goode, the motor can helress, for silenating Jack's affections. Apparently, however, Judith found she was out in her figures as she dropped the case.

A Sliding Scale

Though "heart balm" cases are frequent in America, British and Australian courts are apparently either more sceptical about broken hearts, or else take the view that if a heart is fickle it is not worth very much. Probably the largest value placed on a heart in Australia recently in a f5000 claim in a damages case in Sydney.

In England in recent months broken hearts have been mended for a farthing, half a srown, and £50 instead of the large sums claimed for them.

One England in recent months broken hearts have been mended for a farthing, half a srown, and £50 instead of the large sums claimed for them.

One England Judge takes the practical view that a working man, father of several children, should receive compensation from another man who has attracted his wife away from him because he has been deprived of a cook who must be replaced with hired help.

This year's legislation in the British Parliament includes the Sweethearts Bill, which provides that a woman cannot claim damages just because a man has broken his piedge to marry her.

A woman must prove that sile has suffered definite financial loss on unnecessary trousseau or firmiture, or in giving up her job.

The bill is designed to protect young men from "gold diagers."

According to framers of the bill, genuinely broken-hearted girls do not bring "heart balm" actions. They realise that money will not mend a heart that is broken.

On the other hand, many legal men take the view that the worst diamage to a girl who has been jilted is the diminishing of her chances of marriage, and if marriage can be regarded as a career, then she is entitled to compensation.

AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP









THERE'S No PLACE LIKE ... a Modern HOME

L. W. Lower's Dream House is Ultra Up-to-Date

I've always wanted to live in a modern homethey seem to be much in the boom these days.

I don't mean one with wall beds and folding book-cases and all that. I mean a real modern home such as I have pictured in my wistful moments.

THERE would be sliding panels in the house so that you could press a button and find that you were no longer there, but in some other place. This for emergencies only, of course. And St. Bernard dogs would do the shopping.

In the bathroom.

Don't shudder! There would be no cold water laid on to the showers.

Cellulout soap and bath-salts would be provided and scattered here and there and there would be bath-mate of there and there would be bath-mate in green and cream.

Of course one would wash in the kitchen sink as usual, but a bathroom like that would be a nice place to look at.

Home from Home

THE laundry would be a home from home. Just toss everything into a machine, turn the switch, and carry on reading your book.

All being well, everything comes out of a spout, washed, starched and ironed—although I don't know how like that would be a nice place to look at.

important place.

There would be a machine for washing up the dishes. This machine would also dry the dishes, put them away, and sweep the floor after folding the tablecloth, and then say in a loud mechanical voice, "Well, thank good-ness for that."

Then there is the holled-cabbage-ameli remover. But that is much too compileated to discuss here.

This for emergencies only, of course. And St. Bernard dogs would do the shopping.

But let us describe this little nest in detail.

As a matter of fact we've got a dor like that at home already. SHE insists that I had the key last, but I distinctly remember putting it in the gravy tureen, where it always goes. However, we still have the back door

the that would be a nice place to look at.

Then there is the kitchen. A most inportant place.

There would be a machine for washing up the dishes. This machine would iso dry the dishes, put them away, not sween the floor all a feet would be a machine for washing with the device that television when the door-bell rings there will be no necessity to go and hide or say. The world would be a machine for washing with the door-bell rings there will be no necessity to go and hide or say. The world would be a machine for washing with the door-bell rings there will be no necessity to go and hide or say. The world would be a machine for washing with the door-bell rings there will be no necessity to go and hide or say. The world would be a machine for washing with the door-bell rings there will be no necessity to go and hide or say. The world would be a machine for washing with the door-bell rings there will be no necessity to go and hide or say. The world would be a machine for washing with the door-bell rings there will be no necessity to go and hide or say.



There'll be "Welcome" on the mat—and everywhere else for that matter—at L. W. Lower's dream house.

L. W. LOWER Australia's Foremost Humorist

By

Illustrated by WEP

Nothing to-day, Call some other time. The wife is out. Good-bye."

The mechanical bedmaker will be a boon. You know how, when you're making up the ordinary double bed, you walk about a mile and a half around it, tucking things in here, and straightening things there?

Well, with this thing you just kick all the bedelothes down to the foot of the bed, and pull a lever and the whole to shoots back again and tofds your pylamas up, all in one go.

Returning to the kitchen once again we come to the built-in bean-stringer. When, in an effort to atone for some misdemicanor, I offer to help peel the beans at home, I often think that it would be much more economical to cook the strings and throw away what's left of the beans.

With the mechanical bean-

With the mechanical bean-stringer, all that will be neces-sary will be to measure the bean carefully, adjust the machine according to the size of the bean, insert the bean, pull the lever and rush around the other side of the machine and catch the bean as it comes out.

Make It a Haven!

NOW, as to the general lay-out of the home! Has your husband a den?

den?

A man's den is where he keeps all his old pipes, and books, and private correspondence. It is a room which is all his own and he tidies if up himself. He retires there to commune with his soul, or sulk. It is his own, his very own.

When he goes to work you can have a lot of fun searching the place for information which might come in handy when the next domestic fight is on

is on
Lastly, in any home there should
be a spare room.
Into this room you bung all the old
furniture and pictures of your greatgrandmother and the bed that eags
in the middle.

In the middle.

This is the guest's room. It's a sure cure for people who want to park themselves on you.

Our spare room at home is a huge success. Nobody has ever stayed more than two nights in it. It has everything. The window won't open, the bed's full of lumps, the wardrobe

door wou't shut, a draught comes under the door, and the electric light writeh is out of action.

Indian fakirs couldn't stand it. The mother-in-law sleeps in it when she calls

A nome, to be a real home,

Puts glowing health within New! Exciting! reach of all,

Full of Pep! Fit as a Fiddle!

There's no greater blessing in the whole world than health! It's a happy family whose mother knows the value of

"Breakfast D-Light"

- one of the simplest and best foods in the world; because it not only brings you real nourishment, but also the Sunshine Vitamins which are as important to health as daily

Remember! "Breakfast D-Light" cooks in five minutes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS recommended as " just as good "

years have recommended
"BREAKFAST D-LIGHT" —
its food value is unequalled.

MOTHERS!

TRY THIS NEW SCONE RECIPE!

Packet MOTHERSI COLLECT COUPON and exchange them for is, Glass Cloths,

FREE GIFTS

For Youngsters!

now placed in every Breakfast D-Light

etc. Full details on each packet.

W. C. DOUGLASS PTY, LTD.

Fovenux Street, Sydney

Have issued a new coloured illustrated list of lovely gifts write for a copy to-day and en-close a 2d, stamp.

Collect Coupons also from: Roising Flour

"Fountein" Tomoty

Bauket Mixed

Why ever look or feel your Age PROBABLY not one in ten Could guess her real age. Her complexion is flawless—her figure still neat and trim—and she's as active and happy as when she was a girl.

You, too, can look years younger than you really are and enjoy the blessing of perfect health by taking Bile at bedtime each

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, eliminate daily all harmful waste, and coun-teract any tendency to put on weight.

So, start taking Bile Beans to-night if you would be really youthful and healthy.



KEEP YOU HEALTHY & YOUTHFUL

"How can I get them safely through the epidemic months?"



There's really very little to worry about so long as you let them have the 'protective' foods that nature intended them to have - the vitamins and minerals that build up their powers of resistance to illness and infection.

Unfortunately many diets are poor—very poor—in these 'protective' foods—That's where 'protective' Bourn-vita comes to the rescue. Bourn-vita is made of four 'protective' foods-barley malt, full cream milk, eggs and chocolate. For building up resistance to colds and all the epidemics that float about Bourn-vita is the ideal addition to the ordinary diet. A generous cupful, comfortably hot-at bedrime is best-and you can feel easy in your mind about them.

Then your own Bournvita - Mothers haven't time for the luxury of being ill, you know.

BOURN - VITA IS SOLD BY CHEMISTS & GROCERS in air-tight \$1b., \$1b. and 11b. tins. Weight guaranteed. ****

1/6 1/b.; 2/9 1/b.; 4/9 1/b.

CADBURY'S

'PROTECTIVE' FOOD THAT ENSURES SOUND, INVIGORATING SLEEP

Beautiful brass needs the Quality Polish



A little Brasso gives great richness to your brass. Gently and surely this quality polish brings up a lovely, gleaming shine, lustrous and lasting. Make sure of the Brasso tin, and you'll get the Brasso shine.

LIQUID METAL POLISH





THE WHISTLING LUNG

second opinion. This is a difficult case. Keep calm. Don't worry. I'll be back in half an hour with Dr. Cameron."

to the celling.

The perspiration stood in beads upon Finlay's forehead as he went through the doer. My Godt he thought fervently. I'm glad to be out of that room. But the faint whisting of the baby's breath followed him downstairs.

Bent over the handlebars, he searched through the gathering dusk with no thought of the figure he presented to "Doggy" or the town at large. He was back at Arden House in half the time it had taken him

large. He was back at Arden House in half the time it had taken him to come.

Cameron was at tea, munching hot oatcake before a roaring fire in the dining-room with the air of one universelves on the control of the come away, and the come away, and the come away again. "A fine stirring bairn. I brought her into the world eighteen months past.

"Ye know, it's a grand piece o' Dunlop this Janet's put before us. Come winter I'm terrible fond of hot bannock and cheese to my tea. Try them, man, they go famously together."

Finlay moved restlessly.

sother."

Pinlay moved restlessly,
"I tell you I'm worried about this case."

"TUT, int! That's not like you at all, at all, You're not the man to let the case get ine better of ye! Deed! In all my born days I've never seen a man like ye to get the better of a case. Look at the way ye put poor Snoddy's nose out of joint. Bless my soul! Ye're not serious about the Duncan bairt. Sit in now and have a silce cheese."

Under the delicate satire Finlay colored deeply.

"Hang your cheese," he blurted out.

"Hang your cheese," he blurted out.
"Can't you see I'm wanting you to
come to Duncan's now?"

Cameron raised his authors.

Cameron's lips twitched. Slyly he cut himself a further tiny aliver and nibbled it off the knife blade.

Well! Well! he said, "what's like the matter with the bairn?"

"A whistling lung."

Cameron raised his authory.

Cameron raised his eyebrows.

Cameron raised his eyebrowa,
"Never heard of that before."

"Then you'll hear it now," said
Pinlay almost suikily. "It's got me
best. It's a preumothorax maybe
—you can hear the air whistling into
the pleural cavity."

"Pneumothorax," repeated Cameron, as though the sound pleased
him, "It's braw name!" He brushed
the crumbs from his vest and got
up.

"Umph! We'd better see!"

The gig took them to Lomond View. To Finlay's overstrung nerves it seemed as if he had spent the day tearing to and from the cottage. His dignity was gone. He followed Cameron up the sirps like a puppy come to heel.

"Well, well!" Cameron remarked genially on the threshold of the sickroom. "What's all to do here?" His very presence soothed the air.

The poulticed the hairn, doctor," whisperred Mrs. Niven with a sharp look at Finlay.

Cameron ignoxed her. He took a

whispered Mrs. Niven with a suspition at Finlay.

Cameron ignored her. He took a long look at the child, with his ear cocked to its breathing.

He spoke coantingly. Then with a sure and gentle touch he lifted her right out of the cot, and, disdaining any stethoscope, laid his ear against her chest.

His head moved up, down, up again. He seemed almost to smile; or was it merely the play of light and shadow on his craggy face? Anyway, he put the haby back to bed.

Then for a moment he stood carealing his lantern jaw with his long, bony finger before he turned to Mrs. Duncan.

"My dear," he remarked blandly.

Continued from Page 5

"have ye such a thing as a hairpin in the house?"

"nave ye such a thing as a haspin in the house?"

"A hairpin!" she faltered, wondering if he had gone out of his mind or she, from panic, out of here.

"Exactly!" he reassured her. And when she fumblingly produced the hairpin he thanked her. "And now, lassie," he continued, patting her shoulder, "maybe ye'd leave us for a minute; we've something to discuss, my colleague and myself."

Haif in fear, and half in wonder, intil Mrs. Duncan let herself be propelled gently from the foom.

"As for you, Matress Niven," said Cameron, in a different tone, "out you go, too!"

"I'm as well here," she answered.

"I'm as well here," she answered driantly, "To lend ye a hand. Kero I am and here I'll bide." Cameron drew down his brows in a sudden scowl, black as a hanging Judge.

a staden soow, basek as a nanging Judge.

"Out with ye," he hissed. "Out—And if ye don't—as God's my maker—I'll take my boot to ye.

It was too much even for the bold Miven. She qualled, and in a moment she, too, was outside.

Cameron smiled at his assistant. "Isn't it amazin' what out be done by kindness and what old Syme called conspicuous unobtrusiveness?"

Then very confidently he inquired "By the way, Finlay, do ye know what a squeaker is?"

"A squeaker?" echoed Pinlay in dismay.

"That was what I said—a aqueaker."

Nonplussed, Finlay stared at him.

"That was what I said—a aquesizer". Nonplussed, Finlay stared at him, "Weill" Cameron reflected genially. "As ye don't know. I'll tell ye. A squeaker is a wee thing like a button that squeaks and whistles when ye blow if. A bahru's plaything ye understand; yell find them in crackers and suchlike party trash. "And since we're speakin of bahrus, have ye ever noticed how mischievous a bairn can be about the age of eighteen mentiss? They'll atuff things in their mouths and in their cars—ay—even up their noses."

noses."

As he spoke he was bending over the cot with the hairpin in his hand.

LIFE

"What is Life" the young man

asked Of the old man by the way; "What is Life?" came the slow response, "Stranger, 'tis hard to say."

From out of his robe the old man took A slender, grey silk thread, Upon it daugling many beads— "Now watch me, lad," he said.

"This is Life," and he moved the beads, The red, the gold, and the green; The youth's eyes gleamed, "Life's good," he said, As he watched the baubles' sheen.

"You make a mistake," the old man cried; "Look again, 'tis easily seen, The colored trifles are not Life— But the grey thread in be-tween,"—Elizabeth Powell.

Swiftly and delicately the round end of the halrpin slipped up the haby's left nostril, then out again And at the instant the whistling ceased. Good heavens!" gasped Finlay. "There's your pneumothorax." Cameron remarked mildiy holding the squesker in his palm.

The baby smiled amiably at Cameron, curied their into a ball and began to suck its thumb. Finlay turned a dull red. He mumbled a protestation of his own idiocy. And, stretching out his hand, he made to take the squeaker. But Cameron with a gesture slipped it in his own waisteous pocket.

"No, no. Finlay, lad." he declared kindly. "Hi take charge of this And if ever I see ye getting a bit above yourself—then, sure as fare, out comes this squeaker!"

There was great talk over the wonderful cure of Baby Duncan's whistling lung. Bob Duncan's whistling lung. Bob Duncan's whistling lung. Bob Duncan's whistling lung as bewildered notion that her harpin worked a miracle.

(Copyright)

(Copyright)



HERE'S the 'low-down' on why your stockings ladder at the knee. You know how stretched stockings are when you put them on a second day—all haggy at the knees. You pull 'em up fighter to keep them from wrinkling, bend your knee suddenly and bother—there's a ladder!

Dip your stockings through Lux hather after each wearing. Lux Dally Dipping restores the elasticity to silk threads. Instead of hreaking, the threads s-t-re-t-ch, lessening the risk of knee ladders.

By the way, never leave soiled

ing the risk of knee ladders.

By the way, never leave soiled stockings lying about for a whole day undipped. If you do the feet harden—rot sets in—you tend to get holes in the feet next time you wear them. And remember, it must be Lux. Only Lux is pure enough and safe enough for Daily Dipping, There's no suda in Lux. Be a Lux Daily Dipper. It poys!

A Lever Product



No More Piles

Thousands Bless Dr. Leonhardt, the Specialist Who Discovered This Commonseuse Remedy.

If you think that the surgeon's knife is the only method of escape from the misery of piles. It's because you haven't heard of the new treatment known as Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid.

This doctor's treatment is internal. By experimenting for years he discovered the exact cause of piles, and then went further and compounded a remedy that would remove the cause. Dr. Leonhardt wants every sufferer to benefit by his discovery, and so that there will be no doubting or deiay, all cherhlats are authorized to sell Vaculoid with guarantee that it will do as stated or money back.

On that honopurable back every sufferer should secure a package of Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid to-day.

When It's Snow-time In Quintupletland



A GENERAL MELEE. Dr. Datoe and Emilie are having a game; Marie is tugging her tobaggan up the wrong slide, down which Yranne is preparing to descend; while Cecile plots towards the top for her turn.

AFTER ZIPPING DOWN into the snowbank, Marie prepares to tow her toboggan up the incline.



"People have no more right to be ill than they have to be criminals"

Extract from a speech by one of England's most eminent medical men

MR. JUSTICE KRUSCHEN (addressing the prisuner):

"Plant those words firmly in your mind, my good woman They were the words of a very great surgeon, uttered in an address to business and professional women in London. People have no right to be ill—became discase can be prevented if we keep our internal organs clean—and we all have it in our power to do that."

"Prisuner, let this be a lesson

do that."
"Prisuner, let this be a lesson to you. See that you never forget this simple and most vital law of health in future, and remember that one good, safe, easy and inexpensive road to internal cleaniness it by way of Kruschen Salts. This the little daily dose that does it."



KRUSCHEN

prevent constipation and rheumatism

Kruschen is a combination of six mineral salts which your body must get, in some way, to keep the blood pure, the Tha OR COPFEE generally toned up, but which you at all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per can't get in Nature's own way without bottle. It's the hittle daily dose that dose the



SHE HAD Her REASON

"BABS, do you mind if I go upstairs and lie down?"

"No-o. I'll bring you some tea."

"Thanks." Janice turned on her way out of the kitchen. "I'll go tonight—If you like." One more strange
man tramping all over her feet
couldn't matter. She dropped wearlly
on the bed. What right had Barbars to know that the idea of going
to lectures night after night made
her want to scream? Anyway, that
didn't prove anything—except that
she'd been ill. She'd go back—soon
now—and get her degree. Her firm
would take her into partnership
then, and put her name in gold letters on the door. And what would
that get her? A larger flat? A
car? Trips abroad? Splendid, if
you needed space to be lonely in;
heavenly, if you preferred limounines
in private to shared taxis, glorious
if you wanted solitude in foreign
corts—but Janice.

The evening was a complete loss
in more than one way she thought

if you wanted solitude in foreign ports—but Janice—

The evening was a complete loss in more than one way she thought several hours later. One more night wasted with one of John's friends and she would be man-shy purposely. She dumped the contents of her evening-bag on the dreading-table and watched her last half-crown spin on the top. Talls—or heads—or hearts. Well, why not?

"Where are you going?" Hurbara was in one of her looking-out-for-your-interest moods.

Janice called over her shoulder: "I'm playing my last rubber:" but she didn't go towards the card-norm. And, in spite of the evening's having been so wasted, she went to sleep smilling.

Continued from Page 6

continued from Page 6

ters were delivered before eight in
the morning. She tried to remember
what she'd said—something about
having thrown all the bores back to
the sharks. Should she send another
wire telling him not to come? She
wondered, playing with Charlle after
breakfast. But he probably wouldn't,
anyway. Just because he had come
to the hospital to see her every
day was no reason for supposing he'd
come to see that she was getting
properly sunburnt.

Barbara came in with John.

"What's the matter? You're as
jumpy as anything. Here's a wire
come for you, and if it's from your
bosses. tell them to see my solicitor. You're absolutely not going
back yet, we're Just not going to
let you, even if they have to go out
of business."

"Look, Babs, I've done a mad
hing." Janice stuffed the telegram into her pocket. "I invited
another guest for you."

"Good, Masculine or Ieminine?
Charlie, stop climbing all over
Janice."

"Masculine." Janice curled
Charlie's hair round her finger
"Yours, good-looking."

Babs said: "Lovely. That tells me

Charlie's hair round her finger "Young good-looking"
Babs said: "Lovely, That tells me so much. I'll move Charlie's cot into our room. Your young man lan't tussy about pussy cats and cows jumping over the moon, is he? Because I'm afraid I can't change the wallpaper. When did you say he was coming?"

"Babs"—she had to explain this so Babs wouldn't—"he's not 'my young man' He's one of our clients who — And Charlie's cot comes into my foom."

"Janice Pemberton, are you sitting there trying to tell me that this man isn't even a friend?"

NORTH-WEST Continued from

MOVE em back away from this camp and start home at once. The rest of uc'll stay right here."
"Major," Williams said, moving his lips with difficulty, "it'll be all

Major, whilams sain moving his lips with difficulty, "it'll be all right in a day or two. This ian't anything I can see out of my right eye. I could sight a musket right new if I had one. I can march as well as—

"You're going back, Captain."
"You're going back, Captain."
Hogers said. "Those are your orders. You'll have to go back by
latid. I'm taking all the boats with
me. You'll take every Ranger and
every Regular who was burned or
who has powder marks on his uniform."

every Regular who was burned or who has powder marks on his uniform."

"Major," Williams said, "that'll mean sending back pretty near thirty near, not counting the Mohawks Counting the Mohawks, you'll lose over forty men. That's twenty percent. Couldn't you reconsider those orders, Major?"

"Look here. Captain," Rogers said, "You can't bandage that eye properly What'll happen if you go bilind in the woods? I'll have to send another man home with you! I won't take the chance!

"Captain Williams, you're going back because you're incapacitated and so are some others, but the most are going because they haven't shown bemselves subject to discipline. By God, I'd make this expedition with hifty men—ve, with ten men—and do more with those ten than I could do with two hundred that didn't obey orders."

He lowered his head and stared at its officers out of stony eyes.

do with two hundred that didn't obey orders."

He lowered his head and stared at his officers out of stony eyes.

"All the men in this detachment are Rangers. Understand? Rangers! They ain't Scotsmen or Englishmen or Irishmen or Provincials or Regulars or anything else; they're Rangers! If I find two Irishmen and not as Rangers, I'll send 'en home if we're within twenty feet of where we're going."

For five successive days after we ief! Otter Hiver the storm howied out of the north-east, demenhing us with rain numbing us with cold, and making travel an agony.

On September 21st, hiding abreast of a passageway between islands, we saw four scout canoes prowling from cove to cove along the western shore.

On the 22nd, our long row almost

over, we made our camp on the peninsula separating Misalsquoi Bay from the main body of Lake Champ-lain. At our left was the narrow strait between the bay and the lake and ahead of us beyond Mis-sisquoi's blue surface, lay the end-less flat expanse of Canada.

The town of St. Francis was ninety miles due north and in all that ninety miles due north and in all that ninety miles due north and in all that ninety miles there was no house, no road, not even a path.

The next night, in Missisquol Bay, when we hauled the boats ashore, we found the bank almost flush with the water. It was land and yet not land. The trees grew from a spongy soil that onced water at the smallest pressure; and as the lot of us went back and forth between the boats and the places where we deposited our belongings, our sloshings but me in mind of thousands of frightened fan caught in the challows of a tide river.

The activity of Rogers was unre-

in mind of thousands of frightened fan caught in the shallows of a tide river.

The activity of Rogers was unremittingly furious. He stationed menin trees to watch for the French; then drove the rest of us at cleaning, caulking and storing the whaleboats; and when it came to hiding them, he laid hold of Number One with Ogden and the rest of us, and helped us drag it half-way to where we were to put it; then ran back to Number Two and did the same.

The weight of our boat, as we draged it forced our legs deep into the marshy soil. Serseant Bradley helping to heave it across a dead-fail, had his breeches pulled from him by the muck. One of my mocrasins was sucked off, and both of Corporal Webster's, and when we went back to dig them out we could scarcely find them, so completely were they engulfed.

When we had carried the boats a hundred yards to dry earth and expected Canada to be cold, but the marshy forest steamed with a breathless, sultry heat.

Bogers led us sliently, moving apparently with nitracious ease while we followed him as noiselessly as men could who were half the time sleeking through marsh and the other half forcing themselves through heavy undergrowth, fending branches from eyes and freeting knees of shrutts.

Pléase turn to Page 34

Pléase turn to Page 34

Janice shook her head. Why, indeed? She'd been trying to find answers to that question ever since the woke up.

Babs said: "I'm talking to you!"
"Yes, I know. Well, I invited him because he was terribly decent to me when I was in the hospital—but he's not — and I don't want him to think—"

Babs smirred.

think—"
Babe smirked.
"You don't want him to think that you prefer him just a shade to other men is that it? I wouldn't either. Men hate that."
Janice hummed "H's Been So Long" all the way down to the station. The indicator said the train was late. She walked nervously round souvenir counters, buying rubber ass lions and boats for Charlie.

Please turn to Page 18

During and AFTER SEVERE ILLNESS take BENGER'S FOOD



because - it is high in nourishing it does not over-tax the weakened digestive system.

Benger's Food is always prepared with fresh new milk, and partially digests both Food and milk during

"Bemper's Food is quite distinct from any other food obtainable." Bettien Reaton Journal Send positional for Henger's Roads explaining why. Benger's Food, Ltd. (Inc. in Emplant). So George Street, Sydney



Prices in Cry and Suburbs: No. 1 size - 3) No. 2 size - 5.6 Made in Cheshire, Rog





"What do you think would go well with my green-and-purple golf stockings?" "Wellington boots."

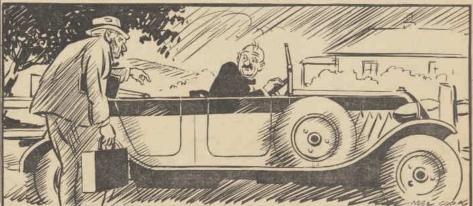


MOPSY-The Cheery Redhead



"You say you can tell a girl's character by her clothes, What's your verdict on me?"

"Insufficient evidence."



JONES: When did you first notice your wife had fallen out of the car? BROWN: When everything seemed quiet.

Mother .. with NADCO DYES you can achieve that wonderful feeling of pride and



"I have restored, transformed and beautified my home and it is so fracinating and pleasing to have that grand feeling of satisfaction.

"I have renewed the appearance of my home so cheaply and with NADCO DYES it is done so quickly and easily. I have done those faded curtains, the cushion covers, bedspreads, table covers and runners, and now I am going to do the loose covers of the lounge chairs.

"NADCO is nice to use too, not messy."

"There is no doubt about it NADCO DYES make a house a bright, attractive HOME. Obtainable in 30 shades, all attractive and medern, giving you a wide range from which to accretise your artistic touch.

Nadco Dyes are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores



Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used,

SHE: But, darling, we cannot live on love. He: Of course we can—your father foves you, doesn't he?

BUT surely that little thing is too small to be a watch dog?" "Oh, no, sir. It's the latest thing a wrist-watch dog," MOTORIST (angrily): What I know about driving would fill a book. Constable (with a smile): And what you don't know will fill mine.

OFFICE BOY (to laughing typist):
What's the matter, Miss Brown
-bysterical?
Typist: Not a bit. I'm practising
my laugh for the boss' golf story.

EXCITED WIFE: Oh, John, the

of film. Calm Husband: Gosh, I hope noth-

AN Australian woman travelling by train in America got into con-versation with the man in the next seat. She happened to mention that she hoped to spend a holiday in San

Jose.

"You pronounce that wrong," he corrected her. "It is San Hosay. In California you should pronounce all 'Is' as 'h's.' Anyway, when are you thinking of going there?"

The woman thought for a moment, then answered, "In Hune or Huly."

IF YOU SUFFER WITH YOUR FEET

If you want to get through your daily work in comfort and enjoy your recreation to the full, you must look after your feet.

The best way to avoid sore, aching feet and swollen ankles is to bathe the feet in warm water and, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. Do this every night before retiring and you will be surprised at the immediate relief you get. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved by Zam-Buk. Corns, busions, and hard growths are softened; blisters are healed; Joints, ankles, toes, and feet are strengthened and made com-fortable and walking is again a pleasure. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!



Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

Break that Cold .with the 3-Minute VapoRub Massage FIRST-rub Vicks VapoRub briskly on the NEXT—rub VapoRub briskly on the back, between and below the shoulder-blades. THEN—to strengthen and lengthen its fa-mous double-action—spread VapoRub thick on the chest, and cover with warm flamed. loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, breaks up congestion. And, with the air-passages clear, breathing becomes easy again. Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon drops off to restiful steps. Meanwhile, VapoRub keeps on working for hours—breaks up most

IT takes so little time, and does so much, so quickly—this 3-Minute VapoRub massage. No wonder that 26 million families, in 71 countries, rely on VapoRub for fast relief from any kind of a cold.

No Waiting-Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts VapoRub working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable.

back feel warm and committene.

At the same time, warmed by the
body, VapoRub releases its powerful medicated vapours. These are
breathed in for hours, 18 times a
minute, direct to the irritated airpossages of nose, throat and chest.

Long-Lasting Double Action

Working in these two direct ways at once, VapoRub soothes irritation,

Children's Colds



... Just as Good for Grown-Ups

Avoids Risky "Dosing"

Avoids Risky "Dosing".

Mothers, especially, prefer VapoRub
for all children's colds because it is
used externally, and so avoids all
the risks of internal "dosing"—
which often upsets a delicate digestion just when the child needs all
his strength to fight the cold.

But you never you too his to

But you never grow too big to appreciate the warm comfort of a VapoRub Massage, and the quick relief of its powerful, head-clearing



Continued from Her REASO

Darbara said: "Well, marital bilis, children. Be thankful you're well out of it."

Janice looked anxiously at Douglas, imagine leaving the peace and quiet of you're well-out of it."

Janice looked anxiously at Douglas, imagine leaving the peace and quiet of you're well-ordered bachelor hotel for this!

"Let's go beachcombing," she suggested, desperate. But even there she was doomed to disappointment. Barbara gave a good interpretation of a marty.

"You go. I can't possibly. I've a million things to do—beds to make—dishes. You might take Charlie with you. He'll only get in my way, here!"

Janice bit her tongue before she said what she thought. Barbara's house had run like a perfect machine until yesterday. The maid did all the work, with sleight-of-hand speed. Why was Barbara suddenly so inhospitable? It was an act—full of holes and pretty low-down, Janice thought, but what was the point? She'd have to make it up to Douglas somehow. But the odds were against her. They had Just settled on the beach rug when Charlie began romping all over

GIRLIGAGS



"TO be shot at sunrise is merely reaching your home about the same time as the milkman after a zig-zag course."

Douglas' back and rubbing sand in

Douglas' back and rubbing sand in his hair.
"Charlie, don't do things like that!" she scolded.
Douglas looked at her humorously out of one eye.
"Sweet little thing, isn't he?"
Janice crossed her fingers.
"Nice if you like them—I don't happen to."
Poor old Charlie, it wasn't really his fault. He'd been jumping on her for two weeks now, naturally he thought the same privileges went with her friends.
She was glad when Babs said she and John were having dinner with the Baxters on their yacht, and she ordered Douglas' favorite things to eat.

est.

They went walking on the beach after she'd put Charlie to bed. Douglas stopped twice to shake the sand out of her shees. She'd known he was patient—but it was more than ordinary patience that carried you smoothly over bumps like this last day and a half with the Duranta. She touched his arm.

"I don't want you to be sorry you've come." She said it wisifully, because she was saying what she

CHRONIC DYSPEPTIC NOW EATS ANYTHING

needs. Now I contempt it Sunner a property to the property of the property of

meant, not thinking how it would sound.

Doughas said: "Of course not," and they started back. She walked quietly bende him. "A fool there was—" ahe quoted to herself.

They said good-night very politely and closed their doors. Janke lay wide awake watching the moonpath on the water.

She knew now she told herself, why Babs and John had been behaving like this: it was their way of leaving her alone with Doughas; they pretended stupidity and duliness to force her into making it up to Doughas; but they didn't know him—that he wasn't their romantic, fall-in-love type. He treated you as he would a man—thought of you as one, probably. And all the time you were a woman with feelings like other women.

She closed her eyes to blink back two giant tears and opened them abruptly. There was a strangled sob from the cot across the room. She lumped out of bed, stuffed her feet into mules and pulled a dressing-gown hastily round her.

"Charlie, darling!" She lifted his limp body from the bed and gat down with him in a chair, "Please, darling, don't cry, Janke la here. Tell Janke where it hurts."

"Did you cover him, too?" she asked, when Douglas came down again.

"Yes — and gave him his teddybear. Look, Janice, if we're going to walk floors with bables—"

"Now." Janice thought, "Now he'll ouggest we clear out—go back to the quiet, well-ordered evenings at the club, golf on Sunday mornings. And why not? What had she gained by coming here? You could warm your hands at other people's fires, but you couldn't gather up the coals, and take them home with you."

"If we're going to walk floors with bables." Douglas began again, "why can't they be our own? Oh, heavens," he ran nervous fingers through his hint. "That's not the way to propose to you, is it?"

Janice pressed the paims of her hands flat against the wall.

Shrely this couldn't be true! It wann't possible that Douglas could be in love with her! Had he seen through her silly little pretences all the time?

"Douglas do you know—"

"He was standing close, his even

the time?
"Douglass do you know—"
He was standing close, his eyes going through her.
"I don't know anything except that I love you. That I've been frantic since you left—that unless you marry me—"
Janice held herself erect, Marry Douglas? Belong to him? Have a house with children and never any loneliness again? Her lips began to tremble.

tremble.
"Have you—have you a handker-chief, Douglas? I'm afraid that I'm going to cry."
Douglas said, "Here. And this is where you cry."
She crept into his arms.
(Copyright)

LIPS LIKE THESE **NEVER GO BEGGING!**

Romance comes to the mouth that skissable—the mouth that's soft and young, the mouth that uses Michell

uses Michell

Some lipsticks make lips lined and dry. But oh! the difference with Michell It keeps lips soft as a baby's. The heavenly shades bring out the beauty of your skin, the depth of your eyes, the loveliness of your teeth. Michel Lipstick is a balanced lipstick. It spreads evenly—gives a feeling of freshness. Discover Michel for yourself.

SIX ENTRANCING SHADES





If You've a Baby

five him the gentle, afe specient used y mothers for 100 years—Steedman's lowders. They keep habits regular nd bloodstream cool during teething, or children up to 14 years

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet Bosted free on request. STEEDMANS **POWDERS**



age old tea chest and the modern damp-proof container protecting -

CASH PRIZES AWARDED Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.

Pen names are not per-mitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.



LETTERS WELCOME!

Write to THIS page what you think about situations met with in everyday life, in your personal contacts with people. Write to the Points of View page your opinion on general

page your opinion on gener news and events of the week.

LET US HAVE MUSIC

MUSICAL evenings are things of the past.

Whereas young people once whereas young people once provided entertainment by singing, reciting, and playing some musical instrument, thus developing character and self-tonfidence through the exercising of their talents, now we find the become done when they marry, when one considers how little those in the provided by the provided by the provided by the pully ones are those who are for them to do otherwise, receiving as the mother is presented to their talents, now we find their talents, now we find the provided entertainment by the provided entertainment by single things in life. It would be according to S. Morgan (28.5–28) according to S. Mor

the easy to turn a dial and listen-in.

They become over-entiness as analysis to home and husband. All other inferests are excluded. Those wile give their best to all their undertakings are most in danger of having their personalities submerged in home problems.

Such happy evenings developed lasting friendships based on something more than the physical attraction discovered so quickly at dances to-day, and so often the only basis for a modern friendship.

If for this letter to Lorna M. Cronch, 25 Rowell Avenue, Camberwell, Melbourne.

A the control of the native bounds and home are, and perhaps the name and women, as they must be sounded to some think of someone else bouldes themselves.

E Hennesy, Yeddenba, Il's River of things of life by way of contract. Few gifts many without love. The proposal lasting of life by way of contract. Few gifts many without love. The proposal author of the care of the correct lings to do.

Modern girs are better of, because the married ones do now. Marriage montened the outlook of both men and women, as they must be outlook of the care o

HOW provid Australia is of its native flora, yet how careless in its display!

Practically the only opportunity city people have of seeing our plant life is when they visit the country or a National Park.

Why do not more of our subtarban councils make use of native trees and sirruls for street, park, and public building decoration? What is more unitable for this purpose than the flowering gum, bottlebrush, or Geraldton war?

In time if we do not subter than the flowering gum, bottlebrush or Geraldton war?

POOR DISCIPLINE

WHAT is wrong with children these days? They cannot be interested in anything without esting all the time.

Accompanying a seven-year-old by to a display that would have held a boy's unfavided attention 20 years ago, I had to comply with his constant demands for low-cream and follies, or he would not have sat still.

The ever of thing is not only a size of the properties of the properties of the properties of the content of the properties of the properties of the content of the properties of the proper

Smith, 25 Stanley St.,

OFFICE DONATIONS

Turn Women

Chase Over
In time, if we do not cultivate them.
Australian flowers will be extinct.
Mand Stokes, 38 Wilga Street, Concard West, N.S.W. + +

KEEP SMILING

Chase Over
WHEN woman are single they aim to be as interesting and attractive as possible.
After they have "got their man to drift into a quiet little world of their own.

To takes just two things to make a person sasy to three with kindness and a sense of humor.

By kindness I mean consideration of the feedings of others, keeping back bitter retorts, and willingness to extend a helping hand.

By a sense of humor I mean the ability to see the funny side of everyday happenings; to laugh at oneself and to keep happy and smiling even when things seem all wrong.

Mrs. J. Chalmers, \$1 Colliery Road. Lithgow, N.S.W.

POOR DISCIPLINE.

Proves They're Not



Home Comes First

CLEANS HIS SHOES

SOME of my friends were horrified when I taid them that on occasions, to help my lieuband keep an imagenment, I cleaned his shoes. Why is it more beliefling to politin a many shoe than to politin his furniture or press his pants?

Home Comes First

BECAUSE a woman becomes in the special point of the pressure its signess abe is a bore. It is natural that home and frainteness proposition and an escape from the monotony of work. The modern girl affects to despite the simple things of life, but this is many shoe than to politin his furniture or press his pants?

Mrs. W. Parsons, 12 Tyrne Street.

Mrs. W. Parsons, 12 Tyrne Street.

Miss Betty Le Faire, c/o G.P.O. Melbourne.

Are Not Hard

Training for Matrimony MISS PERGUSON'S statement rather severe.

APPLAUSE IS GRACIOUS ...

Miss G. O'Reilly, 83 Coogee Bay Read, Coogee, N.S.W.

week for these visits.

It is the girl who stays at home Mrs. M. Myers. 27 Alt St., Ashfield, who is glad to be rescued by a "Prince N.S.W."

C. Campbell. Box 49, Morre, N.S.W.

B. Crean, 30 Figuree Avenue, Rand-wick, N.S.W.

Hard, Business World

Not her small-tabl!

A visit to the Gardens in the thy charity auxiliaries and women's political societies are married women.

They have far wider interests than single girls, who can think of pothing of uniture while making things for the tout the boss vagaries, clothes, and their lackst boy friends!

Mrs. W. A. Stanler, 41 Strathalbyn Street, East Kew ES, Vic.

Home Course Cinet.

Home Course Cinet.

Just a Pose

Does Marriage | Business Girls | What Is Best Age | LEND YOUR BOOKS! To Start A



a better guide, philosopher and friend than the younger parent,

Start Early
FAMILIES should be started early.
I married when I was nineteen
years old. I am thirty-seven now, have
six children, and at times when we
six children, and at times when we
their inster. We are all very happy
Is and have a good time together.
I. Chara sold I Bath S. St. Kids
Commented to their consistence. or children, and at times when we re all out together am mistaken for beir isster. We are all very happy and nave a good time together.

L. O'Mara, e/e 17 Bath St., St. Kida S. Melbourne.

Conflicting Ideals

The stress of them people know and criticise you to each other. Men and somen who keep all their command everyone's respect, Mrs. F. Ferbes, 15 Mowbray Terrace, East Brisbane.

Conflicting Ideals

I CANNOT understand why some people begradge lending books, and prefer to have them, unread, on their bookshelves.

Mins C. Coney, 84 Queen St., Ararst, Vic.

RINGS FOR WIDOWS

D. M. Phillipps, 13 Ross St., Kew QUARRELS PRIVATE

WHY do some women make it a nabit of discouning their private lives with their neighbors and friends? A husband and wife should keep all

Conflicting Ideals
WHERE there is too great a disparity in years between parents and children there must inevitably be conflict of ideals.

Tre moticed that puremts who married compartively late in life tend to be possessive with their middren.

Miss V. Salfaway, 188 Gripps St., East Metheways, 188 Gripps St., East M



CLEAN **FALSE TEETH**

Way No Brushing



Just shake a little 'Steradent' powder in a fass of warm water. Leave your false treth, lates and bridges in it while you dress or overnight. DON'T BRUSH. Simply inseand your teeth and plates are fresh and lean—clean where the brush can't reach.

Steradent



soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.

VICKS COUGH DROP

thing, bulbs to plant in bowls—I want to grow some that will flower about Christmas." Amy said, shortly, "You're loopy, dear."

Jane stack to her point, and Amy departed on Tuesday with her lug-inage and her maid, and her boxes and her car, and everything that was hers. Jane promised to follow directly her bulbs came from Hol-land, and were safely planted.

Her bulhs came on Wednesday. She spent a happy afternoon putting them into their bowls.

them into their bowls.

"They will flower when Bob comes back. And Claire," she said to herself. She must never think of Bob these days without thinking of Claire along with him.

She packed her trunks and went to London.

"Durling," said Amy in greeting her, "This is splendid. So nice to see you. But you must positively come and get some decent clothes before we do anything at all, If I take you around like that, people will think I have imported the witch of Endor.

Endor."

They went to see Madame Elise that very afternoon.
"Isn't she smart?" said Amy. "And believe me, my dear, she is years older than either of am."

"It's because I have been away so much that it looks strange to me," said Jane, restraining her desire to laugh. "I shall get used to it all presently."

laugh. "I shall get used to it all pre-sently."

The pretty, alim mannequins pos-tured before them. What, wondered Jane, did they think of these elderly frumps looking for pretty clothea? It want human nature for them not to laugh quietly—behind the seenes. What a dull life it must be for them. "Now that," said Amy suddenly, "Is your suit. Madame, let me have that black velvet back again, please," Jane roused berself. She had not-

- I beat it with TEA

DEAD-POINT is my biggest worry

been paying attention. The manne-quin passed in front of her wearing a black velvet cost and skirt. "Smart, very smart," said Amy, "The very thing for you."

"My dear Amy, I would feel like the Prince in the Pantomime."

the Prince in the Pantomine."

"Oh, but nonsense, Madam . . ."
The dressmaker raised her podgy little hands to heaven in remonstrance. "Madam could have it made a little longer, if Madam wished a little longer, if Madam wished in the little longer. That is indeed Madam's dress. Would Madam care to see the model on?"

Jane would have laughed at the idea, but Anny rose with determination and shepherded her into the fitting-room.

The dress was a marvel as far as

The dress was a marvel as far as fit went. And it certainly made her look younger. She could see that, Only she did not like it. She did not feel like herself.

Amy ordered the dress for her. There was no use arguing. She merely gave in. "I shall never, never wear it," said Jane.

Jane.
"Rubbish," said Amy, and took her
to the hairdresser,
"Madam should have her hair
thinned out at the back. And about
six inches off the length," said the
girl, "It would make Madam look
years younger."

JANE rose to her feet, her long hair streaming all around her. Over most things she gave into Amy, but over this, never. She said:

"My dear Amy, if you mention such a thing I shall walk out into Bond Street, here and now, fust as I am if I cannot find my hairpins—

Continued from Page 8

idea, then shey would not take to any more.

Next, hata.

"I can't get you the sort of thing I had in mind, since you are so obstinate about your hair. No decent hat will fit you, with a mass like that at the back of your head. But you'll look very distinguished in this."

The hat she chose was a black tricorn with a paste buckle. She made Jane buy a dress of flame-colored chiffon for evening wear, and shoes and stockings to match. Underthings of gossamer, garnished with little rosebuds and pink ribbons.

"Suitable for Bob's Claire," thought Jane, as she unpacked the things and laid them away in her room. Dear old Amy, she was being awfully kind. She was doing her best for her dowly stater. One must not discourage her.

"Why," said Amy, seeing Jane dressed for the first time in all her finery. "You're positively pretty. Now we must take you around—give you a good time."

Claud, Amy's husband, said amiably, "Yes, take her around, dear, Amuse yourselves." And smuled benignly at that. But he did not offer to come, too. He had long ago tired of the amusements of London; and liked to spend his evenings in the big library, at peace, with a book. That explained Harry.

Harry was a sleek man with a boyish face and good clothes and manners. Jane had no idea where he came from. He was vaguely supposed to be something in the City, but it could not be anything much, because he was at Amy's beck and call and came at any hour of the day that she wanted him. He took Amy everywhere. To theaires, to dancea He seemed to be extremely fond of her.

Jane was a little astonished that Claud did not mind. She supposed she was early Victorian, but it came to her doing this, and not minded.

Amy said, sucking her gold pencil, "I must find someone amusing for you—"

"Oh, my dear—I'm all right—I don't want to be amused."

"But you must be. It's part of the prescription. Beades, we can't go around to shows just three, It looks silly."

"An hadn't thought of that.

Amy aled take me out once, before I knew Harry. He's a good sort. Older than

I'm sure. He's a stockbroker."

TONY appeared that evening, complete with theatre tickets, after a telephone conversation with Any. Jane thought that mighty obliging of him. She liked him better than Harry.

They went to a night club that night. In a vast underground chamber they ast round eating and drinking, while a nigger gentleman with a banjo sat on a stool in a pool of light on the dance floor and sang to them:

"I gotta wings.

You gotta wings.

All God's children gotta wings."

Amused, Jane looked round. Were these God's children, these black-

coated, white-fronted, perspiring men, these alender, undressed young momen? Scaling-wax red lips and nicotine-stained fingers. Bob's Claire was probably just that sort. She must try to get used to it. All God's children gorta wings. The refrain ran in her head, and made her think, for no reason she could imagine, of her bulbe in bowls. They must be sprouting now. Lovely, clean green apikes poking out of the fibre. Next month the lilles-of-the-valley would flower. She felt suddenly homenick and stifled. She ought to be enjoying herself, but she wasn't.

aid: "Shall we dance?"

said: "Shall we dance?"
"I can't do any of these new-fangled dances," she said.
"I'll teach you."
She was light as a girl on her feet, and knew it. Tony said in her ear, whimsleally, "Can't dance—hey?"
He laughed his cheek against her hair. He was a dear, Tony, but vaguely she liew this was not the sort of treatment she instinctively wanted from him. Tony was years younger than she was. He was treating her as an equal—even as his jumor. She ought to have liked it, but she didn't.

It was an astonishing thing the

his junior. Sine ought to have liked it, but she didn't.

It was an astonishing thing the way he liked to go out with her, and they became familiar figures at the smartest places. Sometimes they went with Amy, but often they didn't. "Let's go," he would say, "just us two, by ourselves." The first time he said it she looked at him in surprise, flushing suddenly. There was something in Tony's manner she had not known for years. Was it possible he was imagining himself in love with her?

That was ridiculous. She said so over and over again. But as weeks went by she had to face the fact that it looked very like it. If Tony wasn't in love with her?

wasn't in love with her, then he was giving a most wonderful imitation of it.

Amy said:

of it.

Amy said:

"Didn't I tell you it was a mistake, burying yourself up there?

You're a young woman still. Have a good time and amuse yourself, that's what I say. If only you'd have your hair touched up, or shortened, you wouldn't look a day over thirty-five now."

Jane maintained an obstinate

Jane maintained an obstinate slience, as she always did when this subject was mentioned. On it alone she remained adamant.

"If I were you, I'd marry Tony," continued Amy, "He's poor, but you've got plenty, so what does it matter? You could have a jolly good time. He comes of good family and knows everybody in London."

Marry Tony: The idea made her pink with embarrassment. "My dear Amy, he hasn't asked

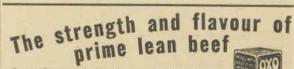
pink with embarrassment.

"My dear Amy, he hasn't asked me."
Amy said casually, "I am quite sure he will."

Well, why should she not marry again? Certainly it would be better than a life of loneliness. Bob off somewhere far away from her, with his Claire. . . And Tony was a dear. From the first she had thought that. He wasn't anything like her Bob. That other Bob whose memory lay deep and sealed within her heart. It would just be a sort of—business arrangement.

Glamor crept into her life. She began to go on shopping expeditions of her own. She bought some lip saive and touched up her lips. Was it an improvement? She thought so, but could not be sure.

Please turn to Page 22





Duchesses Create Contrast In Hair Styles

DUCHESS OF KENTS

PRINCESS MARINA-Pageboy Simplicity DUCHESS OF WINDSOR-Edwardian Sophistication

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special London Representative

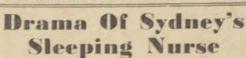
Both the Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Windsor, leaders of fashion in coiffure as well as clothes, have changed their hair styles, creating two fashions-simplicity and sophistication.

They have both adopted "two-way" styles.

In the daytime the Duchess of Kent is wearing the severe pageboy addition in pageboy outlier to rethe hair almost straight, fairly long, and curled under at the ends.
Similarly the Duchess of Windows
and daying contrast to this simplicity in the evening has been a day in the contrast to the several and the several style, the hair almost straight, fairly long, and curled under at the ends.

In dramatic contrast to this simplicity, in the evening her hair is drawn up on to the top of her head, straight from the neck to the crown and in plastic curls from the brow to the crown, achieving Edwardian sophistication.

The Duchess of Windsor also achieves simplicity in the daytime and sophistication in the evening, but the contrast is not so marked as in the Duchess of Kent's coiffure.



Continued from Page 3

artery weaken and the reased breaks seen while the person's general health is dutte good.

To the disaster of cereural naemory-naive may be entirely unexpected."

Restored To Life A CIRCUMSTANCE of Mass Wilson's case that will sattound many people is that for some minittes the was circuity back to life.

A CIRCUMSTANCE of Mass Wilson's case that will sattound many people is that for some minittes the was brought back to life.

This phenomenon has been belliantly analyzed by Dr. Alexis Carrellangue and Nobel Frice winner. In his book. "Man, the Unknewn."

Thousands now living have been dead—actually, legally dead." writes Dr. Carrel.

"Destin is not instantaneous there are two suggest general death or death of the organs.

"Cereural death takes place with the last pulsation of the boart, for the individual, and local death or death of the organs.

"Cereural death takes place with the last pulsation of the beart, for the minimum of the promising vanishes. But each organ dies at the own rate. The helah dies in a matter of minutes; the kidneys can live for more than an hour.

Dr. Carrel calls the first chape 'revenible death," became life can be required the end of that long and tragin wight.

Girl Who "Slept" For 51 Years

('HICAGO'S famous 'sleep-ing beauty," Patricta Magnice, suffered the longest coma in world medical history.

which medical history.

She isy anconscious for 51 pears before her death in September, 1937.

The "sleeping beauty's" mother hrushed and arranged her bair every day, bathed her, dressed her in attractive frocks, placed fresh flowers around her.

Hundreds of visitors from all over America came to watch her in her glacid sleep.



Health

again

IN many thousands of homes "Oval-tine" has been the means of building up a successful resistance against

On the other hand, large numbers of persons have experienced the wonderful health-giving properties of "Oval-tine" in restoring normal strength and fitness after the lowering and depressing effects of colds, influenza and other allments

Scientifically prepared from Nature's inest protective and restorative foods, "Ovalrine" contains in unequalled abundance the vitamins and other nutritive elements required to manual perfect fittess of body, brain and serves.

Because of its supreme merit, "Oval-tine" is the food beverage most widely recommended by doctors. No other food beverage enjoys such world-wide

Supreme for Health, Strength and Vitality.

PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/~ At all Chemists and Stores.

A WANDER (IMITED, 1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY OTHER







AND Tony came round daily, and looked at her with that expression in his eyes that quickened her hieast beats. She had not seen it for so long.

Bob would be nome with his bride in a little over a month now, but she no longer the only thing in her life. She would have to go up to the Gien for a bit and entertain them, but she was seen claire would never stand the loneliness of the country after the gay life she was accustomed to.

She stood at the window looking out. There was a wedding on at the church round the corner; she could see the red carpet, the striped awning. She thought "Wouldn't it be furny, if I, too—

Any came in and three a sheet of paper on to the table.

"I've made it up for you," she said, "I always settle quarterly, if a more satisfactory. I told Tony I'd fix it

Harry."

Jane picked up the paper and stared at it. She felt her face birn suddenly and said.

But what on earth is it all about?"

"It's your bill with Tony. That's what you owe him, dear. For the last three mouths — he's charged you the same as Harry charges me—it's quite usual."

Then, seeing Jane's blank

she laughed suddenly.

"My good Jane, what an ape you are. Why, who do you suppose pays for the dinners, the flowers, the chocolates? We do. And we've got to pay them something extra for the pleasure of their company, too. Did you imagine they do it for nothing? How green you are. They

are poor men, my dear, and we are

rich women."

Jane said alowly, "How perfectly

Jane said slowly, "How perfectly beastly."
"There's nothing beastly about it at all, It's a business arrangement. We want men to take us out; they want eash, It's done every day. You surely don't suppose they did it for love, do you? Women of our age. My dear soul. Tony has grown very (ond of you now, but in the beginning, I assure you, it simply is that he had to live."
"You said he was a stockbroker."

"You said he was a stockbroker."
"So he was—is. But all that is ever broke, as far as I can see, is

Jane said: "I see—I see. You're quite right, I am a fool. I didn't know men did that sort of thing. You are quite right. I am out of

date—I will write a cheque at once. And please, I never want to see him again, Amy." Amy said: "But we've arranged

"I don't care what we have arranged. I'm sorry, Amy, but I can't help it In any case, I'm going home next week, because Bob arrives."
"Well, you really are an ass. I only hope the loneliness of the North will bring you back to your setues."

North will bring you back to your senses."
She laughed, and tipped her sister under the chin,
"And don't worry, old silly. Half the women in London do it."
Jane said: "I'm not worrying."
After Amy had gone she sai down and laughed. Laughed, but pre-sently there were tears in her eyes. The vanity of her. But she had had her leason. Nothing like this must ever happen again. It might be fun at the time. It might seem glamor-ous and romanic, but, on, the taste it left in your mouth.

SHE started packing that afternoon. Amy thought she was coming back, but she was not coming back. The whole business was silly; far, far sillier than devoting one's life to one's children. She wanted the old life.

Tony came in.

First of all she felt like asking him to go, but his face was so white that she felt sorry for him. He held her cheque in his hand.

"Mrs. Bartelmy, Jane—I want to explain..."

"I don't think there is anything to explain," she said gently. "Oh, yes, there is—I never meant Amy to give this to you, I meant to

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.
WEDNESDAY, June 15.—
11.45 a.m.; Serial, "Pride and
Prejudice," by June Austen.
2.45 p.m.; The Fashion Parade.
THURSDAY, June 16.—11.45
a.m.; Serial, 2.45 p.m.; People
in the Limelight.
FRIDAY, June 17.—11.45
a.m.; Serial, 2.45 p.m.; Musicul Cocktail.

a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: Musi-cal Cocktail.
SATURDAY. June 18.—2.39
p.m.: "Let's Go Places." 9.30
p.m.: Patricia Rossborough with Tino Rossi (tenor).
SUNDAY. June 19.—4.30
p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital,
John Brownlee (baritone), 6.10
p.m.: "From the Pen of Beet-hoven."

heven."

MONDAY, June 20.—11.45
a.m.; Serial, 2.45 p.m.; Review
of The Australian Women's

Weekly.

TUESDAY, June 21.—11.45
a.m.: Serial. 2.45 p.m.: The
Homemaker, Mrs. Eve Gye.

explain everything after I had spoken to you. I wanted to ask you to marry me. You must know that for ages now that has been in my mind."

She stood with her back to the window, looking at him. Tall and lean and handsome. She saw it all now. He wanted a permanency, and she, pessibly, was the least trying of any of the women he had taken about. She knew just what it was worth, this talk of love. This trying to resuscitate for business reasons a beautiful thing that was long ago quite dead. She said—
"You have paid me a great compliment. Tony, but I shall never marry again; and, in any case, I must be at least ten years older than you are."

He said: "What do years matter, when a man loves?"

She said gently, "It would be kind to go."

Poor Tony! Trying so hard to

when a man loves?"
She said gently, "It would be kind to go."
Poor Tony! Trying so hard to love in the right direction: for reasons of state. When you thought of that other time that other courtains, with all its sincere lovelines. She could not even think of it in the same breath with Topy.
All the same she had to tell Amy. "And you refused him?"
"Of course I did."
"Jane, you are an utter fool. You could have had a jobly good time—he knows everyone in London."
"I don't believe I'm built for a good time. I've been longing to get back home for weeks now, for the oddlest reason. I put some bulbs in bowls before I came away. I want to see them flower."

Amy said shortly, "Jane, you're loopy."

Continued from Page 20

Jane went upstairs, humming un-consciously under her breath the song the nigger gentleman had sung at the night club, sitting in a pool

"I gotta wings. I gotta wings..."

Over the quiet garden the hills rose, blue with distance and wearing snow caps. Below the Loch lay very blue. Like a bit of the Mediterranean trapped inland. From the aunshine on the window ledge her bowls of flowers nodded at her. They were all in bloom, and Bob was coming back to-morrow. Bob, whose letter lay on her desk.

"We are coming straight north. Claire hates London, and in any case, the quieter she is these days the better, and when I have stold you that I don't expect I need say anything more! We are putting up at Aunt Amy's for one night, and then coming straight on. I can think of nothing but getting home and seeing you again."

She went upstairs and opened her wardrobe. She took out the flame-colored chiffon and tore it up into shreds. It was nice and soft and would make the most excellent disters. The underthings with their rosebuds and pink ribbons and laces, she laid adde for Bob's Claire.

Jane put on her garden clothes.

tern. The uncertainty with their rosebude and pink ribbons and laces, she laid adde for Bob's Claire.

Jane put on her garden clothes. She was herself again. The last few months seemed like a quaint disease. Any might call that life, but she didn't. She pulled the ancient hat down over her haft. Yes there she still was, looking like Don Q.

She met them on the doorstep dressed like that. She thought, "Claire must like me as I am, or not at all." The car door opened. The girl who came out was little and slight and shy. She looked hardly more than a child herself. She looked up at Bob's mother, half rightened; and Jane thought, "Like a little flower. A lily-of-the-valley," and took her into her arms.

Then Bob's bear's hug enveloped her, and his volce said, laughing:
"I was as frightened, durling, from what Aunt Amy said, that you might have gone all young, like so many mothers. But you are just yourself."

"Just myself," she said, happily. Thank Heaven she had recovered in time. In the drawing-room Claire gave a little gasp.
"Oh! look. Look!"

She ran to the window ledge where the bowles of hyacinths stood, the freeshas, and lilles-of-the-valley. "Oh, Bob," she said, wide-eyed like a child. "Flowers in winter time."

Jane laughed and kissed her, "I think you and I are going to

(Copyright.)

THE WORLD'S ... and the (AIR)

BRIGHTLY COLOURED BATH TOWEL ONLY 36 SUNLIGHT WRAPPER-TOPS

ADMIRALTY BATH TOWELS ONLY 36 SUNLIGHT WRAPPER-TOPS

GLASSCLOTH

ONLY 18 SUNLIGHT WRAPPER-TOPS

314 x 21 inches—embroidered and hem-stitched—made of best pillow cotton. ONLY 27 SUNLIGHT WRAPPER-TOPS

HOW TO CET YOUR FREE CIFTS

Without hesitation we ofter this "Exclusive-to-Grace Bros." De Luxe Utility Cabinet as the greatest bargain ever! It is a delightful piece of furniture with beautiful figure and colouring which must be seen to be fully appreciated.

AN Astounding BARGAIN Why Not LAY-BY?

if you hurry, to secure your "De-Luxe" Cabinet at this truly sensa-

EASY TERMS:

15 gns. for

BROADWAY SYDNEY

PHONE

You must play the right cards to win a proposal from a laggard lover, says

Anne Hirst.

0 81945

Heart Cards

How to Win a Husbandand Keep Him

The Second of a Series of Outspoken Articles About the Man You Marry

By ANNE HIRST

So he won't propose? He's committed himself so far as saying you're marvellous. He's even admitted he loves you—and you in that moment admitted you loved him, too.

But nothing came of it; he didn't follow up with "Will you marry me?" as you expected he would.

SEVERAL months have passed. They've been thrilling months so far as you're concerned. But they don't impress anybody else.

they don't impress anybody else.

Your family, for listance, is becoming conscious of the fact that you're out with Bob almost exclusively; that you're dropped all your other men friends, that you're taken to dreaming in the late afternoon sitting in the window-seat or before the fire.

You have lost interest in everything that Bob doesn't figure in; you're ill at ease, aleeping badly, losing your appetite and behaving like the dog who's lost his master.

Well, if your family is worrying, you are worrying more—and how much more!

For Bob inasn't yet said the words that make you sure of him. You're the burns with mortification when your family mentions his name.

You're used all the excuses that you think they il accept even to saying you're not sure you really think he's the new those how he was a line of you're and you're so humiliated you can't be natural. You chan't Bob loves now but that is not enough. You

and for your and you're so humiliated you can't be actual.

You know Bob loves you, but that is not enough, must be able to acknowledge that fact, to flaunt it, where all your little world.

How can you make him propose? Sometimes We a dependent mother who presents the actual offer of marriage. Too often it is sheer negligence or cowarder or a satisfaction with things as they

Loves Freedom

Loves Freedom

His knows he has your welcome and your love; he likes to spend this open elsewhere; and subout far more than girts do. For he has the idea, impregnated by it men friends, that once he is married. He is subsequent to the likes the likes, the provides and spend the likes of his love, which place he likes to place parties, etc.

So Bolt does nothing about it. He continues to enjoy your family's hospitality, keeping you away from land out, desire them, have their valuel and generally taking everything and grind the likes, he was the it valuel and generally taking everything and grind things that the assurance of his love, which you know you have a many head before.

The piext time he calls, tell him you have another date.

If he's ged in the habit of coming the likes are coming to the little of the likes of the lik

(1) Be "going places" sometimes when he telephones. (2) Be a good listener! (3) Be flattering about his dancing.

(4) If he's a playboy, play up to it.

Prepare her for the years ahead ...

Will your hopes be fulfilled? Will her life turn out as you dream and hope it will? To a great extent that depends on her health; so give your child every chance in the years ahead by building reserves of strength and rich blood with Cornwell's Extract of Malt, Sold by Chemists and Grocers Everywhere!

Malt Extract





since using Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Cleansing Cream ?"

A petal-pink cream that cleanses quickly and gives a rose-petal soft-ness to your skin — that describes Daggert & Ramsdell Perfect Cleansing Cream. The moment Perfect Cleansing Cream touches your skin it liquefies, works deep into the pores, and removes every trace of dirt, grime, and make-up. See how much youtner and how much prettier you will look after using this remarkable instant skin cleanser.

As a finishing touch, dash on a

little Vivatone, the Perfect Skin Tonic. It dries instantly, is perfect for skin toning, reduces large pores, and counteracts excessive oiliness. Start this instant cleansing treat-

ment today, and be convinced that you can look years younger. You will never again experiment with other face creams and lotions.

Write to Potter & Birks, Ltd., Dept. B, G.P.O. Box 747-G, Sydney, for the Daggett & Ramsdell booklet on Complexion Beauty

Parfect Face Fowder, 2/6 — Parfect Variahing Gream, from 1/6
Parfect Cleaning Oil, 4/- — Perfect Shampoo, 4/- — Parfect Hond Lollon, 4/-

You will always look your best with DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

Kill Kidney Poisons Restore Your Health

Help Nature 3 Ways



Cystex

Praise

8-Day Guaranteed Test

The Girl From the Kimberleys



AFTER A MOB of cattle out on the Kimberleys. The his in the centre of the picture but about 40 miles away

Daughter of old pioneering family tells of far Nor'-West

Jean MacDonald, young—and freckled—descendant of Australian pioneers, has the lure of the Kimberley Plains in her blood.

She is the first woman in her family to have visited Fossil Downs, Kimberley, a West Australian property embracing nearly two million acres, which has been in her family since 1885.

In those wast black soil plains she watched the sun rise onto steep mountains whose mineral wealth glowed red and yellow, and changed to purple as the shadow of day fell on them.

Their sides rose from the ground.
"like clean-cut pieces of plum cake."
They were surrounded by quaint trees such as the Leichhardt pines, the wood of which is as yellow as a

IN April, 1997, Jean and her bro-ther left Fremantle for Possil Downs. They boarded a boat as far as Derby, then motored by truck 230 miles inland.

miles inland. It took a little under two weeks.
Jean later flew back to Sydney in four days—a distance that took her ancestors 2i years to traverse.

Porty-five years ago Jean's uncles made what is recorded as one of the longest droving brips—from Clifford Greek, near Goulburn, to the present site of Fossil Downs.

They took with them 1000 head of cattle and 300 horses. Fossil Downs was founded exactly two and a half years later, with the sad remainder of this enormous number of beasts...
just 320 cattle and 13 horses.

She tells her own story, in an inter-view, of her holiday spent on Possil Downs, so named because of the countless number of dead fish ground into the rocks nearby. Centuries ago these rocks, it is thought, were submerged beneath the sea.

Shower "Room"

"I WAS for ten months the only white woman on the station," the said. "Nearest neighbor to me was the wife of a policeman, in the three-building town of Pitzroy Crossing, twetty-four niles away.

"Remember I had never been bush before. I slept on the verandah of a little galvanised iron homestead, forty years old.

"When I wanted a shower, which was fixed up on the verandah, I had to whistle to warn others to keep away.

"There were 70 aborigines on the place, and only about 35 of them worked.

"The men were drovers and rouse-abouts, and the women washed their clothes brought up their habies and were generally occupied with light duties about the house.

"Five other white men were employed. Some of these me."

They were fine fellows, and when they came home to spend their eventings before the fire they would beg me to play them gramophone must be to play them gramop



MISS JEAN MACDONALD.

. . . a man's cough, a billy falling . . so the drovers take watches, and ride around the herd keeping up a continual sing-song, sometimes for hours on end.

"PEOPLE in the city get a wrong idea of these Kimberley drovers. They think because they carry a re-volver on their hip that they are tough two-gun men from Western

were generally occupied with light duties about the house.

"Five other white men were employed. Some of these men went off droving for weeks at a time before at her unpainted ones with a scowl of disgust."

Your SILVER can keep its glowing lustre-always



THE RADIANT loveliness that makes your aliver the pride of your home can be retained through the years if you trust its care to Silvo Silvor Polish. Only a polish as bland and gentle as Silvo can give your silver the loving care it deserves. Silvo is also excellent as a polish for Chromium and Glassware.

A Rechist's Product - Made in Australla





then follow the example of Nurse senning, who writes:

"I was a great sufferer with hearthurn and pains after eating, and dreaded mealthnes. After taking Bisurated Magnesis I can now eat anything without discomfort."

Your first dose of "Bisurated" Magnesia will stop the stomach pain; Iske it after meals and you'll forget you ever had indigestion. "Bisurated" Magnesia is used and recommunded by doctors everywhere... you simply cannot buy a better stomach remedy. Get a bottle to-day.

If is a conscintation pre-mind.

You a bottle to-day.

If it a conscintation pre-mind.

You a bottle to-day.

If it a conscintation pre-mind.

You a bottle to-day.

If it a conscintation pre-mind.

You a bottle to-day.

Bisurated Magnesia

STUFFY HEAD COLDS



Catarrh, Coughs, Adenoids & T STOPPED INSTANTLY Pive drops of Dr. Brodle's Kan each nearly kills germs and spotter foreclass. In dasa complete with

KANATOX

PAIN BANISHED IN 7 DAYS



Calling Australia!

Moviedom News and Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, from New York and Hollywood.

Taught Carole to Clown

THERE was much reminiscing at the Murphy restaurant the other night when Carole Lombard and Clark Gable dropped in there for a

Cliark Gable dropped in there for a steak, and found producer Marks. Sennett seated at the next table. Carole started as a Mack Sennett bathing beauty, and to this day swears that the old Sennett plethrowing comedies were the best training school for actors—and for endurance—Hollywood has ever had. When the crary-connedy cycle came in recently, Carole was able to haul out her early training and cash in a successfully that her income tax last year was the highest in Hollywood.

Lamour Dons Clothes

A FIRR parading through three pictures clad only in a native sarong. Dorothy Lamour started complaining and demanded an im-

compianing and demanded as mediate change.

So she was cast in "Spawn of the North," an epic of Alaska, in which her chief costume is a heavy, furlined ensemble.

A week after shooting started, Hollywood broiled in a freak spell of hot weather—and Dorothy wilted in-side her trappings.

Joan Crawford Will Stay

Joan Crawford Will Stay
JOAN CRAWFORD has returned
from her New York holiday to
start work under her new M.-G.-M.
contract.

The star refused to put her name
on the dotted line until the studio
inserted a diause in the agreement
giving her time off each year for a
stage play. She left for New York
without signing, but M.-G.-M.
officials soon weakened and despatched a representative who chased
her three thousand miles by plane
to obtain the signature.
So, despite the dismal wailings of
Hollywood gossips that "Crawford is
through." It seems her career at
Metro will continue for some years.

Dietrich Falls on Feet

Dietrich Folls on Feet
MARLENE DIETRICH'S screen
career, which seemed a bit precarious when she left Paramount, is
once more running smoothly Marlene has sligned a contract with Columbia Pictures, and, as her first picture there will be handled by that
directorial genius, Frank Capra, it
may mean a great deal for her.
A series of rather weak films
caused her to slip badly at the box
office, but she's as lovely as ever.
Marlene will also play the lead
opposite Romald Colman in the
screen version of Louis Bromfield's
novel. The Rains Came."

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SARONG

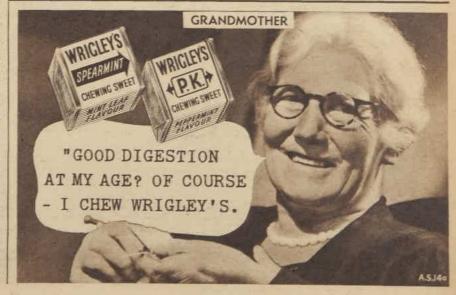
"HER JUNGLE LOVE," Faramount's new technicolor film, stars Darothy Lamour, clothed as usual in a sarong. The lover is Ray Milland, a lost aviator • Top left: Lynne Overmann with Lamour. Top right: The same people & Bottom left: The aviators with raft. Bottom centre: A tense moment; and bottom right: Jiggs and Miss Lamour.

Warning to Garbo Fans

("RETA GARBO receives only registered mail delivered to her at Metro studios. All other letters—which means most fan letters—are returned to the sender unopened, or sent to the dead letter office.

Eleanor Learns to Hula

BACK from her New York holiday, Eramor Powell has started dance rehearsals for her next screen effort, "Lucky Star." Elexnor will do two Hawaiian dances in this picture.



Grave Joan Catches **Gay Connie**

NO LONGER DOES JOAN BENNETT HAVE TO PLAY SECOND FIDDLE IN SCREENLAND TO HER MORE FAMED AND FLIGHTY SISTER CONSTANCE.

Joan was ever the Cinderella of the Bennett A family, she has finally been rescued from that menial status and has gone a long way up in the

A couple of years

1 among the Bennetts. But she no longer overshadows

Joan.

Constance used to be one of the most headlined of
actresses. She has always been in the thick of high
society, Jostling viscounts and millionaires.

She took the place of Gloria Swanson as the most sophisticated of heroines, and incidentally, took Gloria's place
as wife of the Marquis de la Falaise.

Constance's huge salary, Constance's law suits, Constance's latest leading man—they were all big news a while
back. And all the time young Joan was pretty small fry.

But lately Joan has become a more definite film personality. That was plain to see in "Vogues of 1938." In
that film, technicolor enhanced her beauty more than it has
done to any other actress.

Also, in "Vogues," Joan handled her comedy role in a
style of her own—a style totally different from that of Constance.

She has none of Constance's slick gaiety and smartness. Joan is grave and sincere—though she has plenty
of humor.

There is the same becoming seriousness about her work

ness. Joan is grave and seriousness about her work of humor.

There is the same becoming seriousness about her work in her new and more sentimental picture, "I Met My Love in her new and more sentimental picture, in the past year or so,"

Again."

Constance has done very little in the past year or so, until her reappearance in the high-class comedy, "Topper."

The Constance of "Topper" is a competent comedienne,



ABOVE: Constance the Gay. This little Ben-nett goes to parties. LEFT: Joan the Grave. This little Bennett stays at home.

but if you compare her with the new Joan I think you will find her superficial. Joan is now acting with a warmth that is more appealing to many than the gilltering neatness of her sister.

sister.

Joan's emergence from mediocrity has come during her association with producer Walter Wanger.

At present, Hollywood expects Wanger and Joan Bennett to marry at any moment. That does not surprise, in view of the enthusiasm with which he has built up her career. Wanger is one of the screen's more dynamic figures, And he has great faith in Joan Bennett. It was he who gave her a chance for strong emotional acting as the mad wife of "Private Worlds." It was he who in "Vogues of 1938" gave her beauty its most spectacular parade, in superlative coastumes.

There is something deceptive about that astonishing beauty. At first you might take Joan Bennett for an ingenue.

But she is not an ingenuous debutante by any means. At sixteen she eloped, and not long afterwards she was

By Joan McLeod • From Hollywood

a mother. Later came another marriage, another baby—and another divorce.

And the great blue eyes which look so exquisite in the color film are stricken with tragically poor sight.

For years Joan has been almost blind, except when she uses heavy spectacles. And that is impossible before the cameras:

cameras.

She used to be very sensitive about her disability; and it has been a serious handicap to ber in her work.

The strain of holding her own in the glamor world in apite of this handicap has helped to give that appealing gravity to Joan Bennett's manner.

Off the set, she is much the same. She does not step out with the cafe crowd, like Constance.

Joan is a slay-at-home, in a quiet world of friends and music.





Filming 'The Citadel'

PRODUCTION of the film version of "The Croadel." Dr. A. J. Cronin's best-selling novel, will soon be under way in England.

The Croadel," which ran as a serial in The Australian Women's Weekly, became famous largelly for its brilliant indictment at fee-solitting and other corrupt aspects of the English medical profession.

The film is being made by Metro-Caldwyn-Mayer, under the company's rew scheme for the production of Argrade pictures in England.

Robert Danot has accepted the attractive role at the young doctor who is central figure in the stary. Donat has been kept out of pictures by asthma for a good deal of the lost three years, but he has a big public waiting for his return.

Opposite Donat will be Elizabeth Allan, on English actress with Holly-

be filmed shortly.

One, of course, is "Gone With the Wind" David O Selznick has not yet picked his cast for it, although he has been dithering for about a year al-

"North-West Possage," the full-blooded adventure story of Red Indian days, will be filmed by M.-G.-M., with Spencer Tracy and Robert Taylor co-

starred.

Tracy will have the heroic rale of Majar Rogers of the Rangers, the super-tough fighting man. Taylor, no longer the indoor "pretty boy," will be Langdon Towne, a young artist who joins the Rangers to fight the Indians.

The law provides that all money earned by minor shall belong to his parents. Yet is nost certainly seems that child stars who are huge sums should be entitled to some pecial consideration.

most certainty seems that child stars who carn huge sums should be entitled in some special consideration.

It is likely that a law will soon be passed to give the Pederal Courts some part in the guardianchip of child stars.

Meanwhile parents of several famous junior players have already made provision for their children's future of a much more adequate kind than was granted to the luckless Coopan.

Trust funds have been established in the cases of Freedile Bartholomew Bonita Granville, Jane Withers, and Jackie Cooper.

Shirley Temple's money will come to her in several stages—when she is 21, 30, and 46—a percesuition against fortune-hunters.

Child - labor is being used more extensively to-day in Hollywood than ever before. But it is not sweated labor.

The little dears are piling up stacks of gold bricks.

In the old days they were only given work when they were very young. Then they relified—as Jackie Coopan did. The meteoric Baby Le Roy stole a picture from Maurice Chevaller, and yet be is forgotten.

Nowadays, though there are big jobs for the not-so-young children. Shirley Temple is still doing well, although motion picture scribes have offen spoken ghoomly of her rapid approach to the "awkward age".

The point is that the "awkward see has considered from 2000 applicating for the partitude in the film world.

ITS MANY CHILD PLAYERS.

Warners' studio is comparatively free from the star system; both tech-nique and players are subordinated to the story. Camera work is usually a matter-of-fact recording, never allowed to dominate the film.

Broad humor or melodrama, their product has a rich American flavor,

WARNERS, W home of Edward G. Robinson and Humphrey Academy winners Paul Muni and Bette Davis—and of gang-



THAT PRODUCTS OF ANY TWO STUDIOS, WARNERS AND M.-G.-M., ARE AS DIFFERENT AS CHALK AND CHEESE? ster films—is a man's com-pany. It is strong in story forthright dialogue, and brisk characterisations down to the last "bit" player.

not only in dialogue and swiftly paced action, but in the subjects

not only in dialogue and swiftly-paced action, but in the subjects chosen.

It was a musical—"The Jazz Singer"—that first made Warner Brothers a front-rank company. And ever since then the studio has produced a big quota of musicals. But it does better in realistic drama

he Trademarks of Hollywood



PARAMOUNT is the factory of musical comedy colleges and im-promptu plots, and light, unpre-tentious comedies that conceal a high degree of

deft craftsmanship

Lately Paramount has been going out of doors a great deal, with big pictures like "The Ebb Tide," "Wells Fargo," "The Barrier."

In all these outdoor action films the superlative quality of Paramount photography has been marked. The studio also does a nice line of sophisticated comedy. Look at "Easy Living," "True Confession," and the Lubitsch films like "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

The star system is not a general Paramount feature. But the studio has a collection of excellent comedi-ans, including W. C. Fields, Charlie Ruggles, Bob Burns, Lynne Overman, Jack Benny, and Edgar Kennedy.



METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER excels in developing star person-

excels in developing star personalities.

More than any other studio M.-G.-M. typines Hollywood. It is lavish and at the same time cautious Public taste is carefully indulged and daring experiments are taboo.

Expensive setting, superb camera-work, carefully-presented stars glamor superseding characterisation make up the Metro trademark.

As Warners is a man's company, this is a woman's, for it has those things guaranteed to please the feminine mind-luxury, glamor. Typical productions are "Love on the Run," "The Bride Wore Red." "Double Wedding," "Maytime."

In handling a strong, meaty theme demanding vigorous characterisation, M.-G.-M. is not at its best-witness "Parnell" and "They Gave Him a Gun."

But sometimes the studio turns out a "Good Earth" or "Capitains Courageous." Also, M.-G.-M. make superlative "shorts." like the "Crimp Does Not Pay" series, with plenty of topical realism.

* * *



UNITED
ARTISTS
is composed
of a group
of independent producing units, including Seiznick-International, Goldwyn, and Walter Wan
ger. They aim for the artistic
producing few but tasteful films.
They delight in experiment, an
spare no expense to get what the
want.

want.

Their fresh, adventurous spirit is shown by such productions as "A Star is Born." "Elephant Boy." "Vogues of 1938." "Dead End." "The Hurricane."

Their themes run to no routine. They are equally at home in comedu. extravaganza, heavy drama.



THOUGH 10 long ass ciated wi programm thrillers in comedies
m ediocr
quality, Co
umbia ha
r ecent i
risen to com
and dramat
helichts

films of such stature as "Mr. Deed Goes to Town." Lost Horizon," and "The Awful Truth." Its minor films are unpretentions modestly entertaining.

R.K.O. RADIO displays less definite individual characteristics than any other studio. This is the hang-out of Ginger Rogers-Pred Astaire, with their cycle of well-produced, entertaining dancing films, of Katharine Hoper and "Quality Street," and "Stare Door" fame, of Bobby Breen, and Joe E. Brown.

The most distinguished and the most communplace films are mingled here.

This was the studio responsible for "The Informer," one of the industry's finest pictures to date, but also for "The Plough and the Stare, one of the screen's biggest flops.

Told by a woman who must be nameless ...



"Though seen me times . . . you'd never recognise me. For I'm one of those nameless people—a Hollyvood 'Extra!' And -you can take my word for itthe life of a movie extra is no bed of



"We're on the lot ande up and in costume - by dawn! Then hour after hour of exhausting work! Standing around .. make-up melting under the hot Kleig lights . . . eyes burning nerves splinterback aching!"



cation next week. Canada. And you can bet your boots a good supply of Modess is going with me. I'm taking Since chances! experiencing the greater comfort of Modess-I could never go back to anything else!"



"And Modess is safer. You see Modess alone has a moisture proof backing. What peace of mind that extra protection brings! I know now why they call Modess 'Certain-Safe.' It IS safer. And best of all, with all its advantages, Modess actually costs less than other kinds."

You see, I found Modess so much better than anything else. It is softer han any other. That is because Modess is filmed with soft downy

specially

ash for Modes ASK ALSO FOR VEMO Absorbent, and Mildly Astringent.

May be aprinhed on Sanitary Tuwels and med as a dusting



BOX OF 12

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

By Captain Fawcett



Here's Hot News

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

Bette DAVIS and warners note ment, and Bette is now back at work in a leading role in "The Sisters"—a film which will trace the lives of three sisters from girlhood

to middle age. Evidently Warners are not going to insist that Bette do "Camet Over

to insist that Bette do "Comet Over Broodway," the picture to which she objected and which was the cause of all the trouble.

THE spinal injury Burbara Stanwyck suffered when she was thrown from a horse several years ago has been troubling her again, and, as a result, production on "Always Goodbye" has been temporarily halted. Bye" has been temporarily halted. DAVID NIVEN is off to Scotland and England for a vacation, having finished up "Three Bind Mice." His romance with Merie Oberon has never been renewed, and so far as bets concerned love has flown out of the window.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE-

ithout Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

BETTE DAVIS and Warners have SIGRID GURLE'S husband admits that he slapped her face, but con-tends that it was for the very good reason that she was kissing another

tends that it was for the very good reason that she was kissing another man.

That is his answer to her suit for divorce, charging cruelty.
Sigrid was a glamorous Norwegian to her film public until she filed suit for divorce, at which time it was revealed that she was born in Brooklyn. New York. However, she did live in Norway for 17 years, and has Norwegian blood coursing in her veina.

She married Thomas Stewart, a luggage salesman, three years ago. He claims that he is entitled to a share of her properties because he invested heavily in dental work for her, beauty treatments, medical care and clothes to help her get started in her career.

Stan Laurel now wants his Russian bride, Illiana, to be leading lady in the next Laurel and Hardy comedy.

BLONDES are definitely on their way out in Hollywood. On the M.-G.-M. lot, Virginia Bruce is now the only blonde left. She achieved this distinction last week when Una Merkel arrived on the lot with her blonde treases changed to a light brown shade. Stan Laurel now wants his Russian bride, Illiana, to be leading lady in the next Laurel and Hardy comedy.

PLONDES are definitely on their way out in Hollywood. On the way out in Hollywood. On the only bloude left. She achieved this distinction last week when Una Merkel arrived on the lot with her blonde tresses changed to a light brown shade.

Jackie Coogan is settling down to earning his livelihood by personal appearances.

TONY MARTIN is very proud of his wife's new hair-do. Alice Paye has cut off a lot of her hair, and is week in a few days on his fifth Hollywood picture, "Menial Star." It's a comedy of a movie star and her Press agent, leading roles to be played by Jack Oakie and Lucille Ball.

FAT LIKE SHE DID

Dienaed with TOTTH-O-FORM that I must have been and the process agent, leading roles to be played by Jack Oakie and Lucille Ball.

THE CRIME OF DOCTOR

LOSE UCLY FAT LIKE SHE DID



OUTH-G-FORM at bedtime | Fall & weeks 20/= | 10-day 5/6 | anty talk, no starration

BOCTORS AND ALL GOOD YOUTH O FORM

Dick Powell, (Warner Brothers.) (Week's Best Release.)

(Week's Best Release.)

HOT rhythm fans will enjoy this noisy musical. For those who have not got that swing much of it won't mean a thing.

Benny Goodman, the great white chief of the swing-music devotees, leads his occhestra through the more feverish parts of the picture. The number, "Let That Be a Lesson Tour," is his most throbbing contribution.

The film moves pretity fast and have

So is Edgar Kennedy, who turns up for a little while as proprietor of a restaurant, and is worked into one of his familiar furies.

Dick Powell is a nondescript hero, without much to aid him apart from his crooning talent.

The film had more topical point in America than it has here as it is linked up with the famous "Hollywood Hotel" radio programme.—Mayfair, showing.

* GOOD-BYE BROADWAY

Alice Brady, Charles Winninger, Universal.)

THE old theatrical trouper, always a figure of fun and pathos, is played up here to the limit, and the



CONSTANCE BENNETT, who is playing in "Meerily We Live," madeup comedy now showing at the Liberty.

THE CRIME OF DOCTOR HALLET

HALLET
Josephine Hutchinson, Ralph Bellamy, (Universal.)

ONCE more the heroes of science jump off from the jumping-off place and hury themselves in the jungle to study rare diseases and get their private lives tangled in the process.

Vou might have thought the limit had been reached with Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck in "His Bro-

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

below average.

* One staraverage entertainment ** Two stars-

above average *** Three starsexcellent

ther's Wife," but this one is worse, though the acting is better.

Besides Ralph Bellamy, the male cast includes John King and William Cargan. Gargan play—a sardonic character with touches of sharp humor, but no cleverness can make the bad story credible.

It's all about a doctor who dees and another who assumes his identity to finish his work and so bring the dead man, posthumously, the fame he deserved.

But there are, of course, legal complications—and emotional ones when the dead doctor's selfish wildow (Barbara Bead) clashes with the gird (Josephine Hutchirson), who has fallen in love with the impostor under the impression he is the great discoverer.

It sounds mixed, and it is

Evalyn Knapp, Smith Ballew, (20th Century-Fox.)

THERE'S definitely a demand these days for well-made Westerna, but why can't they stok to the only West that counts—the old, Wild West, factual as in "The Plainsman," or fictitious as in the "Hopalong Cassidy" saga?

Shows Still Running

*** Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs: Feature-length fairy-tale drawn by Walt Disney. Plaza, 3rd week.

* Mad About Music. Deanna Durbin, Herbert Marshall; comedy musical.—State, 4th

Edward, 4th week.

* A Yank at Oxford. Robert
Taylor. Maureen OSullivan;
comedy.—St. James, Jard week.

* Gold Is Where You Find It,
George Brent, Olivia de Havilland; outdoor drama in color.—
Century, 3rd week.

an apologetic air; they shrink from gunplay and galloping, and try to get by on song and sombreros.

get by on song and sombreros.

"Rawhide" is like that. Smith Ballew, an average singer and a flat personality, plays the part of a lawyer, fightling racketeers who are duping the poor simple ranchers.

His sidekick is no laconic cowpuncher, but Lou Gehrig, the baseball star, playing the role of Lou Gehrig, the baseball star, Gehrig is a personal draw-card in America, but true Western fans will wish he'd stuck to the baseball dismond has been start in the Diamond A.

Evalyn Knapp is just a girl in just a part. Not much of anything—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

THEATRE ROYAL

MISS FAY COMPTON

ASTROLOGER ADVISES

Woman Shares £1000



This is a money-back offer, and anyone who is not satisfied can have their money refunded.***



WAWNS WONDER-WOOL



Use a toothpaste that merely cleans the teeth and you are guilty of neglect. Your gums also must have regular care. 4 out of 5 people over 40 suffer from Pyorrhea, a dreaded gum disease. Don't you run this risk. Twice daily hrush both your teeth and gums with FORHAN'S, which slowe brings you the benefits of the famous formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.—a double protection ensuring sparkling white teeth and firm, healthy gums. 9

Australasian Agents: The Sholdon Drug Company Pry. Ltd., 131 Clarance Street, Sydney.





Nearly Mad With Rheumatic Pains!



"Nearly every day,
expecially in damp weather,
I adfered terribly from shooting pains
and sharp twinges in my arms and lega,
Nothing gave me any relief and at times I
thought I would go mad. When I fred
'St. Jacobs Gil' it was with no hope at
all. The very first application brought
relief and I have had perfect condort
since."

on."
Soed old 'St. Jacobs Oil' certainly
a relieve the pains and aches of
commarism, Scratica, Neuritis, Lumbago,
i Neuralgia. This southing, penetrating
seems to reach right in through the



For Crippled Children

SHOP for the disposal of goods made by home-Goods made by home-bound crippled children has recently been acquired in Ade-laide by the South Australian Committee for Crippled Child-ren. The shop supplies a long-left want, and the committee feels it will be a psychological as well as financial help to the children.

Mrs. I. C. Woods, Adelaide's first trained social worker, is in charge, with thirty volun-tary helpers. Much assistance has been given by Mrs. E. K. Barraclough, who as a voluntary helper supplied, supervised, and collected for sale work done by the children in their homes.

Her Wish Will Be Fulfilled

COMING to Australia is the ful-filment of a lifelong wish of youthful, fair-haired Mrs. Squires, charming wife of Major-General Squires, recently appointed in-spector General of the Australian Forces.

Squires, recently appointed Inspector General of the Australian Porces.

Mrs. Squires spent just one week in Australia as a child of ten and it has remained one of her most vivid memories. She plays the violin and is looking forward to enjoying herself in musical circles here.

Her younger daughter, Margaret, will give up her art shop in London to accompany her parents to Australia. She is keen about flying, and holds a pilot's licence. While here she hopes to get lots of surfing, riding, and ski-ing.

She Has Blande Coloring Typical of Her Race



mins.

Miss Kragelund
was junior champion of Norway in
1934, and has
come direct from
London, where she
at been giving
exhibitions a nd
teaching ice skating at the
Streatham Ice Rink. She will be
attached to the new Ice Palais.
Sydney.

Visited Child Guidance
Clinics in England

LATEST methods in child psychology abroad were atudied by
Dr. Constance Davey, who has just
returned from a twip overseas. Dr.
Davey is psychologist to the Education Department of South Australia
and lecturer in psychology and logic
at the University of Adeiade.

In England she was specially
interested in the Child Guidance
clinics that are springing up all over
the country. The clinics are in
charge of a medical officer who
watches over children who present
behaviour problems or are backward
in any way.

Gift For Hospital

MISSES Joan and Mary McIlrath, of Sydney, last week presented an X-ray plant to the Rachel Forster Hospital, Sydney. They learnt of the need for the plant from their sister. Dr. Muriel McIlrath, a member of the honorary medical staff.

In accepting the gift the Minister for Health (Mr. H. P. Fitzsimons) said it would be a great boon to the hospital. This hospital is run entirely by



Has Done Extensive

Has Done Extensive Missionary Work in Sudan MRS. W. HICKS and her husband, who passed through the Australian capitals recently on their way to New Zealand on furlough, are among the nineteen Australian and New Zealand missionaries attached to the Sudan United Mission in the Kordofen Province.

The Sudan United Mission has

m the Kordofen Province.

The Sudan United Mission has been established in the Province for 17 years, and Mrs. Hicks says that evangelistic, medical, educational, and translation work done by the missionaries, including her husband and herself, has been extensive.

Mrs. Hicks comes from Anglo-Egyptian Sudan in the Kordofer Drovince, a hilly country a thousand miles inland, inhabited by numerous pagan tribes under British control. She finds much of interest in the weird customs of the natives.

They Supervise Winter

Training of Athletes

To help improve the standard of
athletics during the winter
months the Victorian Women's Amateur Athletic Association has started
a movement for indoor winter training.

bourne.

The association hopes to arrange lectures by specialists in various branches of athletics during the

Friends Asked Her to Paint Australian Scenes

to Paint Australian Scenes
TO paint pictures of Australian
scenes is the ambitton of Mrs.
Sigard Rascher, who has accompanied her husband, the Swedish
saxophonist, to Australia for his
season with the Australian Broadcasting Commission.
Mrs. Rascher, who studied at the
Royal Academy of Painting at
Copenhagen and Stockholm, says
that Swedish people are so interested
in Australia that many of her
friends asked her to paint typical
scenes and hold an exhibition of
them on her return to Sweden.
An accomplished linguist, Mrs.
Rascher speaks geven languages. She
is also an expert skier and skater,

Gives Radio Talks on Everyday Matters

SOME years ago an executive of one of the first radio stations in South Australia telephoned a Government De-

one of the first radi in South Australia telep Government Department and was so impressed by the voice of a girl who answered the call that he offered her a position on the staff at 5CL, Adelaide. She was Miss L in d a Whittle, afterwards Mrs. Jack Fisher, who soon became known to thous an ds of Dickinson listeners as Aunty Peggy. When the Australian E



When the Australian Broadcasting Commission assumed control of the station Mrs. Fisher remained a member of the staff and continued her work there until last year, when she joined 5AD. As Roberts Russiell, Mrs. Fisher now conducts six sessions of interest to women each week, and her talks on everyday matters bring her a mail of about three hundred letters a week. Mrs. Fisher has also given broadcasts from National stations in Melbourne, Sydney and Hobart, and taken part in radio debates and descriptive broadcasts.

She is Voyaging in Tugboat to China

in Tugboat to China
UNUSUAL adventure has come the
way of Mrs. Herman Mihialoff,
the only white woman making the
voyage to Shanghai with the tugs in
charge of old coastal boats bought
by the Moller Company for its China
coast fleet. Until her recent marriage
in Melbourne Mrs. Mihialoff was Miss
Audrey Best, of that city, though a
Tammanian by birth.

Mr. Mihialoff, who was born in

Tasmanian by birth.

Mr. Mihialoff, who was born in Shanghal, and is the son of a Czarfat who served as an officer in Russia's White Army, is a draughtsman in the head office of the Moller Company in Shanghal. He is travelling as mavigation officer with the Prosty Moller, which is towing the other vessels to Chima.

Is Interested in Collecting Recipes



Society.
One of her hobbies is collecting recipes and putting them together in attractive bindings, she borothy Coleman now has about thirty of these books.
Miss Clark took her Diploma of Domestic Science at the Brisbane Technical College, and was previously on the staff of the South Brisbane Intermediate School.

Seeking Solution of Food Storage Problems

AT Melbourne University there is a group of women working in the laboratories, seeking solutions to numerous problems. Among them is numerous problems. Among them is numerous problems to doing apecial research work with Victorian flour at the bio-chemistry department.

flour at the bio-chemistry department.

A Master of Science of the University of Wisconsin, Mrs. Dadswell arrived in Australia over nine years ago, and since 1931 his been doing research work at the University, mostly under special research granta.

Two other women accentists busy with research work at the University are Miss Kathleen Law and Miss Jean Millis, M.Sc. Miss Law is senior demonstrator in the department. She spent two years at the Lister Institute in England, and since her return has been working on the problem of fruit ripening from the chemical side, while the study of the storage of oranges is Miss Millis problem.



'Dettol' is a boon to fastidious women. It is clean and clear, pleasant in smell and an excellent deodorant.

A sure destroyer of germs, it is non-poisonous and stains neither linen nor the skin, 'Dettol' as part of your personal toilet will keep you as fresh and as dainty as you would always wish to be. Ask your doctor,

DETTOL

THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

Your chemist has 'Dettol' . - price 2/-PRINTED (OVER SEA) LIMITED (PRANMACEUTICAL DEPT.), EXDNEY.

Colour In Face and Lips

MEANS FITNESS AND ATTRACTION.

"About every three weeks I would get an attack of nerves accompanied by billounness and headaches," states Miss CJ.B., of Midland Jimotion, W.A. "These attacks have been going on for years and were spoiling my health and appearance. I felt utterly wretched. "A friend recommended Dr. Williams Pink Pills and after a course of these pills I have obtained wonderful results. I feel splendid, my nerves are good. I have a fine healthy colour my face, a good appetite and always feel well. I haven't had an attack of nerves or billousness since taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which have done me a lot of good."

To anneune girls with weak digestions and weak nerves, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills pulckly give attengthening, blood euriching benefits. From the first dose, rich red blood begins to flow through the system giving colour to cheeks and lips, brightening the eyes, improving appetite and digestion, banishing the giddy turns billousness, breathiesness and other anaemic miseries. If you want new health, calm nerves and the glow and beauty of youth, let nothing prevent you from taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to-day. At chemists and stores II.—bottle.***

To Relieve Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

If you have catarrhal deafness or head noises, go to your nearest chemist or store and get a bottle of Parmint (double-strength), and add to it i pint of hot water and a little augar. Take I tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the muons slopen or prepare to take. Anyone who has catarrhal deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial. Get Parmint to-day.**

bladder weak-aused by High

BLOOD

Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS

E. 12/9 E.

FARMER'S

★ Evening sandals, thistledown-light, selected by the screen's glamour girls Rich satins, shimmering kids and engaging florals for flattery

HOLLYWOOD REVELS

Farmer's swings into the gay festivity season with a whole batch of new evening shoes, copied directly for novelty and design from Hollywood's glamour girls. And there's real foot comfort in their seemingly slim lines. Special stocks for mail or telephone orders. On the Third Floor,

A. Light floral toe-less A bar, silver kidtrim. High louis heels. Halfs. 24/9. C. Sleek black satin T-bar with strip vamp, High louis beels. Halfs. 12/9: Lattleed front ballerina, floral inequered satin. High heats 1 sizes 23/9.
 Velvet T-bar with silver kid. Blue, green, black, silver kid trim. 12/9.

B. Toe-less ballerina cool cutouts on vamp. High louis beels. Gold kid, 29/6. Black satis, 21/s. I sizes.



A blithesome halo breton

USUALLY 14/11. A halo breton SOUNDS demure and young, but actually with the new high crown, it's a pretty sophisticated turn towards the new season. You'll love one in black, brown, navy, wine or bottle. They cost just 9'11

Millinery - Third Floor.



Imported hair bands of gold or silver tissue, make you feel romantically "womanly". 4/6

Orchids for milady . . . our eleverest copies, in natural colourings. Third Floor. At 2/6

GLASSWARE selling . . . finest kitchen imports.

From America comes this huge purchase of green glassware, to retail at greatly reduced prices . . . prices definitely not to be missed. A magnificent range from which to choose.

★ Lemon squeezer and jug. Special, 1/11 ★ 1/9 Water bottle, Side screw cap, 1/-★ 2/- Green butter jar and cover, 1/3





For luxurious moments with breakfast in bed, you'll need this bed-tray with plated legs and handles. Lacquered any colour to match your bedroom. Fancy Dept., Ground Floor



STEP-IN SALE

FLORAL FAILLE suspender belt, with elastic sections over hip and waistline, firmly boned, 14" long. 23-28". Us. 10/6.

5'6

"TRIPLE WEAVE" two-way stretch elastic step-in, imported fabric, non-roll waistline, Small, medium, large. Us. 13/6.

01...

FIRM FAILLE step-in, elastic sections, discreetly boned. Talon side fastening, 4 suspenders, Sizes 22-26". Us. 12/6.

Surpender Belt Section - Ground Floor,

200 30 30000

Sketching is the hobby that pays !



Send the Coupon, Cut here.

DEAF?
"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

LAST

Wile for free healts!
MEALIN EARPHONE CO. 31 Mars shopplus Black, Marker Mr., Synney.

Betty's "Racey"

Books Felt The Cold When The Warm Favorites Won

By BETTY GEE

The thermometer showed 43 degrees for Warwick Farm on Saturday, and by rights it should have been icily cold, but winning favorites kept the punters warm.

It was the bookies who were pushed out into the cold when not a horse over 51 to 1 was successful, but they could afford it after the previous Saturday, when hardly a horse UNDER 12 to 1 did it.

and 5 to 2 a third.

Well, that doesn't surprise me, either. What's the good of being a bookmaker if you can't get good food, furs, and diamonds for your wife and a handsome living out of it.

You can never convince me, that anybody but the punter holds the exclusive rights for loaing. Haven't I learned that lesson tramping the hard road of experience?

I shared in the general rout of the hookies on Saturday.

But even on Saturday the books, according to Dickie's money slavishly.

"Oh, did you lose, dear?" they ask maliciously.

And when you confess, their favorite, 2 to 1 another horse, and 5 to 2 a third.

Well, that doesn't surprise me either. What's the good of being a cities when the surprise me either.

But they ought to know I don't bet on hurdles. I lunch instead, and whilst lunching met Mrs. C. Rowald, and she has a property nearby where she keeps scores of her beloved thor-oughbreds, and she told me Lord Val-entine would win the colts' division of the Nursery.

Lady Owner's Win

Lady Owner's Win
So I had 53/10/ lo ft, and Lord
Valentine was like a winter bathheater and took a long time to get
up steam, but eventually came with
such a delightful run. He won all
right, and was Mrs. Rowald overjoyed? Her first win for acons.
Everybody seemed to know that Gifla was a good thing for the fillies'
division, and I had \$4 to £2 out of
my Lord Valentine winnings.
But Ted Bartle brought her up a
little late, and all she did was deadbeat with Bofield, and the old hookie
paid me only \$3, so the profit was a
pound.

There's something avenue.

There's something wrong with the I there is sometiming wrong with the division in dead-heats. Dickie went through some riginarole to explain that it is fair to both the bookie and the punter. But I couldn't see it at

raska, but couldn't keep it up long nough, and finished third. Why didn't I go for the tote? I'd ave had \$2/2/ back.

for 1th, and that's where he finished If Fd only run ento Mrs. M. L. Dwyer before the race I would have been on Mohican, the winner.

She was telling everyone it was a good thing, and she knows, because she has horses in Cecil Russell's reality.

site has stable.

I'll have a little on him in the Doomben Newmarket, though That's on Saturday weeh. And on

Jocalor, 100.

The bookies played me a horrid trick in the Homestead Handicap. With Darby Munro on Highborn I was confident, and rushed the ring to take \$2.710' to \$11, and then took a little walk; but when I came hack I found Highborn's price had taken a little walk. too. He was now \$4 to 1.

Well, I'm not going to let any bookie out-bid me, so I had \$24 to \$11.

Of course, he won. Everyhody said Darby lifted him past the post, but hand he been doing that for years, the little Hercules?

I only got down to the second one in copying the lockeys for the next.

Gave Me Publicity

THEN I can into Mes. McGrath, and her husband has Publicity; and she thought their horse might

So I was canny, and I had £6 to £1 straight-out and £1 on the tote on Publicity for a place.

through some rigmarole to explain that it is fair to both the bookie and the punter. But I couldn't see it at all.

All I know is that I didn't seem to get half snough money.

Miss Jeanne Halpin told me nomination, Tarban, couldn't lose the Amateur, as I had £10 to £1.

His gentleman rider, Mr. A. Cole, tried very hard. He led with Ne-



BETTY had a winning day at Warwick Farm when the tavorites scored

I think he knows he is on his mettle, so perhaps these horses will deliver the booty.

Shackleton, is the Flower Girl's pictl for the Dundas Handicap, and she said somebody told her it came straight from Mich Gearin, the



VIMARD VARDIA KEEPS YOUR SKIN GLORIOUSLY YOUTHFUL

Nature will quickly repay you for the care you give your skin. The original lovely freshness of youth it still there however you may have neglected it and it only requires proper attention to revive it in all its glary. Vimard Vardis rejuvenates the dollest skin, easily, effectively, and economically. It feed the tissues and tiny cells, correcting faults, banishing bleminhes, and restoring all the glamour of vital youth. All chemists and department stores sell it —5/- and 3/- per bottle.



Carpet Warehouse SELLING DIRECT TO PUBLIC WALL TO WALL CARPETS, 8-1 YARD LAID FREE th FLOOR, 155 KING ST.

DAYS! FINAL OFFER! Your Guarantee of a lower price/

15 ONLY at this SALE PRICE



opportunity to save . . . come in and take your pick from the best ing machines in Australia . . . now mg at big Sale Reductions. The net is in beautifully polished



MODERN IMPROVEMENT

Study these exclusive features The only sewing machine in carry a legal lifetime and Money Back Guaranizs.

Country halanced Table feature subsets offer and amount rousing.

A less backwards and torwards. Bares terming material.

Compiler and dessumable's attachments given Fren . also Bremmaking Courses.

£25/18/6 Value!

Only Machine GUARANTEED FOR YOUR -and double your money back within

DEPOSIT AND EASY WEEKLY PAYMENTS





Foreign Affairs at the Pooley Club

New Radio Session from 2GB

Meet the Colonel and Mr. Pooley! In other words, hear the two sides of their radio argument on international

This new service from ZGB, which dramatises the foreign affairs session, is broadcast at 8.45 every Wednesday night.

This new service from 2GB, which dramatises the foreign affairs session, is broadcast at 8.45 every Wednesday night.

JUST in case the Colonel and Mr. Pooley are in agreement for once, there is a third member, the Doctor, with something pungent and critical to say on the way the "world is going to the dogs, sir!"

The trie are featured in a session called "Mr. Pooley Chats at the Club."

Together they discuss such peoples as Gandhi (whose name, incidentally, is pronounced "Gundy," according to Mr. Pooley, and whatever country of international complications may happen to be in the public eye.

Filled a Gap

A CTUALLY the Doctor and the Colonel represent two sides of public opinion. They ask the quasilions that the average man and woman are asking.

In this way Mr. Pooley is enabled to put his deep knowledge of foreign affairs at the service of listeners.

Mr. Pooley mly found his vocation for radio commendator on foreign affairs as the service of listeners.

Mr. Pooley interest in international matters dates back many years to become a radio commentator on foreign affairs at the service of many happen to be in the public eye.

Filled a Gap

A CTUALLY the Doctor and the Colonel represent two sides of public opinion. They ask the quasilions that the average man and woman are asking.

In this way Mr. Pooley is enabled to put his deep knowledge of foreign affairs as a result of a happy accident.

"Some friends of mine were in the film business," he explains, "and they had a picture dealing with the Chinese war lord, Chang Tso-Idn, which they wished to exploit by broadcasting a biographical commentary.

ALL readers are invited to con-

A nt. readers are invited to con-tribute to this page.
Set down simply in a letter of about 300 words the most out-standing event in which you have been concerned, whether it be tragic, humorous, or cerie.
Only authentic incidents are eligible.

A PRIZE of £1/1/- is awarded for the best Real Life story each week, and 5/- for others published.
Write your letters legibly and address them: Real Life Stories. The Australian Women's Weekly.
The full address will be found at the top of Page 3.

Circus "Act" Was Not On the Programme

A visit to the circus-her first, on her tenth birthdayprovided Miss M. Rupp, of Hillside, Gippsland, Victoria, with a hair-raising experience that gained for her this week's prize of £1/1/- for a real life story.

When she tumbled off her seat and landed "behind the lines," an elephant grabbed her round the waist in its trunk and lifted her aloft. Fortunately the huge animal was not a "killer," and to that fact she owes her life, for an attendant had no trouble in inducing the elaphant to lower her to the ground.

IT was my tenth birthday (Miss Rupp writes), and as a special treat I was allowed to go to the circus that was visiting our town.

My 12-year-old sister came along, too. She was instructed to "keep an eye on me."

Full of excitement, we arrived early and clambered to the very highest seat. It was only a wide board, and had plenty of apring. I know, because it bounced beautifully under my restless jigging about.

There seemed quite a big gap between us and the tent at our backs. So much, in fact, that when the clown came tumbling into the ring my wild excitement caused me to overbalance.

Down I went, and landed

Very scared, but unhurt, on some thick tussocks of grass and soft earth. I was getting ready to yell when there was an deavy bump beside me, and there was lightly fulfilling her promise to look after me. It was very stuffy "down under." Also there was nothing to see but legs and legs, and the fact that we had to listen to the yells and laughter of the crowd made us wild to see the fun. After a while, I found a gap—a very small one—under the tent.

I wingled through, and was helping my alster, when something seized me very firmly and swing me on high. I shrieked, and, seeing several elephants, realised that it was the time of one of them that had graped me around the waist.

My sister rar welling for help, and a very smused attendant came to my aid.

"You're a lucky kid," he told me. "He had been Rajah, instead of Ranee, who grabbed you, it would have been your last circus."

Something seized me firmly and swung me on high."

Nightmare That **Proved a Reality**

At that moment the bold on my throat was released, and I heard my husband say, "Oh, what's happened, are you all rights"

Then the truth came to us. My husband had had a nightmare in high he thought a cow was attackles him, and by some subconscious process he had gripped the supposed.

coming, seeming to rest after each

step.
Nearly frantic with fright, I waited till the steps reached the first land-ing, when there was a long, long

Several nights we were awakened cows which even came on to the randah until frightened away by husbands No. 8°s.

One night I wakened to feel hands ipping my throat.

I screamed for help, but the hands ipped tighter, and my senses began leave me. Then my head struck of foor violently, for, in struggling, was pulled out of bed.

Where was my husband, I thought, I gave a last despating surgle.

I spare a last despating surgle.

I spare a last despating surgle.

I spare a last despating surgle.

shich he thought a cow was shich he thought a cow was for him, and by some subconscious process he had gripped the supposed cow to throw it to the ground.

We laugh at it now, but a few cattle on our property one morning and I went outside to call my husband to limch. But I had not gone thirty yards before a maddened helfer rushed round the corner of the house.

I turned and fied for the house, but I turned and fied for the house.

Ghostly Visitor

I was living at a private boarding-house kept by a widow with one and livide dearly one morning, and on our return that evening from our various places of business we were met with the search that the poor mother, worn out with grief, had also possed away. It was a very subdied and and little garty that gathered round the stitting round for the world, yet when tit must have been only a matter of moments and yet alked of many things, and reentually about spirite of the dead returning to earth until, when we decided to retire for the night, many of the world, yet when tit must have been only a matter of moments of the beat returning to earth until, when we decided to retire for the night, many of the morning was moving with a quester of the dead returning to earth until, when we decided to retire for the night, many and was were in a very nervous state.

After a troubled steep I awake and little beat the starts, and should steep I awake and the contraction of the most came along and was speaking to make that the beat with me.

But with a sudden pull it seemed to be taking part in the of the world, yet when tit must have been only a matter of moments and was preaking to make a student pull it seemed to be taking part in the of the world, yet when tit must have been only a matter of moments and the world with your relief from pain and return to healthy digestion.

I seemed to be taking part in the self with me.

After a troubled steep I awake and the contraction in the health of the world, yet when tit must have been only a matter of moments and the starts, when we glimps of my tiny son, sitting only a child I became weary and lay down, my long bart hanging love the dege of the seat. I still pass a strain and strought over the edge of the seat I state and the town the start pass and the commander of the beat came along and was speaking to my beat a subject of the dead of the seat of the dead of the seat of the seat of the dead of the seat of the dead of the seat of the dead of the seat of the dead

Lived in Yesterday

DURING a week in which I was having drops put into them twice a day, I lost my inemory!

It was very terrifying, and at first it didn't occur to us that the drops had coused this state of mind. I was not altogether lost, but the lapses were quite frequent. Generally I was mortally strainly on the present.

Have you ever tried to think of nothing? For a normal person this is impossible. But I would sit and was date in front of me, and my mind would be a perfect blank.

Into that void an incongruous thought would leap and I would be a pard I would be a pard I would be a man of the program of the present.

The Horse's Mouth
A Horsis my husband had bought from a baker had been fed regulation. A firm that because the form roof and wall began to glow, so I sent natives with axes to cut away the gaivantsed iron and pour water on the burning copra. It was a moment of stark horror when one boy fell through the cost, and the from his mouth by her clothes.

I stead panic-stricken but he lowered her to the ground as gently any molher, calmy took the biscutt, and walked away.

5/- to Mrs. M. Best, Lavinia St. North Woodville, S.A.

Sorth Woodville, S.A.

Into that void an incongruous nought would lesp and I would voice immediately.

5/- to Miss M. Mills, 24 Park Avenue, Randwick, N.S.W.

Nearly Scalped

ON a boat trip in the north we were sitting on a seat just below the

Ship That Passed in the Night

I WAS not a Grace Darling!

I was just a woman sitting on a verandah of her bungalow at a lonely cable station on a little island a hundred miles out of a stuy's course between Honolubu and Fijt.

"Ship, ship . . . near island."

In a minute the station gong was rung and out came all the cable staff available and the natives to hold flares all along the shore where the ship was heading for disaster.

When the skip island to the state of the ship was heading for disaster.

When the ship sighted the flares and gradually turned away from the island, I wept. And so another ship passed on to safety.

5/- to Edith Hill, Hotel Central, Maryborough, Qid.

Copra Fire

MY husband had gone on a trading trip along the coast of Ambrim, in the New Hebrides. I stayed up late, arxionsly awaiting his return. An infinight I heard Arta, the boss boy, shouting, "Copra, he burnt".

I ran out, to find the copra store covered by a dense cloud of smoke. I sent for every available "boy," organised bucket brigades, and found myself giving orders to natives of whom I was mortally afraid at normal times. Part of the iron roof and wall began





A warning that your stomach needs attention

Flushing, Paipitation, Feeling of Over-fulness are the first slight symptoms of stomach trouble. A few doses acid Powder will soon rectify them, and tone up the so that you get no more discomfort.

MEGLECT OF EARLY TROUBLES LEADS TO GASTRITIS AND DYSPEPSIA

Even though you are so unfortunate as to suffer from the severer forms of stomach trouble, you can still hope. De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralises the excess acid immediately it enters the stomach, thus stopping the pain almost at once. The inflamed stomach is protected from further attack. A portion of your food is digested by this remarkable powder. Pinally, your stomach is toned up and nursed back to health, so that you can eat what you like without any unpleasant after-effects.

DE WITT'S ANTACID

For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

Send for FREE Booklet.

Healthy Legs NORTH-WEST

WE stopped every

ridge, he gave the order to camp for the night.

We were two days reaching the northern end of Missiaquoi Bay; and it was at the end of the second day that I understood one of the reasons why Rogers so often studied the country we'd left behind us.

We had just made camp. From the penetrating feel of the windless air, which cut into us the moment we stopped moving. I knew we were in for a frost. We needed fires badly, not only to dry our blankets, but to warm our sching feet; to make hot food and hot rum; but since our orders forbade a fire, we were doing what we could to make ourselves comfortable; and it was at this cheerless moment that we saw Bradley running into camp, and with him came Solomen and Konkapot.

"They found our boats!" Bradley called. "The damned French found our boats!"

I heard a bundred men repeating

our boats!"

I heard a bundred men repeating the words incredulously. "They found the boats; the damned French found our boats!"

Our means of transportation were gone, our reserves of food lost; we were deep in enemy country, with an enemy force behind us and entire enemy armies ahead of us and on our fishe.

Rogers and the two Indian runners were hemmed in by silent clusters of

Rangers, whose eyes seemed to glit-ter whitely in the semi-dark. He looked up at Solomon. "When was it? When did they find the boats?"

was it? When did they find the boats?"

It was at sundown the day before, the Indian lieutenant told him. He and Konkapot must, therefore, have travelled in twenty-four hours as great a distance as we had covered in two full days. Consequently, those who had found the boats must be at least one day behind us. "How many?" Rogers asked. Solomon ran a knotted string through his fingers to refresh his memory. Four canoes filled with Indians, he said, had entered the hay just at sunset. Behind them were twenty bistenaux, each one loaded with twenty Frenchmen.

Almost immediately one of the canoes had discovered where we'd disembarked; then they followed our trail to the concealed boats, and whooped and fired musicits in great loy. When the bateaux had landed.

the King's subjects, which they have done without mercy.

"Take your revenge, but don't forget that though these villatins have dastardly and promiseaously murdered the women and children of all ages, it is my orders that no women or children are killed or hurt. When you have executed your intended service, you will return with your detachment to camp, or join me wherever the army may be."

Rogers warged the paper at us.

wherever the army may be."

Rogers wagged the paper at us, "Those are the orders!" I could see his head turning, like that of a gigantic owl, as he scanned our dim faces. "The French think they've trapped us. They've caught us where we can't get reinforcements, and they think this is the end of Rogers! Rongers. They've been trying to wipe us out for five years. Probably they're telling each other, right this minute, that they'll have our scaips inside three days. They're counting the moncy they'll get. They'll get a thousand pounds just for my head alone. Probably they we already arranged how to divide the money."

Six Children without Teething **Troubles**



"Effects of Whooping Cough Overcome"

Mrs. M. S. FLETCHER writes:—"1 I have given all my six children Ashton & Parsons' Testhing Powders, and have never had any trouble with their teeth; they all slept well. My last baby had an attack of whooping-tough when he was only two moaths old, which kept him down quite a lot, but now at ten months he is strong and happy. He has six teeth cut, and two now coming through. My mother gave your powders to me as a baby, and I have told many friends about them."

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

are intended to ease pain and soothe the child, check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fertuleses and similar troubles incidental to the teething period, and are useful in delayed or prolonged dentition.

Mothers ensure the best Protection and Comfort for their Children by using

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS

which are safe, reliable, unfailing and guseanteed perfectly harmless.

Box of 20 Powders for 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosferme (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., Box 34 P.O., North Sydney,



WARM * AND SNUG

A SMART wool coat with a slightly - raised cable stitch design is worn by Kay Francis, Warner and wide. The large scarf and double belt buckle are fashioned from the same material.

STOP Serious DANGER of WEAK KIDNEYS

Quick Relief-Lasting Benefit

It will take you only a few minutes to read the following letters telling of kidney trouble, rheumatism, bad back, completely conquered by De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Here one-time sufferent tell you of the quick relief and lasting benefit these famous gills bring you. Here is proof positive that you, too, can end your down-dragging, strength and vitality-sapping pains at once.

BACKACHE INSTANTANEOUS BENEFIT

Mr. W. Momaghan, of 3, Bagian Road, Anburn, Sydney, writze: — For the past two years I have suffered from sever-backasiae and pains in the limbs. After typing many medicines and Infiment, was finally recommended to try for witt's Pills. I received almost instantaneous celled and shall always be grateful to your famous pills.

Pains in Back

ENDED

Mrs. O. Curran, 125 Bellevue Street,
lemmersy, N.S.W., writes:—"After
afforing for a number of years with
goulding pains in the back and joints,
relative persuaded me to try De Witt's
"Bia. After taking the first few does
was greatly benefited and soon regained
as former energy."

URIC ACID TROUBLE BANISHED

Mrs. R. Wall, 94, Wells Street, Newtown, rdney, writes.—"I am 43 years of age at sufferoil constantly for 10 years with fee and troubles and pasns in the joints, was mit until I took 10 Witt's Kithey it Bidder Pills that my trouble was unjutely banished. I am very thankful or this marcellous roundey. My pains tre vanished like magio."

RHEUMATISM & KIDNEY TROUBLE GONE

trouble, but since taking De Witt's Pills I am a new man. I am 67 and without an ache or pain. I can safely recommend your pills to anyone, for they have done me such a lot of good."

WEAK KIDNEYS 3 DOSES OF De WITT'S-GREAT BENEFIT

GREAI BENEFI

Mrs. A. Hargnavea, 170 South Tarrace,
Premantle, W.A., mays 1—For over 30
years I sufficed from weak kidneys and
urinary disorders. I tried many remedies
but obtained no permanent relief. A
friend recommended De Witt's Pills and

IT IS DANGEROUS TO NEGLECT

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Why will you stay in pain and danger ben here is given complete and con-ming proof that he matter how long-tu have suffered, no matter what medies you have trind without success, are in De Wills Fills you have a romedy at acts quickly and gives lasting benefit; any one-time sufferns write years after ying there has never been a return of eir old trouble.

KIDNEY & PIL

Sold everywhere at 1/8, 3/- and 5/8. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backache, rheumatism, sciatics, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 50 years.

Free Friendly Advice on all Travel Subjects

Write us for full details of won-derful tours in Europe, or for straight bookings on ateamers.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

ST. JAMES BLDG. ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.

Solomon and Konkapot, hidden, had seen the Indians cast about for further traces of us; then give it up because of darkness.

When the Prenchmen lit camp fires, Solomon squirmed bearer them, saw the Prench commander divide his force into two parts, and to something more than half of the men distribute the supplies taken from our boats. From this, Solomon argued that in the morning half of the four hundred Frenchmen and probabily all of the forty to fifty Indians would be sent in pursuit of us. Rogers fumbled in his shot pouch, and this time he brought forth a phosphorus bottle and a piece of paper. He gave the bottle to Captain Ogden, unfolded the paper, and looked at the circle of faces. "Well make up our minds right here and now," he said rather quistly, in a steady votce, "You men have all guessed where we're supposed to be going, but you haven't yet heard the orders. I'll read 'em to you."

OGDEN pulled the spunk from the phosphorus hottle and held it, glowing, over the
paper. Rogers' eyes, in the bluish glare
of the phosphorus, looked cavernous; and his heavy nose, enlarged
by shadows, gave him the look of a
grotesque, carved from atone.
"General Amberet signed these orders," he said, "and here's what they
say:—

"You will proceed to Missisquoi Bay, from where you will march and attack the enemy's settlements on the south side of the River St. Law-rence, in such a manner as you shall judge most effectual to diagrace the enemy, and for the success and honor of Ris Majesty's arms. Remember the barbartitac that have been committed by the enemy's Indian soundrels on every occasion where they had an opportunity of showing their infamous cruelties on

The circle of men swayed and muttered.

"They want us pretty bad, the French do," he continued, "but If you want to know how I feel, I'll you want to damned hard over this corps, and so have you, to see It destroyed by two hundred long frenchmen and a little parcel of Indians. We've always done things they thought couldn't be done, and I don't propose to stop now."

Almost irrelevantly, he added: "Some of you fought in the Battle of Snowshoes last year. Lleutenant Phillips and Lieutenant Crofton, with twenty Rangers, were surrounded in that battle. The French offered em good terms, so they surrendered—they and their party. None of em ever cane back, Maybe you remember what happened to em. Lleutenant Crofton's brother can tell you, in case you've forgotten. He's in Number One Company right now. Maybe bed care to speak up and say."

Crofton spoke up, His voice was shrill. "They tore my brother's arms out of him. They tore my brother's arms out of him. They tore my brother's arms out of him. They to my brother's arms out of him. They to my brother's arms out of him. They chopped the ends of his ribs away from his backbone and pried 'em out through his skim, one by one. I don't care how many French and Indians there are! I don't care if there's only two hundred, I can pretty near if there's and England as they are in America. I can't say as to that, but I know this; if there ever was a body of men that could march better or shoot better or fight better than Rangers nobody's ever known about them.

They think they ve got us. Well, they haven't got you; not ret, they haven't and I don't believe they ever will!"

Please turn to Page 36



Tobacco Kills-Stop Smoking

Park's Anti-smoking Mixture

SOEL P. FORD, M.P.S., Chrmist, 147 King St., Newtown, N.S.W.





Realise Ambitions!

I orns of Germinians will have opportunities to realise some of their hopes and ambitions this year, partunitry those who are working in the search of their hopes and ambitions this year, partunitry those who are working in the search of the search

Deer ideas and inspirations will interest and that many of them can be turned to good account.

Those who are discartisfied with pulsing conditions will, unless the intring conditions will, unless the individual horoscope shows otherwise find the remaining months good sees to make changes or expansions, to choose now environment, and to show now otherwise the choose now environment, and to know now the changes of expansions. They should also prove good for part to know the province of the control of the control



Lonely children are the principals in Ethel Mannin's new book, "Rose and Sylvie."

A LTHOUGH Ethel Mannin has won a measure of fame as the writer of romances and love stories there is no conventional love interest in the story of "Rose and Sylvie."

The love theme is developed through the love of two children for each other — Rose, the little gipsy maid of all work and Sylvie the child of wealthy parents.

The children see in each other's life the lack that is in their own, and they are also drawn together by their loveliness.

Rose is one of the numerous children

This poor little half-starved girt from the shums had the right work.



KENNETH ROBERTS, author KENNETH ROBERTS, suthor of "North-West Passage," our new serial. Begin reading it now. The book has already sold 500,000 copies. It is being filmed in technicolor by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with Robert Toylor, Wallace Beery, and Spencer Tracy as the stars.





47.





We will pay 5/- to anyone sending in user for "Vareline" Jelly which we are able to occupt and publish.

Just post your suggestion to Cheschrough, Dept. A14 Bes 11311, C.P.O., Melbourne.

Remember when you luy, to look for the trade mark VASELINE. This trade mark identifies the origi-nal Percolaum Jelly, especially refused and purified for medical and solicituse. Do not accept subclimates.



PETROLEUM JELLY

It's great when dreams come true

Charmosan

for skin youth

Authorities wile. Greateless. Big fare for the distribution table 2.4 Manufage table and severywhere. Including New York Control of the Cont

For dashing moderns

These NEW Berlei Foundations of Frenchy cut, emphasising

the high, divided bosom line, the nerrow waist; ensuring just the kind of leveliness entirely right with to-day's romantic very feminine fashions—they're news indeed for young maidens. Scarcely a bone in them. The "cut" controls the

hips, shapes the bosom, slims the waist . . . the Berlei cut!

Slim, swayback lovelies are wearing Berlei Controlette, Registered Number 1903. Of firm, yet supple satin-fabric, with tea rose lace and panels of satin lastex. At your favourite shop, they are most moderately priced.

ROM the shadowy circle rose a babel of cries. I found myself repeating, over and over, "No, no! No, no!" Like all

found myself repeating, over and over, "No, no! No, no!" Like all side was 7EHRIBLX in lers with washs to marry me. O, what a five always loved them imagine mine. I've always loved them image mine. I've always the side many faults marry fact and the green-clad men around me, I was confident that all the French-men in the world couldn't harm us wall the green-clad men around me, I was confident that all the freench-men in the world couldn't harm us will be fact from the couldn't harm us will sent the state of the fact from the couldn't harm us will be fact from the couldn't harm us will sent the state of the fact from the couldn't harm us will be fact from the couldn't harm us will be fact from the world couldn't harm us will be found in a world couldn't harm us will be for the map was fine state of the couldn't harm us will be for the well and the fact from the couldn't harm us will be forget in the order of the dather of their detachments. None of the officers was sick and only six of the men were unfit for duty.

While I copied their reports in the orderly book, flogers worked on a birch bark map and conferred with Ogden over the location of rivers and valleys.

While I copied their reports in the orderly book, flogers worked on a birch bark map and conferred with Ogden over the location of rivers and valleys and conferred with Ogden over the location of rivers and valleys and conferred with Ogden over the location of rivers and valleys and conferred with Ogden over the location of rivers and valleys and conferred with Ogden over the location of rivers and valleys and conferred with Ogden over the location of rivers and valleys and conferred with Ogden over the location of rivers and valleys and conferred with Ogden over the location of rivers and valleys and the second of the officers was s

FIGURE FLATTERER

Continued from Page 34

to be done at St. Francis; then get away—if we could.

No sooner had we left the north-ern end of Missisquo! Bay that morning than we entered a spruce bog. The water was a foot deep, and in places even deeper, where the current had hellowed out channels like running brocks, into which we sometimes stumbied and sometimes eld full length.

Water slood everywhere between the trees, concealing irregularities in the ground. Young growth, choked to death by its own profusion, lay ankle keep, knoe high, bett high, breast ligh, head high, bett high breast light head high, bett high breast light head high, bett high breast light, head high, bett high breast light head high, bett high breast light, head high, bett high breast light head high stockeridge finding and splashing hadow, in the undergrowth. Sometimes I heard the volce of Rogera, huskily calling the course to Konkapot, who moved between him and the Stockbridge Indians to relay messages.

All day we saw no really dry land, and we ale standing in water. Sundown found us still laboring through the swamp. I felt parboiled, burned out, and at the same time soppling wet, soaked and chilled.

When we were finally halled I was almost dark, and we had made nine miles. The water was half-way to our knees, so that the only way we could be free of it was to cut trees and climb into the branches. Working in pairs, we chopped young spruces with our hatchets, and by placing three close together, and lopping the limbe from their upper sidea, we made something like platforms, held above the water by the limbs underneath; and the tips of boughs, properly placed on these platforms, made passable alceping places.

Jesse Beacham, working with me, seemed able to see in the dark, and he could make a bed of sprue boughts more rapidly than an innecent of manage, on media and run.

W

knobby branches, threemfortable asthey were, and warp myzelf in a blanket, sopping wer though it was leave they were in it nine days.

Sergeant Bradley, that pale and soured man, aprouted red whisters that gave him an air of raffish guitty. Jease Beacham's beard was white as snow, and as it lengthened the younger Rangers took notice of it, calling him Grandad, old Kriss Eringle, the Snow King, or the Spirit of Niagara. To all such egisters are considered to the content and the constant whipping of the spruce branches an ancient angel might look, peering through the interstices of a fleecy cloud.

Our buckstlining from the constant whipping of the spruce branches and the overlasting wetness, gave way here and there, developing tips which we had no chance to mend. Worst of all, our moccasine became pulpy, so that we either had to take them off and tie them around our necks, or have no footgear left by the time we reached dry landit that time ever came.

It was when the moccasine became we way the war out that now and then we became aware that one and another of us had simply disappeared. We had started from Missignol Bay with one hundred and fifty-three. On the 89th of September a man was missing; on the 30th another vanished; on the 1nd of October iwo more men disappeared.

On October 4 we crossed a mound on which white Indian Pipes grew from a smooth bed of pine needles—the first dry patch we had seen since September 28.

Toward sundown, there was solid

Please turn to Page 38



RADIANT HEALTH!

thanks to FIGSEN!

tin of NYAL FIGSEN,

1/3 tin.

NYAL



MAKE BABY'S HAIR















































WHEN half - way cross I heard a chorus of yells, he French, I thought, had caught is, but the Ranger to whom I clung sped me onward. "It's Poyle," he sid. "Lost his footing. Dropped is musket." It was Rogers himself who pulled no to the bank. "Get the men out if the river," he was calling to his flicers. "Get 'em out, dead or alive! any of 'em float down to St. Frans., we're done for!" I ran downstream, and found Ogen running with me. We could be accurate rolling like a log in the harp waves. We got him by cutting cross a bend. It was Foyle. His time were tangled in the straps of is knapsack, and he was dead. When we returned, the human hain still held, and the Stockbridge midans, who were like dogs in the nater, were diving and groping for set muskets. Another Ronger beddes Foyle had been drowned; and

move.

"One of 'em's mine," Identenant Avery said. "He's got the flux, Til go over and get him."

Rogers abook his head. "You'd get drowned yourself if you tried to earry him over. We'll have to leave those men. They're better off back there than they'd be over here, and that chain of men can't stand where they

are, waiting for sick men to get bet-

He gave sharp orders to the near-est man of the living chain. "Tell those sick men to move to the east-ward and try to keep out of the way of the French who'll follow us. Pass the word, and tell the last man to let go when he's delivered the mes-sage."

sage."

Those who had crossed, officers and men alike, stood alient, starting over at the six men, and in the silence Rogers seemed to feel disapproval. "Too bad," he said, "Too bad, but if they can get far enough to the eastward they've got a chance. We've got to keep moving, gentlemen."

One by one the numan links of the chain emerged shivering from the rapids and came stiffly among us,

seeking their muskets. Rogers herease up rapidly from the water's edge, "Get away from this river bank," he ordered. "Get on to high land and get dressed. Draw your loads and reload with buckshot!"

Ogden asked whether men should be sent to bury Poyle. Rogers shook his head, "We've got fifteen miles to go! Maybe it's more! Get forward!"

When the officers made their re-

When the officers made their re-turns, there were one hundred and forty-two of us left. Five were with-out muskets.

out musters.

Rogers intrined up his leggings and settled his blank infantryman's hat more firmly on his head. "Why," he said, "that's not bad! Things might be worse-lots worse! I could take Quebec with a hundred and forty-two men as good as this! We'll keep the same order."

After what, we had been through.

keep the same order."

After what we had been through the Indian trail along the high bank of the fiver was as easy to travel as a post-road. If I could have had a decent dinner in me, in place of the few scrapings of corn meal that my pouch had yielded, and if there had been no Frenchmen following on our heels, I think I might really have enjoyed that hurrying march down the St. Francis.

It was nearly night when Rogers, finding a tail plue from which to make an observation, gave the orace to halt. He was on his way up the tree before the file-closers had come in.

He came sliding and scratching

come in.

He came sliding and scratching down and dropped among us like a big cat. He straightened his clothes and dug pine needles from his neck. "Well," he said, "we're there! I can see the fires, not three miles away. It's the town!"

It was the fifth day of October—the twenty-second day of our journey from Crown Point. We had been twenty-two days without fires; without cooked food; without dry blankets; without shelters over our heads; without clean clothes. And this was the campaign my father, over a month ago, had characterised as being almost over.

made camp that night than Rogers called for Lieutenant Turner and Ensign Avery; and the three of them moved silently off into the darkness, Rogers leading at a gait so charp it was a sort of inaudible run.

was a sort of insudible run.

He left one order behind him.

"Make 'em sleep," he told Ogden.

"They're going to need it!"

Sleep, for me, I thought, was out of the question, for I was in a turnoil over the thought that in a few hours we would be fighting. There was no possible way to escape lt; and I suspected that I was already as good as dead.

Of what use to me was my foolish.

good as dead.

Of what use to me was my foolish, youthful desire to paint, and how would my knack for drawing and for color benefit me when I lay scalped and mangled in a Canadian forest? If I had stayed at home, where I could see Elizabeth's eyen darting amused and adeleging glances at me; where I could have sat comfortably in our warm kitchen on a frosty morning and watched my mother pouring flapjack batter.

Sergeaut Bradley shook me to con-

Sergeant Bradley shook me to con-sciouanesa. "Come on," he was say-ing. "Come on! The Major's back. Everything's all right! Come on: we're going to attack!"

The moon, almost full, touched the tall trees with allver and gave us a faint light, even in the blackest shadows. All around me I could see men moving: hear straps being

Continued from Page 36

tightened; ramrods being drawn and rapped home again.

Soon there was a muttering of "all present" from the sergeants.
"All right," Bogers said. "Now pay attention! Lieutenant Turner and Enalgn Avery went with me to look at the town. It's stretched along the high bank, just the right size and position for an attack, and the trail leads straight to it. Everythings in our favor—even the wind. It's in the west, and the dogs can't get our smell."
"Good thing for the dogs," somebody muttered. The men tittered with the sound of wind stirring dry leaves.

ROGERS seemed not to hear. "We went up frees and watched 'em. They haven't got a seniry out—not one! They've been dancing nearly all night.
"Now bear this in mind." Rogers went on. "We can't waste time! We got to work fast and get away, because they'll be after us like hornets. We're under orders to wipe out this town, so see you do it! There's only one way to do it, and that's to kill every Indian capable of bearing arms. Kill 'em quick and kill 'em dead!
"Don't let a damned Indian get

kill 'em dead!

'Don't let a damned Indian get away, provided he's big enough to light. But for God's sake don't kill any of our own Indians, and don't kill any white captives. Our own Indians have white stripes painted around their bodles, and the tops of their heads are painted white. As for captives, there'll be some around; so keep your eyes open and don't make mistakes."

He paused. There was something

He paused. There was something peculiarly exciting about those thick accents of his that I found myself shaking. His voice grew harsher. "Our food's gone. So's our clothes. We'll need food and clothes if we expect to be alive this time next week."

We'll need food and clothes if we expect to be alive this time next week."

His suiphur apunk flickered and went out, and his face disappeared as though it had been that of a grinning demon who, having warned us, had vanished into the realm of disembodied spirits, but his voice went on. "Don't forget how they treated Phillips and Crofton. If we don't wipe 'em out now, they'll go down mo New England and akin our people alive, the way they always have."

There was a moment of silence, as neavy as the forest gloom around us.

"Here's the way we'll do it," that thick voice continued. "We'll move up' to the edge of the woods and wait for daylight. Captain Jocobs Indians will attack the right of the town. That's the downstream end, and downstream's the way they'll run if they get the chance."

Everything was planned as neat as a pin, We were to move out of the woods in a bong line. Captain Ogden, Captain Jacobs, Lieutenant Farrington, and Lieutenant Grant leading; in the centre, Lieutenant Jentins, Lieutenant Turner, and Ensign Avery; in the rear, Lieutenant Jentins, Lieutenant Turner, and Ensign Avery; in the rear, Lieutenant Jentins, Lieutenant Turner, and Ensign Avery; in the rear, Lieutenant Jentins, Lieutenant Turner, and Ensign Avery; in the rear, Lieutenant Jentins, Lieutenant Carnell and their sergeania were to break down the doors of the bouses; and their sergeania were to break down the doors of the bouses; and their sergeania were to break down the doors of the bouses; and their sergeania were to break down the doors of the bouses; and the rear and the sergeania were to break down the doors of the bouses; and the rear and the fact the find food to cooking as soon as possible.

Please turn to Page 40









FUN WITHOUT FEAR OF B.O. . .

Women, too, prefer Lifebuoy bath and complexion!

Naturally, women prefer Lifebuoy for the bath! Its purifying lather keeps them sweet and clean, free from any trace of "B.O." ... gives an aflure only absolute daintiness can give.

cambiness can give. Each day more of the wase women who preter Lifebuoy for bathing, turn to it for complexion care, too! For in addition to being thorough—Lifebuoy is extra mild. Tests show it's over 20%, mider than many so-called "beauty soaps." Its penetrating lather gently removes the daily accumulation of impurities from the pores . . . Leaves the skin fine of texture, clear, glowing with that healthy beauty men adore. . Lifebuoy's own clean sent ponishes as you rings. Why don't you try Lifebuoy now?





hy Suffer from Famous Ointment Relieves & Removes Them

Read This Convincing Testimony.

by Caroline Jutimate Joungs

Peggy Butler's unique ring de-signed with a solitaire diamond in centre of two true lovers' knots, Peggy's engagement to John Mc-Mahon, son of the Commissioner for Taxation, was announced at week-end.

On the Ice

TWICE during the week I

Visited the Ice Palais and
both visits were highly entertaining. On the
first occasion the rink was brightly lit for the
dress rehearsal, and the professionals were
imbering up, if their graceful wallow-like
movements can be given such a description.

Inger Kragelund, blande Norwegian, looked
charming in a short black velvet stating frock
with white lace Peter Pan collar, white gloves,
and boots, J. C. Bendrodt swooped around the
ice with much confidence and I was told that
it was only his second day on Ice skates.
Two white penies, who toted a sled carrying
some of our levellest mannequins in sumptions fars, also were skates of a kind.
Black was definitely the most popular wear
on Friday night. Mrs. H. P. Pitzimons, wife
of the president of the Ice Palais Club, wore
clack angean with a bright red and green
scarl. In her party were Mr. and Mrs. David
Fratten, Mrs. Eric Pratten and Mr. and Mrs.
William Charlton and Eame Mayo. Also on
the Ice were the John Charleys, who were
entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Reith Mackay
Mr. S. S. Crick, a director of the new
J.C.W. management, and Mrs. Reith Mackay

Mr. S. S. Crick, a director of the new
J.C.W. management, and Mrs. Il. W. Asprey
at the Hotel Australia on Saturday night after
attending the first night performance of
"George and Margaret." Fay Compton, Beune
Barnabe, Peter Dearing, Sir Hugh and Lady
Denison, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Tait, and Mr. and
Mrs. Harald Bowden were among the guests

**

Actor is Superstitious

TPHE filming of the new Clue.

Actor is Superstitious

Actor is Superstitious

THE filming of the new Cinesound picture, "Dad and
Dave Come To Town," commenced on Saturday. All was in readiness on Friday, but
the principal setor, Bert Bailey, is superstitious, and would neither begin on Priday
ner on Monday, 18th,

Lady Patricia Stanhope, daughter of the
Barl of Chesterfield, who is making a long
stay in Sydney, will take the part of a mannequal apeaking part.

Lesley Turner and Constance Rouse will

Cranbrookians' Annual Party

Cranbrookians' Annual Party

IT fell to the lot of Frank Little,
a member of the ball committee, to round up the waners of the Cranbrook old school the who made their homes
in the country. As a result, W. A. Wiseman, of Gloucester, came specially down for
the occasion of the Old Cranbrookilly down for
the occasion of the Old Cranbrookillans Ball
at the Paddington Town Hall on Friday,
Major-General Iven Mackay and Mrs. Mackay, wearing a tailored frock of white embossed flat crepe and a coreage posy of illyof-the-vailey, were the guests of hour, and
the official table with Mr. W. A.
Mayne, president of the association, and
representatives of Trinity, Knox Grammar,
Barker College, and St. Aloysius
schools.

Also among the dancers were
Barbara Boydell and her flance,
John Westgarth, Roy Bradniaw,
who entertained a large party;
Margaret Dare, Tom Parsons, Joan
See, Hilary Halloran and Adrian
Garling.

Mr, and Mrs. Stenie Osborne are choosing furnishings in London for their remodelled station home at Adaminaby. They have not yet decided when they will sail for

Norwegian Soprano

Norwegian Soprano

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD
is the next star on
our musical horizon. This famous
artist arrived in Sydney on Monday in the Mariposa, accompanied
by her manager, Max Levine, and
accompanied. Edwin McArthur,
After a free day in which to settle
her belongings at the Hotel Australia, Madame Flagstad, who is a
Norwegian, will be the guest of
Niels Storaker, Acting ConsulGeneral for Norway, and Mrs.
Storaker at their home at Bellevine
Hill this Tuesday at a late afternoon reception

The first of Flagstad's series of regularization will take place in the fown Hall this Saturday.

Cricket Fans' Enthusiasm

HE 140th Test match was the big news of the week-end, and if eyes were sleepy and tempers short during the daylight hours cricket fans have only their own enthusiasm and the excellence of the A.B.C. broadcast to blame. Blake Pelley was the keenest sport of the Vice-Regal household and listened-in with bated breath to every stroke from the first over to stumps

drawn.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Kippax, as one might expect, never missed a stroke, and Clem Tiley, housemaster at Robson's House, S.C.E.G.S., himself a keen cricketer, and Mrs. Tiley had an all-night session at the radio near an all-night session at the radio near their fireside.



A PORTRAIT of Miss Janet Tait.
eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas
Tait, of the T. & G. Building, whose
marriage to Mr. William Arthur, son of
Captain and Mrs. Arthur, of Toronto.
will take place in Sydney in October.
—Women's Weekly photo.

Chipboard Party
QUITE informal in atmosphere
was the farewell "At Home"
given late on Priday afternoon by the officers
of H.M.S. Letth and H.M.S. Wellington, The
guests were received on the quarter-deek by
Capitan L. C. T. Tudway, of the Letth, and
Commander Loziston-Clarke, of the Wellington, The ships, which were gasy with burning
and masses of flowers, were moored together
and linked by a covered gangway.

A. C., John, and Alfred
L ADY Davidson arrived from
her home, Montgreenan,
Leuri, on the very day that the
birthday honers were made
known, and what a tremendously
busy time she had! After attending the opening of the
Tapestry Exhibition she went to
the farewell cocktail party for
Captain and Mrs. G. A. Scott,
at Treeco, and arrived back at
the family flat at the T. and
G. Building to find that numerous friends had heard the news
over the air and had come to
offer congratuations.

Sir Alfred Davidson will still remain
"John" and "A. C." to his intimate friends
in fact, it is quite a surprise to many of
them to discover that he was christened
alfred.

Sir Alfred and Lady Davidson entertained

No fewer than four verses of amusing non-ense were originated by Mary Whidbourne for her cockiali party invitations. Jane Con-nolly is guest of houor, and the entertainment will take place this Wednesday.

Buffet Luncheon at Club

Purper luncheon at Club

RUFFET luncheons at the Industrial Arts Club have the habit of lasting far into the afternoon and Wednesday's porty at that attractive little meeting place in the Victoria Arcade was no exception. Peter Dodd, the artist, came early, and gave a careful serutiny to the ultramodern photographs adorning the walls. Mr. and Mrs. Vigeveno. Douglas Annand, Linday Parker, Mrs. Pirie, Shelia MacDonald, and Mrs. Scott Stevenson were among those present.

Engagement Party

MR. ALEXANDER MacRAE, of Vaucluse, gave a dance on Saturday night to celebrate the engagement of his eleds son. Alsadair, and Jean Cameron, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cameron, of Melbourne. Jean wore a charming freek of burgundy crepe which was trimmed with circles of velvet in the same shade. At her shoulder was pinned a spray of orchids which were sent to her from Melbourne by plane for the occasion.

First Nighters

First Nighters

THERE was much appreciative laughter from the first night; audience at the comedy, "George and Marguret," at the Theatre Royal on Safurday, I was specially intrigued with the attractive dinner frock that the leading lady, Pay Compton, wore in the second scene. It was navy-blue complete with train and cape, and patterned with white cigareties from which curled spirals of smoke.

Mrs. E. J. That, who watched the show from a box, covered her black velvet frock with a lovely cape of silver fox. Black velvet was also chosen by Mrs. Keith Mosa, It was cut with a high neck and flared skirt, and on the neckline was pinned a diamond and emerald ornament. Her cost was summer ermine. Robin Eakin added a splash of color to the audience by wearing a frock of red taffeta with gold stripes.

From Brisbane comes the news that Dick Cholmondeley, new secretary for the Gover-nor of Queensland, is tremendously ener-getic, and is invariably the last to leave a party. Then he will be up at the crack of dawn the following morning to do his daily dozen and throw a medicine ball about.

Czechoslovakian Supper Dishes

VERY Consular was the buffet acting Consul-General for Czechoslovakia and Madame Solanski at their home at Double Bay on Friday night in honor of Professor and Mrs. Georg Szell. The supper dishes were made from Czechoslovakian recipes and the light beer came from Frague.

Among the guests were the Consul-General for Denmark and Madame Hoest, the Consul-General for Switzerland and Madame Hedners, the Trade Commissioner for France and Madame Bader, and Dr. and Mrs. Edgar Bainton. America was represented by Mr. Doyle and Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Matthews.

Tour of Queensland

Tour of Queensland

MRS. SYDNEY HERRING'S

tour of Queensland has
been full of interest; and she has seen much
of the work of the Country Women's Association in that State. In several towns she
addressed meetings and spoke of her recent
tour abroad. With General Herring, she
set out in a motor car, and has visited
Scone, Glen Innes (where they slayed with
Mrs. Arthur Ross). Peepwater (where they
were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Pat Macansh.), and on to the Toby Jeromes and
Alain Chauvels at Stanthorpe.

Nestring Brisbare they stayed with Mr.
and Mrs. Cecil Delprat (she was formerly
Jessie de Burgh Persse, of Beaudesert), and
on arrival in Brisbane Mrs. Herring was
greesed by her sister, Mrs. H. R. Butter, who
gave a luncheon party at the Moreton Club in
her honor.

Later the General and his wife

Later the General and his wife went to Toogoolawah for the Show and stayed with Mrs. E. C. Connel, another sister of Mrs. Herring.

Quiet Wedding

Quiet Wedding

THIS Saturday a quiet
wedding will be celebrated at St. John's Church Darlinghurst, when Olive Simpson,
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. J.
Simpson, of Centennial Park, is
married to James Joyce, so of Mr.
and Mrs. S. J. Joyce, of Chiveden,
Melbourne. The bride will be unattended, and the reception will
take place at University to their house,
monthly to their house of their house,
make their home at Edgewater,
Elizabeth Bay. Their delighthul
flat is furnished throughout with
green carpets and hangings and
the furniture is lacquered in cream.

DO YOU KNOW-

That Mr. and Mrs. George Fuller, on their return from their honeymoon in Mel-bourne in two weeks' time, intend settling in a flat at Chatsworth, Point Piper?

FASHION WISDOM . . . By Colette





Say good-bye to your CONSTIPATION

CONSTIPATION

1,000 Doctors decided recently that they would tackle constipation in a new way without medicine.

They took 2,000 test cases, added a daily spoonful of Bemax to the ordinary food and checked the result. In every 1,000 cases 888 derived the most marked benefit. Think of it—practically nine in every ten. Surely with such encouraging medical evidence you can hope to say good-bye soon to your constipation.

Bemax is a godsend to the constipated. As your intestinal muscles become stronger—through the invigorating tonic action of Bemax, they work more naturally every day until they are functioning normally. This is due to the great concentration of Vitamins in Bemax (200 International Units of Vitamin B₁ in every tablespoonful). Begin to-day on the road that will end by your saying good-bye to your constipation.

You're bound to benefit from

ROOERS himself would be at the downstream end of the town—in case anyone wanted him, he said. Prisoners were to be brought to Lieutenant Dunbar. "Ready," Royers said. "As they've no sentries out, we'll travel single file. We'll use no flankers and no advance scouts. Keep in touch with the man in front. That's all. Come on."

on."

The hurrying of the men along that dark and narrow lane between the irees caused a rubbing, whispering, hissing sound that might have been made by a gargantian serpent. They seemed to flicker through the patches of mountight like succires.

through the patches of moonlight like spectres.

I felt a starring in the still, cold air—the stirring of approaching dawn; and at last on that faint and frosty breeze I caught the scent of wood-smoke.

Orden, standing in the path, stopped us. "Dimp your packs,"

We put our blankets, our knapsacks, and everything we could spare in compact piles beside the path; then squatted on the trail, working our bayonets over our muketalghts.

The moonlight on the treetons

aights.

The moonlight on the treetops had dimmed now, and the shadows around us were pailld in a ghostly light—the light of false dawn. In that ghostly light Captain Jacobs and his Indiana, crowded close behind us, had the look of dismem-

Continued from Page 38

see the other detachments; hear them dump their packs and adjust their bayonets.

Somewhere in front of us I heard the strident crowing of a roceter. The false dawn had passed, and the shadows were blacker than before. Not far from us a dog barked mourafully, perfunctorily.

Then I realised that real dawn was coming upon us, and I saw Rogers and Ogden, grey figures against dark tree trunks, staring out at a clearing that began to be revealed before us.

Rogers looked up at the sky; then came back to us, and Sergeant Bradley rose to meet him. "You'll take the downstream end," Rogers and Ogder the development of the tree trunks at a clearing that began to be revealed before us.

Rogers looked up at the sky; then came back to us, and Sergeant Bradley rose to meet him. "You'll take the downstream end," Rogers and. "Don't make a noise, and don't tet em get away." He moved along the recumbent line, which was still strung out in single file along the rising out in single file along the head of the river, billowing alowly; and through it, as through a vell, we saw the houses of St. Francis. They were strewn along the river bank, on each side of a church with a skeleton steeple, in which hung a bell. Some of the cabins were made of logs and some of planks, like the homes of white men; but they stood at odd angles, as if each one had been pushed a little out of position, so that they had the unreality of houses seen in a dream. The place looked deserted—dead. Nothing moved in the clearing or near the houses, and that look of deadness was neightened by the frost that lay whitely on every roof, as well as on eutivated patches in the clearing. The patches were piles of pumpkins.

Rogers came back, loosened his nutket; then swung his arm, sythelike. The white-smeared Indians, the viole long line of green-clad, bearded men, rose to their feet, and began to run into the clearing.

At every step I took I expected the foor

powder-horns and shot pouches thumped and rattled at our hips.

I HERE was a pink atreak in the eastern sky, and by its pale light, as we ran, panting, on, I could see poles before the black cabins—poles with hairy discs hanging from their tips; and I could smell the place. It had a rank but pleasant odor, as of herbs mixed with grease, sweet-grass and wood-smoke. The strip of ground before the houses was as hard and level as the roadway in a city; as smooth as a dance floor; and I understood that it was indeed a dance floor, where the Indiana danced. In its centre stood a drum, made of a tree trunk as big sround as a washtub, and almost shoulder-tail. The windows of the houses were unglazed; some were black holes; others were covered with paper, on which were painted fish, birds, animals. We ran on and across the clear-

mais.

We ran on and across the clearing, our eyes fixed upon that line of dark houses on the river bank, expecting each moment that Indians would burst out of the doors, and that fire would leap at us from the windows. I was near the head of our people, and with those who were to attack the far end of the village.

our people, and with those who were to attack the far end of the village.

The whole line had stopped, crouching, their muskets ready, Rogers, ahead of us, whistied through his fingers—a whistle that cut our straining ears like a knife. And then, toward the silent houses, raced the lieutenants and sergeants, while Jacobs and his Stockbridge Indians dodged among the tabins like shadows. Directly before me I saw low log house, with the river running dimly behind it. Sergeant Bradley and Lieutenant Farrington threw themselves against the rough door of that house; the door broke from its hinges with a splitting crash.

Then, almost in the same instant, the whole village seemed to erupt with yells, crashes, and screams. From the doorway smashed by Bradley and Parrington there came stumbling an old Indian

with a blanket tied around his waist; he tripped on the blanket and fell Bradley sank a hatchet into the small of the brown back, then jumped to one side.

Out through the doorway burst three squaws, their faces contorted. Bradley thrust his foot before them and they fell in a heap. A well-sized Indian boy, trying to leap over them, fell too, and Parrington was on his back like a cat. I saw white eyes roll upward in the twisted, copper-colored face; then Parrington's hatchet cut down through them.

THE squaws, covered with blood, scrambled to their feet. Bradley caught two by the arms, rammed his bayonet through their upper garments, and rushed them, whimpering, behind our walting line. The other ran like a frightened duck, toeing in.

Two faces showed in the doorway, and Jesse Beacham's musket roared in my ear. One of the faces vanished; the body beneath the other sank forward across the threshold. A girl and two boys squirmed around it as it fell, and ran towards us, dodging from side to side, as if hunting a hole. One of the boys was almost the aize of my brother Odiorne. When Crofton's musket swung toward him, I pushed it away and caught the boy. Crofton stood before me, looking for an opportunity to sink his bayonet in the writhing red body.

"Too young," I said. "Priconer." Crofton stared wildly at me; then turned back to watch the doorway, I rapped the base of the boy's skull with my fist; and when he lay still picked up my musket, took him by the arm, and dragged him to Dunbar's detachment.

Dunbar's detachment.

Dunbar's detachment.

Dunbar's detachment.

Dunbar's detachment.

Dunbar's detachment.

A price of the boy at the feet of one of Dimbar's Rangers: then than were squaws, covered with dirt, their clothes half form off; a few young girls, one wholly naked; another boy. They were huddled on the ground.

I threw the boy at the feet of one of Dimbar's Rangers: then than sky had turned to a brilliant red, and in its rosy light the darting movements of the Rangers seemed purposeless, like the erratic scuttling of water-beetles on a placid pond.

The rattling of their muskets was as rupid as the crackling of twigs in a newly-lit fire, and overhead everywhere drifted layers of gimpoweder smoke turning pink in the sunrise.

Crifton, his face crimson, was shouting like a madman: "There's more of 'em, I saw 'em! I tell you I saw 'em!"

Captain Ogden took him by the arm and shook him; then ran forward and into the house. Ogden backed out again, stepped to one side for sheller, frew the ramrod from his musket, resched for his powder-horn; then leaned against the wall, looking down at his side. The hand that held the powder-horn was covered with shood, and when Bradley and Crofton ran to him, he coughed and sat down heavily. Upon that, both Bradley and Crofton swung away from him, but only to spring into the doorway from which he had emerged.

From the dark interior came the sound of agonised choking; then a stekening pounding and a muffled musket shot.

Then Leutenant Grant came running from behind the house, shouting, "They're getting away! They're going down river in canoes!"

Jesse Beacham and I ran around the house and down the bank of the river, and although we went as fast as our legs could take us. Rogers was ahead of us, and his voice rang out, not thick, but high and keen. It brought Captain Jacobs and a dozen white-barred Stockbridge Indiana tearing after him like a pack of wolves; and behind us I could hear others running and shouting.

The St. Francis at this point was deper than where we had crossed, and the water ran smooth and thrown, with a glassy look. Sunrise was full upon us, and on the shinting river were mirrored the blazing colors of the trees on the opposite bank. Black heads moved slowly on this gaudy attent, man their four.

Please turn to Page 41

Please turn to Page 41



THE picture doesn't do her skin full justice. Only by actually seeing it with your own eyes, hy touching it with your own hands, could you know the silky loveliness and radiant freshness of this skin cared for with Wright's Coal Tar

Soap.
What Wright's does for baby's tender skin it can also do for yours. Its mildly antiseptic lather gets deep down into the pores, removing every trace of dirt and danger. It leaves your skin soft, supple, and aglow with radiant freshness.

WRIGHT Coal Tar Soap



YOU HAVE TO KEEP TO YOURSELF

Already, five out of every nine wom in this country have changed Myzone for relief of palm headac sick-feeling, muscular cramps. P Myzone's amazing acterin (an apasm) compound brings such him diate relief and bright comfort — wir out "doption."

out "doping."
Just take two Myzone tablets with cap
of tea, or water, any time. Try it on
your next headache Find relief that is
more complete—more lasting, than any
ordinary aspirin or ap.c.
2/- a box. All Chemiats.

WHAT DOES FUTURE HOLD FOR ME?

A Scientific Future For covering finance, travel, I occupation, lotteries, lucky marriage, etc. Questions ans * RAMONDERS. C. Box 3093NN. G.P.O. SYDNEY.

YOUR FUTURE?

TELFORD SHAW, Bex 3141P. Dept. T., G.P.O., Sydney,

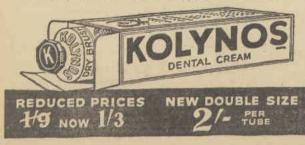
TRUST YOUR DENTIST -he says KOLYNDS TO MAKE TEETH SPARKLE and YOUR MOUTH HEALTHY

For clean sparkling teeth and healthy gums, your dentist says: "Cultivate the twice-a-day Kolynos habit." KOLYNOS fulfils the requirements of modern Dental Science because it is a proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing tooth paste which removes unsightly stain and tartar, cleaning and brightening the teeth without any harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. KOLYNOS effectively protects your teeth against

harmful germs which cause decay and keeps teeth and mouth thoroughly clean

KOLYNOS is highly concentrated, and therefore most economical. Only half-an-inch — preferably ona DRY brush — morning and night brings you the joy of a clean mouth and sound, sparkling teeth. Get a tube of KOLYNOS—the world's most efficient and economical tooth paste - TODAY Of all chemists and stores.

DENTISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD RECOMMEND KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM



lefiant song-ers dropped to his knee and In the leading cance as a stood upright, stumbled back-and fell sideways against the ers in the stern. The little made an abrupt curve and smed, and its six passengers beared in a flurry of yellow

ng the bank Rangers began to a the cances, and around me to were kneeling and firing. If them calling their shots, take the one coming out on the Jesse said. Ha musket jetted e, and an Indian who had used the shallows of the farther e stopped where he was. His fell forward, and his legs, float-slowly awing downstream, heard myself saying, "Good its content of the shallows and his legs, float-slowly awing downstream, heard myself saying, "Good its content of the shallows are should be shallowed by a saying, and the shallows are shall be shallowed by a saying, "Good its content of the shall be shall b

slowly awaing downstream. Heard myself saying, "Good hear's three I got," Jesse said in the control of the cont

Then I heard Rogers shout, re-calling the men who'd gone along the bank; and, turning I saw the lifting disc of the sun clearing itself above the line of shattered cabins

TURNER and Lieutenant Farring-ton were standing with Rogers, who swung his arms and shouted, "Get those men back here! Call "en back to the drum! I want this detachment paraded." We started back to the drum! I want this detachment paraded." We started back towards the houses, running.

"Towne!" the Major called "I want you! You'll be needed when we examine the prisoners."

The amooth dance-ground before the houses was littered with the bodies of Indians, and the houses themselves seemed to have aged immeasurably in the half-hour since we had thated across the clearing—unbelievably it was only half an hour since then. Their doors stood open or were broken down; the paper at the windows hung in strips; fragments of cloth and buck-kins trailed across the thresholds; blankets and household goods were strewn around them. The poles erected before each cabin stood at drunken angles or lay flat, and in the brilliant light of the newly risen sun St. Francts was squalld beyond bellef.

Clumps of Rangers stood before the dwellings, eating from Indian bowls and staring waterfully all the roofs and upper parts of the cabins; for we knew that a few hallow cellars and shallower lofts.

Among the dead moved other Rangers, prodding at bodies with bayonets, looking for silver tracelets, and peering intently at dusk faces to be sure that they were dead Still others were busy wrapping strips of cloth around their lower legs, fitting themselves with moccasins, drawing Indian leggings over tattered buckskins. Behind us burned a circle of fires, each me tended by a Hanger; and over each fire hung a steaming kettle—a sight

which made my stomach squeak for food.

Around the drum, herded like sheep by Dunbar's men, were twenty-five women and children. For the most part the women wore short skirks of blue cloth and blue cloth upper garments that came to their thighs. A few carried brats with dirty noses. The naked girl had somehow clothed herself, and the boy I had cracked on the head and dragged away from Crofton was hunkered down against the drum with another smaller boy, both staring slack-mouthed at Ogden, who sat, stripped to the waist, on the ground near by.

On Ogden's ribs were the double purple bruises of a buillet-hole, and beside him sat Bradley, sopping a piece of white strouding in a kettle and preasing it to the two wounds. "I want some food and I want those houses burned—all but the three store-houses," ordered Rogers. Lieutenant Farrington, take charge of that. Leave the storehouses so we can stock up, and before you burn the rest get me some leggings and moccasina.

"Get Capitain Jacobs. Tell him I'm going to examine the prisoners, and those scalpe on the poles ought to be counted. Tell Avery to do it. Use the last three detachments to set the fires, and have the centre detachments, to pick off those in the lofts. There's always a few hide there or down cellar." Farrington nodded comprehendingly.

With that, Rogers lifted Ogden to his feet as if he had been a child. "Ogden, you know we've got to be moving out of here. Walk around a little and see if you bleed much, if you do, maybe we can carry you in a blanket till it stops."

"You don't have to worry about me. Major," Ogden zald. "I'll look out for myself somehow."

Rogers went quickly back to the drum, upon which Lieutenant Dunhar still stood and now was staring at the cabin furthest up-stream. A lazy wisp of amoke was drifting up from it, and a dozen sangers stood around it, their musketa ready.

"We can't waste a minute, Lieutenant," Rogers said. "Move those prisoners out into the open, where they can't near what we say. I'll use the drum. Bring 'em up to me on

I'll use the drum. Bring 'em up to me one by one."

So many houses were ablaze that we could feel the heat oppressively, and along with the heat came, worse, an irregular bringing of muskets, stricken howlings, and walls of passionnte despair. Rogers stamped upon the drum-head. "Bring 'em on!" he told Dumbar. Drawing his chronometer from inside his leggings, he thrust it before my face. "Look at this! We attacked at 5.17 and here it is 6.10, twenty minutes after sunrise, and look at us! Just stiting here doing nothing!"

I wrote down the time. Dunbar came to us, dragging by the wrist an old woman with stringy grey hair who was dressed like an Indian in blue skirt, blouce and trousers, but whose face was lighter than an Indians. "This woman's a captive." Dunbar said. "She's no Indians." Captain Jacobe ran up, breathing heavily. His scalp-look was singed; on his shoulder was a knife coratch; the gressy white paint on his face and middle body was smeared with usines and cinders; his arms and legdings were clotted with blood, and led to his belt were six new scalps. "Ask her what's her name and where she's from," Rogers told Jacobs.

When Jacobs spoke to her she burst into such a flux of talk that Rogers and Captain Jacobs looked at each otter blankly. "She's German," I told Rogers. "She's German," I told Rogers. "She's German," I told Rogers. "She's damed well go bome where she belongs! Ask her this, sak her life expected the Rangers to come here? Whether anybody knew St. Prancis was going to be attacked?"

**Please turn to Page 42

Please turn to Page 42

75,000 SUFFER

HOW MANY GOOD NIGHT KISSES DOES A GOOD WIFE MISS?



Often a wife who thinks she's dainty lets underarm odour spoil her charm!

Her husband loves her, of course, And she'd he so happy—except for one little thing. Often there's a feeling in her heart that he neglects her. She does to mis the good night kisses that every good wife wanta! How shocked she would be to know it's her own fault! Yet apy woman should realise it takes more than a bath to keep underarms sweet.

When a woman is wise about daintiness, she uses Mam every day, and after every hath. For Mum prevents perspiration edour before it atters.

A bath can only take care of odour that is past. Mum prevents odour to come! You'll find so many things to like about Mum!... Quick hecause in half a minute if protects you all day. Hormless—because you can use it even after you've dressed! Mum won't injure fabrics!... Sofe—hecause it does not stop healthful perspiration. Use Mum after underarm shaving, and notice its southing touch!... Sure—because Mum's protection has through the busiest day!

-JUST HALF A MINUTE - AND YOU'RE PROTECTED ALL DAY



NO MORE Kidney Trouble FOR ME

There is no surer way to restore your Kidneys to their normal, healthy state than Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy famous for more than sixty years.

Warner's Safe Cure is packed in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/9d and in the original 5/- bottles . . . and is sold by Chemists and Storekeepers everywhere.

THE 60 YEARS OLD REMEDY FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS



FROM SYDNEY EVERY TUESDAY.

Additional Saturday Sailings: KATOOMBA, 9th JULY; ORMISTON, 16th JULY; DUNTROON, 3rd SEPTEMBER.

FROM SYDNEY





PEARS' Tonic Action refreshes my skin...makes it radiantly lovely



BEAUTY sparkles afresh in Pears'! Pears' tonic action throws off all skin weariness . . rouses and stimulates the tissues. Draft, lifeless skin becomes vividly, radiantly lovely.





PLAN AHEAD ARRANGE YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAYS NOW AND MAKE SURE OF A GOOD TIME

ANYWHERE - ANY PLACE - ANY TIME BOOK WITH YOUR OWN BUREAU

S.A. GULFS CRUISE

TASMANIA

Join our parties for an ideal time From STEDNEY, IS days, E16/17/6 From BRISHANK, TO days, £03/17/6 From Melbeurne and Adviside on Application, Price from Relabane Includes accom-mediation in Spining.

HOLIDAYS IN SYDNEY

This and we done to the state of the Manufacture of the South of the State of the S

WINTER HOLIDAYS FROM SYDNEY

Be Wise. Look Ahead. Write Now.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

THE woman rattled on and on, as though words, damned within her during all her 20 years with the Indians, were now loosed for the first time. Rogers interrupting. "What's she What's she talking about?" "What's she but the woman talked on and on, telling why she wanted to stay with the Indians.

"To hell with her," Rogers said
"Tie her up till we're ready to start."
To Captain Jacobs, he added, "If
they can't answer simple questions
intelligently, tell 'em they'il got a
bayonet thrust! Where's the next?"

"There's four more captives," Dun-bar said, "You want 'em brought up together?"

"Good God, no! Most of these cap-tives are more Indian than the In-dians! We'll take em separately! Hurry 'em up!"

Hurry 'em up!"

All the cabins in the line now were cracking loudly—all except the three windowless provision houses. Above the flames towered a rolling, eddying cloud of smoke that must have been visible for miles, and I saw Rogers glancing up at it anxiously.

Lieur Dumbar wished, another

Hogers glancing up at it anxiously, Lieut. Dunbar pushed another woman close to the drum. She was about thirty-five, and white, but dressed in every respect like the Indian squaws. Her hair was grey and stringy, her back bent; her face dirty and streaked with tears. Her dress, too, was dirty—covered from breast to knees with old grease spots and stains.

Brots and stains.

Her name, she said, was Sarab Hadden: she had been captured seven years before in the vicinity of Lake Winnepesauke. She had seen her husband killed at the same time, and although she had carried her buby with her, it was sick, and her captors had knocked its head against a tree before they reached Lake Memphremagog.

"You married an Indian after

"You married an Indian after that?" Rogers asked.

She said she had. "Still married to him?"

She shook her head.

Rogers scrutinised her closely. "They make you work for the old men, don't they?"

men, don't they?"

She rubbed her mouth with the back of a hand knotted like birch-roots. "I chop their wood and carry it: cock their food and scramble for bones with the dogs."

"Look here." Rogers said. "Did you hear any talk about my force being on its way to this town?"

"Not this town," she said, "but French officers came up here five days ago and made an oration. Fifteen young men went with them to Wigwam Martinle, They said that's where Rogers was going. You're Rogers aren't you?"

"Look," Rogers said, "did they say how many French were going to Wilswam Martinle?"

She nodded. "They said four hun-

Wigwam Martinie?"
She nodded. "They said four hundred, They said they had the whole country roused up to get you. They said they'd found all your hoats—all seventeen of 'em—and got you cornered in here somewheres. They didn't know where, but they said you couldn't get away."
"Wait a minute," Rogers said. He motioned to Lieutenant Farrington, who was waiting meastly behind Dunhar. "Find Lieutenant Turner. Start those men filling their knapsacks with corn. Keep 'em moving. Did you make a count of the killed?"
"There's two hundred dead, count-

"There's two hundred dead count-ing the ones we shot in the river," Parrington said. "but we don't know how many were burned. A lot of 'em's in the cellars, and can't get out." The woman laughed and twisted her hands in her dress. "How many scalps?" Rogers asked.

About five hundred and twenty."

"About five hundred and twenty." The woman put her hand on Rogers' knees and spoke earnestly. "There was seven hundred scalps on those polest Seven hundred! I used to look up at 'em and count, when I hauled the wood! Seven hundred scalps; nearly every scalp from a white man. My own husbands was there among 'em."
"Some of the poles had fallen in the fire." Parrington said defensively.
"You set Turper." Rosers told him.

"You get Turner," Rogers told him.
"Send word to all officers that I want the whole command paraded. Then I want every officer here for covered."

Then he spoke again to the woman.
"They think they've got us, do

Continued from Page 41

they? If they sent all their men to Wigwam Martinic, what did they think would stop us from finding another way out?"

"They know the paths. And they know you'll have to go up this river, or the Becancour or the Chaudiere. Well, they've got forces at every river. There's three hundred at the mouth of this one, so to stop you in case you tried to come up it—three hundred French and some Indians."

"That many?" Rogers said care-

nundred French and some Indians."
"That many?" Rogers said carelessiy. "You don't expect me to believe you, do yon?"
"I tell you it's true!" the woman
cried. "There's three hundred
Frenchmen and another band of
brayes from this town, camped
where the St. Francis runs into the
St. Lawrence! It's only four miles
from here. It you go downstream
they'll kill you; if you go upstream
they'll kill you; if you go upstream
they'll catch you! For the love of
Heaven, don't let 'em corner you in
this hell-hole!"
Rogers took out his chronometer

they'll catch you! For the love of Heaven, don't let 'em corner you in this hell-hole!"
Rogers took out his chronometer again. "Put her with the German woman," he told Dunbar. "Capitain Jacobs, bring up the rest of those captives, all three of 'em! We'll get through with this."
The woman went down on her knees and clawed at Rogers' leg. "Every word's true!" she smilled. "I can't stay here! It's like living with pigs. I can keep up with you, Don't so off without me! I'll do your work; I'll do your cooking: I can use a musket; I'll.—""TII look out for you," Rogers said. "Where are those others?"
Captain Jacobs brought up three white women. One looked feeble and decrepit. Another was middle-aged The third was young, perhaps eighteen years old. Her hair wayellow, her eyes dark brown, and she had the boldest, most brazen look I had ever seen on a woman. Rogers wasted no time. "I'm Rogers," he said. "You're captives here, and if I get the truth out of you, you'll be treated well."

The yellow-haired girl looked up at him from under her brows, coquettishiy adjusting her hair with a pretty hand. Her finger-nails, I saw, were bitten close. She had no trouble catching Rogers' eye.

He leaned forward from the drum. "You understand me, don't you?"
"Oh, I understand much," she said. "Much." Her voice was harsh and hoarse.

woman at her side eyed her venomously. "Keep a civil tongue in your hear for once," ate said. To Rogers, she added, "She wasn't much more than a baby when she came here, and she's worse than any of these dirty red rips."

"Bip, your-eif, you old broomstick," the yellow-haired girl said calmly. Rogers stamped upon the drumhead again. "Look here; how inany fighting men were there in this town?"

The two older women looked pursiled; then began to mutter and count on their fineers. But the yellow-haired girl spoke up confidently. "Hundred and fifty," she said. Rogers stamped again. "We killed over two hundred!" His slate-grey eyes narrowed till they were half-shut. "How many fighting men were there in this town?"

"Maybe two hundred," the girl said.

Rogers made a careless gesture. "That's hear enough. Why didn't

"Maybe two hundred," the girl said.

Rogers made a careless gesture. That's near enough. Why didn't they all go down river with the French when the French asked 'em?"

"The French only asked for thirty," she answered.

"Why didn't they want more?"

"They said they had enough without more! Said they'd destroyed your boats and you couldn't get away."

Rogers iaughed. "Boats! What do they know about boats! If they'd found any boats of mine they'd have followed me."

"Yes," the girl said. "Some of tem did follow you too. Still following you, aren't they? Now they've got you front and rear, haven't they?"

The girl looked sullenly at the column of ambke; then abruptly she laughed.

A LL characters in the scriats and short stories which appear in The Anatralian Women's Weekly are detitions, and have no reference to any living person.

Rogers took her by the ear and she looked up at him provocatively, whereupon he shook her; then slapped her upon the cheek. "You know who I am, don't you?" he asked.

She spat, "Wob! madaondo" ("White Devil").

He nodded, "Major Rogers to you! If you understand such a hell of a lot, where's Lake Memphremagog?" She looked at him open-mouthed; shen pointed up river.

"All right," he said. "Don't forget what you know when you talk to me. You're going with us, and if we don't get aske to Memphremagog, you don't either!" He turned to Dunbar. "Put these women with the other two. Bring up the Indian prisoners—all of em."

Bring up the Indian prisoners—all of em."

He looked down at my book. "I suess we've got what we wanted. Those stories tally." He took off his black cap, and scratched his tousled head. "Funny about these white Indians! You have to look out for em! If they get started young enough, they're worse than the red ones, sometimes. I'll bet that yellow-head would give you something to remember her by!"

Dunhar, assisted by four men from his detachment, moved the captured Indians close to the drum, and beyond them I could see a stream of Rangers moving back and forth between the three unburned storehouses and the long row of heaped blankets, knapsacks, and muskets.

Continued Next Week

Continued Next Week

The Chemist says-

"Most of my customers prefer HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE HEARINE'S DIRECTORY IN THE PROOF IN THE PROO



BRONCHITIS

Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

DRINK CRAVING CONQUERED

By EUCRASY with 40 Years' Suc

woman.

It can be given secretly or taken volun-tarily Not coally. Call or write to-day for a FREE SAMPLE. Booklet, and many Testimonials Dept. B. EUCRASY CO. 297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.***

FURRED TONGUE

National Library of Australia

http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4619906

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

June 18, 1938

A special section devoted to the interests of homelovers



care, so that it will express and enhance your personality

PERFUME must suit your A temperament. It must blend with your personality. It must be you. Don't purchase it because a friend uses it, and you think that it smells

the whole impression you wish to coate.
It has often been stated that the intralian woman does not underand the use of perfume. But she fast learning.
A very simple rule to remember that any perfume with a touch rose in it is suitable for a blonde; racelssus for a brunette, violet or undalwood for redneads, gardenia or between types; and jasmine or agnoils for Oriental types.
The younger you are, the lighter bould be the perfume. As you grow der you should gradually change a heavier one.

Be Fastidious

When the dainty girl sets out to be pleasantly perfumed she does not aprinicle a bottle of scent over herself. She works to a system. She can use liquid perfume, brill-amiline, tollet water, sashets, body and tale powders, soap and powder. Naturally, you will not use all of these methods, but when you do use more than one see that the perfume used is the same. If you use a soap with a rose perhune, you will not then use a vallet talcum powder, a lily-of-the wiley brilliantine. When using brilliantine have just

When using brilliantine have just touch on the hair, or down the

roller water is similar to perme, but much less concentrated,
so less expensive. As a rule it
ses its fragrance more quickly
an perfume.
The best way to use it is to apray

perrume.

best way to use it is to apray
the body after a bath, or to
a little to the water in which

on the body after a own, or a little to the water in which to bathe.

Another method is to aprinkle a lie on freshly-washed lingerie bete they are ironed; the heat of a ironing sets the perfume into m and it clings until the garnts are washed again.

Liquid perfume should never be plied direct to your handkerchief, it is a very old-fashioned method application and not at all satistory.

application and not at all satisory.

usead, place a small dab of perbehind the ear, at the back of
neck, on the finger-tips and the
ns of the hands, but never
nike or apray it on your clothes,
we sachet method of perfuming
iting has always been popular,
when we were small children
are fond of dropping the small
ded sachets in our drawer.
On can still do this, but why not
the modern method of attehing
nall sachet in the crown of your
act that the heat of the head
oring the scent out and make
hair sweetly perfumed?
hen there is talcom or body
der. Not only will this help to
you sweetly perfumed, but it
also prevent chapping, and
toleract perspiration. See that
talcum has a perfume which
thes your face powder and



WRONG FOODS Cause

PATIENT: What is the best treatment for an inflamed mouth?

NOTHING is more annoying NOTHING is more annoying than to have a spot of inflammation in the lining of the mouth. I have in mind that affliction commonly known as a canker sore. Sometimes its effects are so severe as to drive the sufferer to bed.

In former years this disturbance was always attributed to an "upset stomach."

To-day, as a result of our increased knowledge of allergy, it is believed it may be due to a peculiar sensitivity to some particular food. Of course, not every case of canker sore can be definitely traced to an allergic reaction.

Lack of Vitamins

IT may result from the absence of certain vitamins from the diet. When there is a lack of foods rich in vitamin C, the gums and mucous membranes of the mouth become inflamed and very susceptible to infections.

infections.

A victim of canker sore first notices an irritated spot usually at the base of the teeth, under the longue, or on the inner surface of the lip or cheek.

There are first small blisters, which rupture and leave behind a whitish patch, which is really a painful ulcer. At times the trouble is confused with an irritation found

TROUBLE

WHAT MY PATIENTS

By a Doctor

in the mouth and caused by a rough or jagged tooth.

Ulcers, inflamed sores and other abnormalities of the mouth should never be overlooked. Bear in mind that if they persist they may be the first sign of a serious disease.

A chronic ulcer, sore or other inflammation of the mouth that does not respond to treatment should be suspected of being important. Sometimes it is some constitutional

disease.

Keep the mouth clean. Cleanse with salt water or an antiseptic wash. The application of an astringent is beneficial to a canker

In a severe case a silver nitrate stick is applied by the doctor.

He will avoid touching the nor-mal mucous membrane with this chemical because to do so leads to additional inflammation.

additional inhammation.

While the canker sore is in its inflammatory stage, it is best to avoid fried and greaxy foods in the diet.

The foods should be aimple, nutritious, and easily digested, if in doubt as to what the trouble really is, consult your doctor.

Ponds Two Creams

now contain Active "Skin-Vitamin"

> Help Women's Skins More Directly

A few years ago doctors learnt that a certain vitamin was a special aid to the skin. When they applied it direct to burns and wounds, they found the skin healed more quickly—and better? For over three years, Pond's tested this "akin-vitamin" in Pond's creams. And to-day you can have its benefits for your skin—in Pond's "skin-vitamin" did food Oream (for cleaning), and Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Oream (a grand powder base).

And remember, Pond's Creams cost no more than ordinary creams. In handy tubes for your handbag, and large and small jars for your dressing table.

TRIAL OFFER: Mell this coupon inday with Jour 1d. stemps in a melled
enselope to excee postage, packing, etc.
jour Jecc Index of Pondr's Insu-State
Vitames creame-size a sangle of
the state of the state of the state
that wasted Brunette (Rauthel Light Cream f). Rose Cream (Naturail (), Naturelle (Light Notural).
Rose Brunette (), Dark Brunette (Sunlans f) . Dark Brunette (Sunlans f)







Here are ways to enhance their loveliness

HAVE you noticed that a great many off-the-ear colffures are being worn this season? It appears now that ears are going to require just as much make-up attention as the face.

There really is something decidedly chic about an exposed ear, and judging from the new jewelled ear ornaments and the present hat and coliflure styles we're going to see a lot of those organs of hearing from new on.

It is by the skilful use of rouge, in the first place, that you can enhance the attractiveness of your ears.

Dry rouge should be used for this purpose rather than paste. For ear make-up simply must not look artificial—and the paste rouge is more difficult to apply delicately and salifolly than the dry variety. If your ears are prettily formed, the entire tips should be delicately rouged. But if your ears are too large the rouge should be applied only along their inside edge, to help reduce their apparent size.



Be sure you use your rouge very lightly however, so that the ears acquire only a delicate shell-pink coloring.

The hair can also be arranged to improve the appearance of the ears.

If the ears are too broad, a wispy cluster of ringlets before each one will help to decrease their apparent width.

IN CENTRE COIFFURE only a little more than the tips of the ears show. Note the way the hair is swept off the ears in the other coiffure worn by Google Withers, the G.B.D. star.

upper part of the ear is unattrac-tive, the hair should be waved low down over the upper half, and the tips alone should be exposed, after being softly and skilfully rouged. The rouging gives the ears a deli-cate shell-pink hue that is most at-tractive.

of earrings you wear.
Large button earrings, for instance, will make too-large ears appear ornaments will tend to slenderise and add length to the ears, and will greatly enhance their loveliness.

Remember, however, that it is wiser not to adopt an off-the-ear

coiffure if your ears are badly shaped

FOR YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

Simple Health Rules for Expectant Mothers.

By A TRUBY KING EXPERT

WE are told that if this fair W land of ours is to be-come a great, virile nation we

must people its empty spaces.
We are told, too, that the
best immigrants we can have
are our own Australian babies, and that a declining birthrate is the greatest danger to our nation.

rate is the greatest danger to our nation.

Upon every expectant mother rests the responsibility of providing worthy future citizens.

Just as a builder who uses poor materials cannot build a lasting and beautiful structure, but what is commonly known as a "jerry-built" house, so the mother-to-be cannot build a perfect, healthy body for her coming babe if she does not provide nature with meaning the complete cooperation between the expectant mother and her doctor and nurse.

To avail herself of expert prematal care and advice is the finest insurance policy an expectant mother and her doctor and nurse.

To avail herself of expert prematal care and advice is the finest insurance policy an expectant mother can take out.

These are the simple laws of healthy living which every mother-to-be must observe to ensure a normal confinement and a happy, healthy babe:—

1. She must have a pure blood-stream, for from it the building materials required for the developing babe—its muscles and nerve tissue, its bones, teeth, etc.—are drawn.

Any sources of polaoning of this precious blood-stream must he sought for and eliminated—constipation, wrong diet, a decayed toothor a septic root of a tooth, septic tonails, or any other septic foc in the body which empty poisons into the blood.

2. Fresh air, day and night, is essential. A plentiful supply of oxygen purifies the blood, passing through the mother's lungs and so to the growing babe for whom she breathes.

outficient.
Outdoor exercise and a daily walk should make up the day's routine.
Special abdominal exercises, designed to strengthen the muscles used in pregnancy and labor, done regularly for a few minutes each day, are invaluable.
With regard to these a doctor should be consulted in case there is

any reason for not doing them, such as previous miscarriages.

4. Exercise should always be followed by a rest period. Early to bed, and eight to nine hours' sleep in which nature can carry on important building and repair work, is a golden rule to follow. If attacks of sleeplesaness occur over a period, a doctor should be consuited, but no drugs be taken without his orders. All simple, natural means of inducing sleep should be tried.

5. Cool sponges or cold showers in the mornings (followed by brisk massage), and comfortably warm baths at night tone up the skin and keep it acting well. (It must not be forgotten that this is an important eliminatory organ.) Very hot baths should be avoided.

6. Three well-balanced meals should be taken daily. There is no

Mothercraft Advice Coupon

If you wish is get advice on your methercraft problems, fill in the form, together with and post the form, together with addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Ros. 1997 V. G. P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Envelope, V. S. W. C. and the letter of the control of the second the letter with the second the sec

Present Weight (without clothing) Have you written before? (Yes

meed to "eat for two," as was once commonly supposed. Natural foods are best, highly artificial and tinned foods should be avoided. Foods of a good mineral and vitamin content are especially neces-sary

Foods of a good mineral and vitamin content are especially necessary.

These include fresh fruit and vogetables (especially those of the green leaf variety), and uncooked foods such as lettuce, tomatoes, cresa celery, etc. milk butter, eggs, cheese, etc. Meat should only be taken once daily.

Drink as much water as possible. At least five to six glasses should be taken between meals each day. If health has been good to start with it is very likely to become even better during pregnancy. An expectant mother often looks and feels better than she ever did in her life before.

As the late Sir Truby King said. "The normal woman is never afer, healthier, happier, or more uplifted than during pregnancy."

A Besset giving the list of "Essentials read withers will be sent to any mother can be the list of "Essentials and the sent to any mother sould be sent to any mot



ATCH THEIR Faces LIGHT UP

Praise from family and guests will be your happy reward when you serve these tempting dinners . . .

L AST week we gave you four attractively-planned menus for Sunday dinners.

This week, we follow up with several diversified menus for guest or family dinners, which include the soups that go best with them.

Because modern housewives are fully aware of the advantages of having on tap a supply of tinned soups, we suggest the ready-to-serve kind in

Retaining every scrap of nutriment and flavor of the original product, they give variety and sparkle to a meal —and at a moment's notice.

We give hereunder as many recipes for the second course as space permits.

MENU No. 1

MENU No. 1
Cream of Chicken Soup
Devilled Veal Steak
Grilled Tomatoes Baked Potatoes
Wine Triffe
Devilled Veal Steak: Ilb. veal cutlet, 1-inch thick, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 teaspoons mixed mustard, 1 egg. 1
teaspoons aut, breaderumbs, pepper
Cut steak into servings Mix mustard, salt, pepper, and butter and
rub into steak Dip in slightly beaten
egg. dip in breaderumbs and fry in
pan with hot fat. Garnish with
sliced tomatoes.

MENU No. 2 Cream of Onion Soup Swiss Steak Baked Tomatoes Baked Potatoes Peach Melba

Peach Melha

Swiss Steak: I tesspoon salt, dash
of pepper, I cup flour, 21th rump
steak I inch thick, II cups water,
I cup tomato ketchup, 2 tablespoons
Ial, I onian.

Add salt and pepper to flour, and
pound into meat. Brown in a pan
with fat; then add onion, water and
stetchup. Cover closely and simmer
slowly until meat is tender—about
II hours. This may be cooked in a
casserole in the oven or in a pan
upon the top of stove.

Kidney Soup Baked Potatoes Stuffed with Salmon Rice Potatoes Spanish Cream

Spanish Cream
Baked Potatoes Stuffed with
Salmon: Potatoes as many as desired, salmon, salt, pepper, butter,
milk, slices of cheese or tomato,
tomate ketchup.
Bake potatoes, cut slice from tips,
remove centres from shell, and mix
with an equal amount of flaked
salmon. Season with salt, pepper,
butter and milk, and refill shells. Top
with a thin alice of cheese or tomato
and return to the oven for a few
minutes. Serve with tomato ketchup.

MENU No. 4

Cream of Green Pea Soup
Savory Sausages

Creamed Potatoes Braised Onions
Apple and Date Salad
Savory Sausages: Ilb. small sausages, I cup diced celery, I cup
tomato ketchup, I teaspoon salt,
pepper, creamed potatoes, parsky.

Prick sausages and fire slowly until

pepper, creamed potatoes, parsey.

Prick sausages and fry slowly until
done, remove to a serving dish, and
pour off all fat from pan except 2
tablespoonfuls. Cook celery in this;
add ketchup, sait and pepper, and
pour this sauce over sausages. Surround with creamed potatoes and
then sprinkle parsley lightly over
the top. Serve with braised onlons.



WHAT A PLEASANT and heart-warming sight on a cold winter night. A brightly set table with a bowl of hot, full-flavored tomato soup to start the meal with. The color scheme of this picture, taken by our photographer was inspired by the soup. Note how it harmonises with the gay floral scheme, and scarlet candles. Clarice Cliff china, sparkling glass, set upon colorful mats, lend additional charm to this simple arrangement.

Apple and Date Salad: 4 cups diced apples, 11 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, I cup of dates (cut in pieces), mayonnaise.

Mix apples, dates, Emon juice sait and sugar. Moisten with may-onnaise and mix thoroughly. Chill Serve on shredded lettuce, and gar-nish with extra mayonnaise and chopped walnuts.

MENU No. 5

MENU No. 5

Cream of Celery Soup

Spaghetti with Ham and Mushrooms

Pancakes with Honey

Spaghetti with Ham and Mushrooms, thinly
sliced, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup
boiled ham or tongue, finely diced, 1
small online, finely diced, 1 large can
cooked spaghetti in tomato sauce,
salt, pepper.

Fry mushrooms in butter until

Fry mushrooms in butter until tender. Add ham or tongue and onlon and continue cooking until slightly brown. Add spaghettl and salt and pepper to taste. Cook until thoroughly heated. Serve on hot dish, and garnish with olives.

MENU No. 6
Oxtail Soup
Baked Snapper with Mustard
Sauce
Fineapple in Jelly
Baked Snapper with Mustard
Sauce: 1ih. filiets snapper, i
teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 2
tablespoons melted butter, I tablespoon flour, I cup boiling water, I
tablespoon lemon juice, I tablespoon
mixed mustard, i cup dried breadcrumbs.
Cut fillets in all.

crumbs.

Cut fillets in six servings. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Lay in shallow, well-greased baking pan. Melt I tablespoon butter in saucepan and blend with flour. Add water, lemon juice, and mustard, and attr until thickened. Pour over fish. Add remaining butter to breadcrumbs and sprinkle over fish. Bake in hot oven.

MENU No. 7

MENU No. 7

Vegetable Soup
Quick Cottage Pie
Vogetable Marrow
Apple Pie and Cream
Quick Cottage Pie: 2 tablespoons
butter, 1 to 2 cups diced cooked
meat, left-over mashed potato, 3
tablespoons flour, 1 medium can
ready-to-serve vegetable soup.

Melt butter in a frying pan and
brown left-over meat. Sprinkle the
flour over the meat and blend well,
Add soup and stir until thick and
bolling. Pour into a baking dish
or casserole and cover with a layer
of left-over meashed potato that has
been made fluffy again by beating
up with a small amount of hot milk.
Place in a moderate oven to brown
—about 15 minutes



MARY FORBES Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

MENU No. 8
Cream of Spinach Soup
Meat and Vegetable Pie. Creamed
Potatoes
Queen Pudding
Meat and Vegetable Pie: 2 tablespoons butter, 3 table-spoons flour,
1 medium can ready-to-serve vegetable soup, 2 cups diced cooked meat,
pastry dough.
Melt butter in saucepan, Add flour
and blend. Pour in soup and atir
until it thickens. Add mest and
pour into a large casserole or individual ones. Top with small biscuits 3-inch thick, and bake in a
hot oven until biscults are brownfrom 12 to 15 minutes.

MENU No. 9

MENU No. 9
Cream of Asparagus Soup
Chicken a la Maryland
Green Peas Creamed Potatoes
Strawberries and Cream
Chicken a la Maryland: Cut
chicken into pieces, dredge with
flour, pepper and salt. Fry until
brown in pan with several tablespoons fat. Place in casserole or
baking pan, and pour over it I
medium can ready-to-serve cream,
of onion soup. Cover and bake in
moderate oven until tender. This is
a delicious way to prepare chicken



village inn on the main road which skirts glorious Ashdown Forest. Its 16th century carved beams, open hearths, and air of cheerful hospitality attract lovers of the enduring art of bygone days.

My Worcestershire Sauce has also stood the test of time. It is brewed and blended from an old recipe and matured in vats of English oak. It is truly a delightful brew — piquant and appensing."

The World's Appeliser





We Want Your **Favorite Dried** Fruits Recipe!

S winter advances and fresh fruit is less plentiful, dried fruits will be assuming an impor-tant place in household cooking.

There are many delicious ways of serving them. Enter your own special favorite in our Recipe Competition. It may win a prize.



EVEN if you're confident of your cooking and your own little circle is satisfied with your culinary efforts, you'll find a place for these

you'll find a place for these recipes.
They are this week's prize-winning entries in our weekly cooking competition, selected by our cookery expert as the best of the week for rou to try.
Each week we give fi for the best recipe received and other 2's consolation prizes. So write out your favorite recipe now, and send it in to us.

PIE CRUST: 1 cup self-raising flour. 1 teaspoon salt, 1-3 cup shortening, cold water. Mix and sitt flour and salt, cut in shortening and add enough water to make fairly stiff dough. Roll out thin and put on pie, which has been cooled.

SCONE CRUST: 1 tablespoon ortening, I cup self-raising flour,

little salt.

Mix with milk as above in place

ell Add tomato sauce or fresh unatoes. Cover over pie, and winkle with breadcrumbs or neese. Best eggs well and blend ith macaront if liked. POTATO TOP: Mush potatoes and

DIGESTIBLE PASTRY: 1 egg. 3 tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon baking powder. Mix same as cake and apread over not fruit and bake.

First Prize of f1 to Mrs. J. R. Tul-loch, Highlands, Mt. Larcom, Qld.

CHEESE TORPEDOES

CHEESE TORPEDOES
Mix 2 tablespoons self-rabang flour
with 1 cup rolled oats and 1 cup
grated well-flavored cheese. Rub
in with finger-tips 1 dessertspoon
butter and shape into miniature
'torpedoes,' using a little water if
necessary. Cook on greased paper
in moderate oven about 15 minutes
muli golden brown. Roll in grated
cheese and serve hot for afternoon
ten or after-dinner savory.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.
M. McDougall, Moramana, via Walgett, N.S.W.

MALTESE EGG-PLANT

Choose 4 nice egg-plants. Gut in halves, and immerse in boiling water for a minute. When they are cool, scoop out inside, and press this in a strainer till all water is removed. Prepare some fried onions, and salt and Prepare some fried onions and salt and pepper. Stew with

pork. Mix in pulp of the egg-plant and cook all together on the fire for a little while. Let cool. Then mix 4 eggs a little grated cheese, and a little paraley with it. Grease a baking dish and place in it the empty egg-planta. Pill up with mixture, and grate a little plain biscuit on top. Bake in a moderate oven, and serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Elisabeth Beck, Brooklyn, Capertee, Mudgee Line, N.S.W.

FOR PARTY OCCASIONS

Petit Bouchee de Crevettes: Hol-low out small puff pastry strapes, and stuff with small prawns and champignon (mushroom) mixed with

Caviare a PAllemande: Take small kidney potatoes and cook in their skins. Hollow out, fill with caviare, and garniah on top with fillets of

anchovies and chopped bard-boiled

enes.

Denises a la Turque: As a filling for brown bread sandwiches, prepare a mixture of chopped lobster, tomato, boiled eggs and anchovies. Garnish top of each sandwich with paprika butter.

butter.

Hors-d'Ocuvres Alsatian: Have boiled potatoes cut in slices, apple, alice of ham, fillet of herring it is advisable to soak a saited Dutch herring, remove the bones and dry, shredded lettuce, a little beeteroot cut finely, ordinary French dressing, i or 2 gherkina Arrange and serve on a lettuce leaf.

Convolution Print of

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Scott, 16 Butler Grove, East Coburg N13, Vie.

NOISETTES OF LAMB Cut 8 or 10 noisettes (pieces of undercut) from a loin of lamb. They shou be small thick pieces. Egg ar breadcrumb them and fry go den brown. Place in a fireproof di round a pile of creamy, mashed p tato, and serve with the followin savory sauce:

anto, and serve with the following cavory sauce:

Molt in a saucepan large table apon buffer with same amount of flour. Cook for a minute, then slowly sitr in 1 cup veal or chicken atock, and boil up, stirring all the time. Playor to taste with all time. Playor to taste with all time. Playor to taste with all time, proper tiny plach of nutmer partley, and musknoom stalks. Simmer entity till thick. Now strain, add i cup small musknooms. I densert spoon chopped parsley and finely-cut eschalot, thin with a little sherry and add I dessertappoon orange luterand some thinly shredded orangerind. Simmer till musknooms are fender and serve very hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mis M. Keighran, 3 View St., Cottestor, W.A.

New Vegetable Dishes

THIS WEEK

HERE are some delicious ways of serving vegetables, hors-d'occurres, entrees, savories or main courses. To make particularly appetising fare for winter.



Ot's the NATURAL Choice



Methallettower CREAM SOIF
Methallettower CREAM SOIF
Methallettower CREAM SOIF
Methallettower CREAM SOIF
Methallettower CREAM
Methallett

CASSERGIA OF SPINACH AND CHEESE One and a half cups cooled spinach, I one grains cheese, 'I tempoon onion piec-2 segs. 'I tempoon asli I cup milk, pep-per, 'I sup breadcrumbs, buttered cumbs. Chop Spinach flue add breadcrumbs Consolution Prize of 2/6 to Hape Turner, Chickenter via Dunner N.S.W.



OR the ACTIVE SCHOOL

Handsome new design for handknit Polo-necked puliover for 12 to 14 M year-old boys

IF you are planning to snit If you are planning to knit your youngster a cosy pullover for winter, why not choose a really handsome design, so that he will not only have the protective warmth and comfort of the garment, but will be pleased and proud to wear it

This unusual design has all the allites necessary for hard wintersear, and active schoolboy's wear-se-comfortable, tailored it suus lo neck, and in addition introces an attractive cable-stitch that will find easy and factnating knit.

Design is for boys aged 12 .0 14

ches Abbreviations: K., smit; p., purl; eable; st., stlich; inc., increase; c., decrease; tog., together
Tension: 7 sts and 10 rows to 1

THE FRONT

THE FRONT

Using No. 11 needles cast on 114 in. (k. into back of cast on sts.) on work in ribbins of k l, p l for inches. Change to No. 9 needles not work in rathern as follows:

1st Row tright side of work): P, c. this is done as follows:—Slip sts. on to the spare needle and old to back of work k the next sts., change the spare needle and the sts. from the spare needle and the 2 sts. are crossed) = 3 k 6 p. 3, 12 p. 3 k 6 p. 3 c. p. 3.

2nd Row (wrong side of work): K, ests that were puried in the preciding row and puri the ats, that were puried in the preciding row and puri the ats, that were puried in the preciding row and puri the ats, that were puried in the preciding row and puri the ats, that



duced at intervals into the design

3rd Row: P. 3, k. 12, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 12, p. 3, k. 12, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, k. 12



YOUR BOY, too, will proudly weat a cosy and handsome jumper like this. It is knitted in four-ply wool. Choose a good wearing color, and follow the directions given on this page to success.

and follow the directions of an army of the continue in pattern, reversing the cable every 31st row, and commencing with the 55th row and commencing with the 55th row inc. I st. each every 31st row, and commencing with the 55th row inc. I st. each every 31st row, and commencing with the 55th row inc. I st. each end of this row and every 5th row following 9 times. When front measures 13t linehes, shape arm-lokes by casting off 4 sta. at beginning of next 2 rows, then cast off 3 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows. Work even in pattern of neck as follows: With right side of work towards you, work 50 sts. in pattern fleave on spare needle), cast off 3 sts. work in pattern and cast off 2 sts. at neck edge of every 2nd row 7 times.

Work even until armhole measurer inches, Shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 6 times. Join wool at neck edge of sts. left on spare needle and work other shoulder to correspond.

THE BACK

THE BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 114
sts and work exactly the same as
for the front until the armhole
shaping is completed. Then work
even in pattern until armholes
measure 75 inches; shape shoulders
by easting off 6 sts. at beginning of
next 12 rows.

Cast off remaining sts.

Cast off remaining sta.

THE SLEEVES
(shoth alike)

Using No. 11 needles cast on 68 sta and work in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, for 4 inches. Change to No. 9 needles and work in cable pattern as for front. The 1st row only of sleeve is given.

Ist Row: P. 3, k. 12, p. 3, k. 6, p. 3, c. or of nontinue in cable pattern as for front and increase 1st each end of the 19th row and every 10th row following 1st times, work even until aleave measures 20 inches: shape top by casting off 3 sts, at beginning of next 6 rows. Then k. 2 tog, at each end of every row until 20 sts. remain. Cast off

COLLAR

TO MAKE UP





HUNGRY, YET CAN'T EAT



Bisto is a fine, dry powder which makes a rich, smooth, appetising gravy in next to no time. Bisto gravy makes the most of the roast and adds considerably to the goodness and flavour of all meat dishes.









Now you can say "NO" to shrinkage in knitwear, by always using the new SUN-GLO, the ONLY all-wool knitting your that does not shrink. SUN-GLO is guaranteed not to shrink for the lifetime of the garment.

SUN-GLO is pure wool-shrinkaroof, rub-proof, foddless . . . the finest wool since knitting begon!

Kait to fit with "SUN-GLO" Shrinkaroof Wool — it always remains soft, fleecy and full of futte.

Your drapper or store stocks it in a large variety of shades in 2, 1 and 4 ply super fingering wool and 3 ply boby wool.

"SUN-GLO" gaby Wool, 10 to 1 to 2. ball.

Memifactured by F. W. Hughes Fr.

"SUN-GLO" aboy Wool, 10 of for 1-oz. ball.

Memifactured by F. W. Hughes Fr.

Mills, N.S.W. Stored.

PATERSON LAINE & BRUCE LTD.
All Stotes. SE-7

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern



HOBBY for ALL



No 107 You can follow the suggested color schemes given for these hand-worked rugs, or express own artistic tastes in color inations to match the imbinations to match the furnishings of your rooms.

furmakings of your rooms.

This can be made really attractive with the roses worked in ahades of red or pink, on a fawn background with green leaves. Requires 10 to 12 skeins. The cover measures 21 x 21 inches, and the design is traced on good quality heesian. Frice, 3/6, plus 9d. postage. In good quality busians. Frice, 4/6, plus 9d. postage. When working on burlap it is not necessary to fill in the background of the cushion-cover.

No. 169.—Doormat: This very handy mat would be welcomed at any door. Can be worked in at yolor scheme to harmonise with your present color. We suggest pink for the flowers with background of grey, with green leaves. Requires 8 to 12 skeins of wool Size, 30 x 13 inches.

Price, 2/6, post free.

8 to 12 keems to wonder.

Price, 2/6, post free.
No. 116.—Conventional "Poinsettin" tea-cosy, size 19 x 13 inches. A very decorative design. The flowers can be worked in red with the stamens in brown and green leaves. The background could be light green. Requires (approximately) 7 skeins of wool.

Price, 2/-, post free.

Still Available!

Make your own colorful rugs, as well as other useful and decorative items for the home.

> Here are new and lovely designs in woolcraft for you to choose from.

AT LEFT you see a 60 x 36-inch rug, an ocal rug, measuring 24 x 36 inches, a cushiancover, door-mat, and tea-cosy cover. These are obtainable from out Needlework Department at the prices stated below. When ordering, be sure to quote numbers. Needle for working costs 1/6.



otemishes. Rexona Soup cleanses and putifies below the surface. Its healing medications get rid of every imperfection and bring that loveliness to your skin that you have always desired! For the more serious skin troubles, Rexona Opitment in conjunction with Rexona Soap quickly restores the skin to perfect health.



SOAP-9d, per Tabler (City and Sal OINTMENT-1/6 per Tin. NO) extra large tim, three times the quantit

NASAL BALM



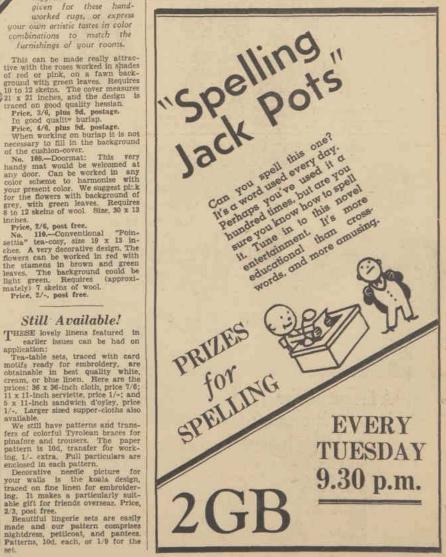
After several rows of loops have en made, the rug is turned, the ops of wool cut through, and immed down to the required even

gin, and complete details for king, however, are supplied with the needle. Yet, 1960 and 1960

quality hessian for working.

Frice, 6/3, plus 1/- postage.

No. 107.—Oval rug, size 24 inches x 36 inches. This would be a lovely rug for bedroom, sun-porch, or breakfast nook. Colors suggested: Black background, with orange flowers and green leaves. Amount of wool required. 24 to 30 skeins. This design supplied on best quality hessian.



Message to Kritters

INSIST ON GETTING PATONS & BALDWINS' KNITTING WOOLS

Be sure that the Names are on every Skein Ticket or Label. Refuse any substitutesonly accept Patons & Baldwins' Knitting Wools.

National Library of Australia

http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4619913



What Do You Use?



Danger Signal of CONSTIPATION

Don't Overlook

ONE of the bright features of large gardens, they can, in the form of beds and borders, also bring beauty to tiny gardens . . .

—SAYS THE OLD GARDENER

GROWING perennials is one of the most fascinating forms of gardening, and very little attention is required to keep them in order.

Perennials live for more than two years—in that way differing from annuals and biennials

Many of our old-time gardens still contain their perennial plots, but they seem to have been overlooked in the majority of modern gardens.

Personial gardens are not only at-tractive all the year round, but do away with a great deal of work and attention that must be given to

Plant Them Now!

WINTER is the best time for planting these perennials, and the preparation of the bed must be thorough, for once planted very little deep digring can be done.

In fact the bed should be trenched down to the subsoil, which is then loosened and allowed to remain. On no account bring the subsoil to the

surface. Using the subsell to the While this trenching operation is going on, dig in plenty of well-rotted animal manure, old grass, leaves and material from the compost heap. Any material that will add humins and assist to build up the soil will be most beneficial.

When planting the bed, be sure to have all tall plants for the background with the amaller varieties in front.

from the smaller varieties in Those who have pereinnial gardens will need to attend to them now During the winter months many perennial plants will be resting, and they will require attention. Cut off dead and spent flowers. Thin out those that have outgrown themselves by lifting and dividing them. After division, some of the plants may be used for other beds.

Give the bed a good top-dressing of well-notted manure. Fork the bed over and scatter blood and hone and superphosphate, mixed in equal

parts—a good double handful to the square yard is sufficient. Perennials may be planted right throughout the year, and by careful selection a colorful display can be had at all times.

It care is taken in their selection.

In many of the old-time gardenthey consisted of paeony, delphintum, bleeding heart, and philox
and even to-day in many gardens
they have pride of place and give
that well-balanced appearance.

they have pride of place and give that well-balanced appearance.

These plants are permanent fea-tures, and have a variation of color, height and foliage.

Although looked upon by many a old-fashioned, they make a wonder-ful background for our more modern, and up-to-date gardens. These are the types of flowering plants that are ideal for the busy man.

In the larger gardens where peren-nials are important, a border should be devoted to them; this should be at least five feet wide.

In the smaller areas, such as cot-tage gardens, where there is a hedge or abrubbery, the space between that and the lawn would be ideal. Make the bed two or three feet wide, and beautify it with perennials.

JUST try this and note the differ-ence it makes to the home sur-roundings.

Perennials are best when planted



HERE YOU GLIMPSE a section of a most beautiful perennial garden which brings enduring charm to the surroundings of one of our over attractive homes. Note the foxaloves in the background

panipas grass, knipnofia ithe torci, illy), foxglove, shanta dalay, thalic-trum, heuchers, distribus, the various trises, thymus. Known as mother-of-time), sedum, perennial phlox, and the yucca.

As the spring show lades from us we must make preparation for the summer flowers, so we plant anchuse, golden marguerite, coreopsi, peren-nial lupin, pentatemon, guillardia, rudbeckia, salvia (both the scarlet and blue) violet, sage, and the platy-codon (known as the balloon flower)

codon (known as the balloon flower)
Then as the hot days of summer pass and autumn arrives, we must have something to brighten our garden while waiting for our annuals to flower. So we plant the asure monischead, acemone laponica (Japanese anemone), perennial aster the Maxmillian sunflower. And then, of course, the chrysanthemums will come into flower as well as the later-flowering dephinium and the Michaelmas daisy. Bo you see by careful planning you can have a show all the year round.

Beware of Pests

Beware of Pests
IT is as well to keep a sharp lookout for insects and fungus diseases
among your perennials, and to prevent any loss they should be sprayed
regularly.

For the leaf-eating insects, spray
with arceriste-of-lead, using one teaspoon of the powder to every gallon
of water. Mix thoroughly so that
the whole of the powder becomes
well disadved.

For the sucking insect, such as
aphils, use kerosene emulsion, made
by disadving one cake of Sundight
soush in an gallon of water with one
dessertipoon of kerosene. Mix this
thoroughly together, then spray the
plants while the emulsion is warm.

Bo grow perennials around
your home and never be short of
flowers.



cleans and polishes at the same time. It doesn't scratch, and it lasts and lasts! Fast-working and economical, it saves you time, work and money. Buy a cake of Bon Ami—see for yourself what a fine cleanser it is. is pure, white and odourless





LOWERS in the HOME!

Nature's loveliest gift to Mankind .. let their grace, their fragrance, and colorful beauty surround you always.

LOWERS give the final l lovely accents of color and charm to our rooms, provided a little thought and care is given to their arrange-

No pleasing composition can be prown together hastily. The pur-ose of all decoration is to add alterest—which flowers in the home rtainly do; but all interest is lost the flowers are withered or hap-mandly arranged.

Given a natural love for flowers vone can soon learn how to obtain chanting results if a few definite

Don't place dark, heavy blossoms

in a mass above lighter, more deli-cate and feathery flowers.

Never "sandwich" flowers in even rows; mass different colors and varieties together for interest. For a good mixed group it is necessary to mix your flowers well.

This envenience des of course

This grouping idea is, of course, in direct contrast to the Eastern conception of floral arrangement. They achieve grace by placing one flower or a spray of bioscom, or a branch of leaves, in a round or tall cylinder-like wase.

like vase.

They emphasise the beauty or quality of the flower by ruthlessly eliminating any other decorative that the state of the sta

detail.

If you wish to attempt this style of floral decoration you must study Eastern prints and then experiment with beautiful, long-stemmed flowers, spring blossom, or sprays of freshly-budded foliage.

For Floral Grace

For Floral Grace
But to get back to more familiar arrangements. Don't place two or more flowers exactly on a level or above one another; it makes for stiffness.
Cut your flowers (if you have a garden) early in the morning, or just before dusk. But early morning is to be preferred.
Iceland popples must be cut the night before the blossoms open. The gladiolus should be cut after the first bud has opened, and all the others will open in the house.
Never break the stems with the others will open in the house.
Never break the stems with the fongers, but use a sharp knife which cuts cleanly and ensures the proper flow of water.
Put the flowers in water as soon as is possible after cutting. It is a wise procedure to place them immediately in a receptacle such as a bucket and place in a cool spot for two or three hours, then arrange them.

them.

In placing flowers in a container be sure it is specious enough to permit circulation of air and proper absorption of water. Jamming them into a narrow vase "chokes" the flowers and shortens their life.



LISTEN, MR. Scrub-Hard Good brushing isn't enough! To make teeth really sparkle, you need the right tooth paste, too - Pepsodent containing IRIUM. It ends Scrub-Hard disappointment, is the complete formula for beautiful teeth Pepsodent gently floats film away instead of scraping it off. BECAUSE OF IRIUM

Pepsodent requires NO SOAP

PUMICE. NO GRIT NO

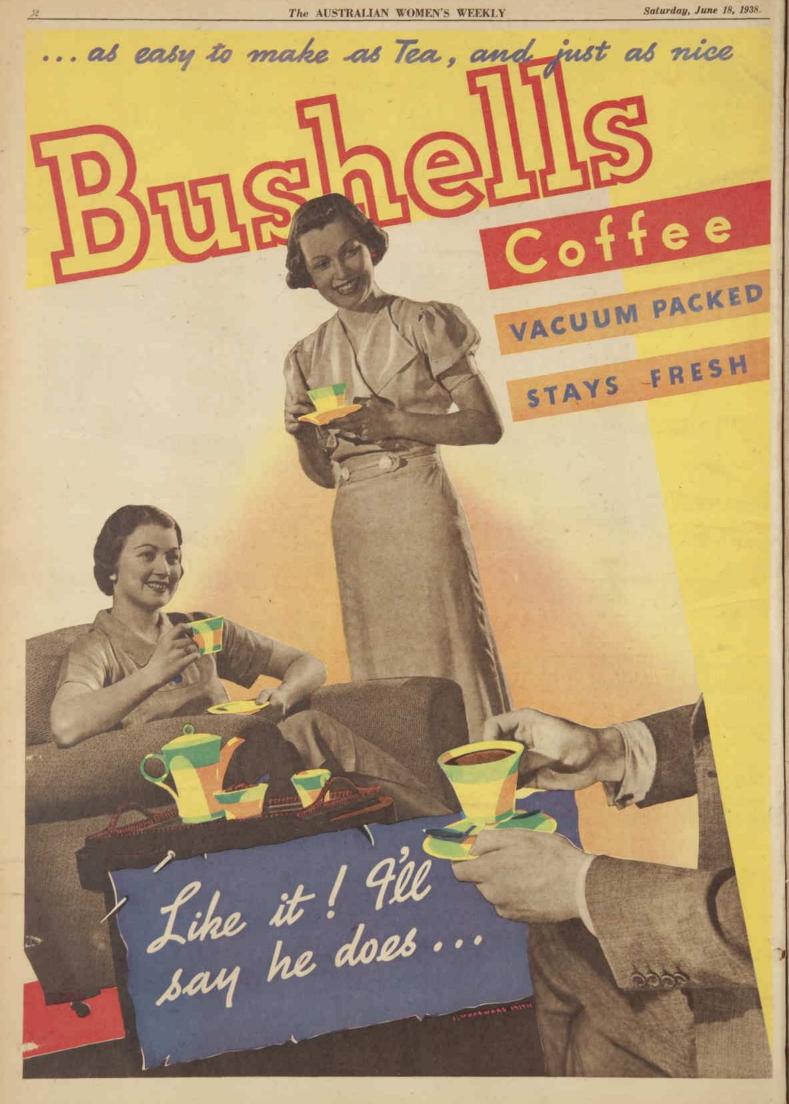
Sold / - Thorough! BECAUSE OF IRIUM . Pepsodent Tooth Paste leaves wholesome. Refighting - Refreshing! PEPSODE among dentifrices CONTAINS

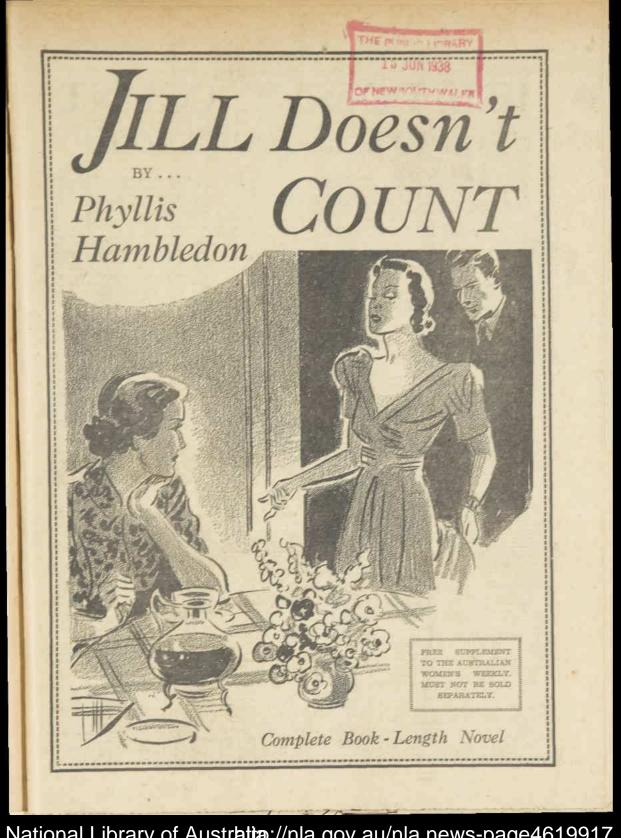
ABOVE you see a diversity of Horal groupings and arrangements. Note the wall-brackets holding flowers (centre picture). This form of wall decoration is fast gaining in popularity. Observe also the young lady arranging flowers in a novel "well" inset in a corner of the table.



WRITE TO ANNE STEWART ABOUT YOUR DECORATING PROBLEMS.

rno Stewari author of "The lotorful Home"—40,000 copies of the first edition already snapped to by Australian housewives in charge of Taubmans PREE IOME DECORATING SERVICE Write to her in full desil about any home decorating





JILL DOESN'T COUNT By PHYLLIS HAMBLEDON



B. but, Noll,' protested Viva Ferrand over the telephone, "of course you can come! It's going to be a grand party! In the studios, you know!—Yes, the whole gang is going; you'll meet all the stars this evening, darling!—Not been to bed properly for two nights?—Oh well three's a lucky number isn't it? And it might be, Noll, you know—it might be! You'll come? I rather thought that you would!"

As Viva put down the telephone, she was smilling to herself. Jill, her seventeen-year-old sister, had been listening. Now she spoke.

"You're a cad, Vival" she said dispas-

"Why on earth?" asked Viva, but not as if she seriously cared. She moved over to the mirror on the wall, and patted into place a curi that lay upon her forehead. "Because if Oliver's been up for two nights he's too tired to dance! Doctors aren't like other people!"
"If he didn't take us, we'd have to go to that party alone," said Viva.
"We'd have found somebody thane," said

We'd have found somebody there," said

"We'd have found somebody there," said Jill.
"Not so amusing."
"All that you ever think of," said Jill.
"My dear, why this sisterly criticism all of a sudden?" asked Viva.
"Because you don't play the game," said Jill, indignant. "You don't mean to marry Oliver—"
"I don't, but you can never tell," said Viva. "He's—sweet!"
"You always said you'd marry a man with money, Viva. You'd need it, you know."

"You always said you'd marry a man with money, Viva. You'd need it, you know."

"I hope I've the sense to realise that!" said Viva. "Well, get a move on! We've less than an hour to dress!"

"You didn't teil Cliver you were bringing me, too," said dill.
"I thought he mighin't be quits as keen." said Viva.

Viva smiled, and went upstars unheeding. She was puiling her dress over her head as she disappeared. But she had left behind her a girl gone suddenly old, a girl with a queer funny little face like a monkey's, who now wore the look a monkey can wear of an almost unendurable, worldwise sadness. Goah, she though! again, in her own favorite language. Gosh!

Never until just lately had Jill cared one single hoot about being plain. It was indeed her only source of income. Viva struggled her was to fame on the films, by reason of those good looks that were so essentially femilines to essentially English. But Jill had a nose that might lead her, crookedly, to fortune. It was a funny, irregular nose that made you grin Directors remembered Jill's nose when they wanted a quick laugh, when somebody had to eat spaghettl, or be tripped up by a dog or caught on a windy day with flying skirts.

And Jill had thought her nose "great," too, since it put money into the bank for her But that was before Oliver Vereker had breezed along. Somebody had brought into the cottage that she and Viva rented care Estree He was a doctor. He had a doctor's hands, long and sensitive unexpectedly square at the finger-tips, feeling allied to practicality. That was Oliver himself. For the rest, his grey eyes were deepset, he had a large mouth that smiled a lot. a firm chin. He was a man, but a man who could be hurt.

Well, if they were going to the dance, it was time to be getting ready. Jill went very slowly upstairs. She hadn't, of course, anything to wear. And until Oliver had come that, too, hadn't mattered. Viva naturally had to have the clothes. But to-night Jill wished she had a frock of herown, something that wasn't just a hand-down from somebody eise.

Jill admitted Oliver when he arrived grinning at him in friendly fashion. Nevertheless, Oliver's face fell as he saw her.

"Hullo," he said. "You going too?"

"Yea," said Jill.

"Oh, great," said Oliver. "Pretty frock!" He said the first thing that came into his mind, because he didn't want to hurr her feelings. Inwardly, of course, he was deeperately disappointed. He had thought of having Viva slone all the long, lovely way to the studies. Now he woulding have her went to have her of the rest of the rey artificiality of their setting gave the keynote.

"Hullo," he said. "You going too?"
"Yes," said Jill.
"Oh, great," said Oliver. "Pretty frock!"
He said the first thing that came into his mind because he didn't want to hurt her feelings. Inwardly, of course, he was desperately disappointed. He had thought of having Viva alone all the long lovely way to the studies. Now he wouldn't have her alone. He never did, come to that it was difficult to, say as much as a dozen words to her in private. Sometimes he wondered if she arranged it on purpose, but why should she? Oliver was a simple soul.

Anyway he mustn't let Jill think that she wasn't wanted. She was Viva's stater wasn't ake, entitled to special treatment.

So: "Pretty frock," he said.

So: "Pretty frock," he said.

So: "Pretty frock," he said.

Then Viva came in. Her silver cloak lay over her arm. She wore ice-green, the new color. Her hair was bright as daffodils, and just as naturally so. The green and the gold and the silver might have been a blunder on anybody size. But not on her.

"Oh — darling," she drawled in that honey voice, "terribiy sorry to keep you waiting. And even now my backs not properly powdered. Do it for me. Juli, will you?"

She gave Jill the long-handled powder-

you?"
She gave Jill the long-handled powderpuff. Jill obeyed swiftly and deftly. Gilver
looked on slightly dazed, as he was meant to
be.
Oliver wrapped the silver cloak about
her, while Jill put on her wrap unaided.
When they went out to the car she slipped
into the rear seat quietly. The soft fur of
Viva's collar touched Oliver's cheek as he
drove

Viva's collar touched Oliver's cheek as he drove
"Promise," he said, as the road wound maif under them like a tape-measure, "that you want dance with anybody but me tonight?"
"Oh, sweet," said Viva, "how can I? There will be stars and directors and all the big noises among those present. I've my way to make and you often do it at these sort of shows, you know. But I'll promise you

VERY soon he was dancing with Viva. These things he thought, work up to a crevendo. Not until after supper do we say anything. Until after supper I'll bold her so—impersonally. But his eyes were not impersonally hers.

But his eyes were not imper nal nor were here.

When that dance was over, somebody else claimed her. Then Oliver danced with Jill, who knew almost as few people as he did. But he hardly spoke, and when the music ended he released her with a politic thank you'r and tried to get Viva again. But she was with a tall rather fleshy man whose face Oliver knew that he ought to recognise He decided that he was probably one of the many Screen's Greatest Lovers, and tried to dismiss him contemptiously, Viva obvinuity waan't dismissing him contemptiously, however Oliver knew that look of hers. It was one any man would find irrealsible. He couldn't stick the sight of it, went to the bar, and ordered a drink.

Now it was the supper dance, and Viva was once more Oliver's. The Screen's Greatest Lover had relinquished her rather reluctantly.

"Who's that fellow?" he asked, "Gerald Greer, of course, henightedly ignorant though he was He was an ator less than anything. He was also playwright, composer, producer. He was one of the world's bright young men, giving Louis Fifteenthish parties in his bedroom every morning, when he were black sik pyjamos and a smoking-cap. "Like him?" Oliver asked Viva furiously. "But what?"

That I filte ham', said free, and of the common of the said follows and the common of the said filters have been compared, the said filters have been compared to the common spine of the said filters have been compared to the common spine of the co

The oliver vereker."

HE was in the witness-box and had taken the oath. A curt demand from the coroner to recount his own actions on the 25th Found himself explaining, as he had already explained, that he had been bringing Miss Perrand and her afater home from a dance at the Empress Film Studio, that he'd been travelling between thirty and forty miles an hour; that Miss Jill Ferrand had called his attention to the excita, that he thought he could have passed him, but had skidded, how the car had pageed right over the man, killing him instantianeously.

"I have a statement here," said the Coroner, "taken from Miss Jill Ferrand at the time of the accident, that her sister touched your arm. Would you say that was so?"

"That was not so," said Oliver. "Miss Jill Ferrand must have been mistaken."

Viva had reiterated again and again that she had never touched him. She might have been right. Anyway, one lied to shield a lady. Why bring her linto it, snyway. She was so frightened, poor kid. He had sot such an incoherent, heartbroken letter from her "I'll love you, Oliver, I'll slways love you, whatever happens."

"What sort of party was this at the Film Studios?" asked the Coroner.

"I suppose it was the sort of party they always have at film studios." said Oliver. "There were drinks, no doubt," asid the Coroner. "What did you take?"

"Champagne." said Oliver, "and a cockdail too to start with. But I was not drunk: I can swear to that."

"Had a lemonade sir, and Fred, he had a gingerbeer." The words still rang in his ears. He knew they were ringing in the ears of everybody present; a party at the film studio, and a party at the Working Man's Club.

"And you still say that you were perfectly sober when you drove back that indich?" said the Coroner.

"Quite sober," said Oliver. "I still consider that there would have been no accident at all, if the red rear-lamp of the cycle had not been confused with the lanterns."

"There seem to be other opinions on that point." said the Coroner.

There seem to be other opinions on that point." said the Coroner.

"Viva Ferrand!"
As soon as Oliver saw Viva in the witness box, he knew that ahe had made a mistake. She had come in a spirit of defiance. Jill had protested had begged her to wear something more soher, but: "I have nothing to be ashamed of." Viva had said, and she wanted to show that to the Coroner. But what she did show him was an attitude of frivious bravado. She was lovely, people craned forward to see her She was lovely as any other lovely they

that you touched Dr. Vereker's arm. Is that so?"

"No, no, I'm almost sure I didn't," Viva was frightened now. "At least I don't think no."

"How do you mean, you don't think so?" the Coroner took her up sharply.

"Well," said Viva, defiantly, "I'm certain I didn't touch It!"

"You're on your oath, remember," said the Coroner.

"I didn't touch It."

"There she'd said ft, and there was some dreadful punishment for perjury. She would have to stack to that statement through thick and thin. Her frinkened eyes met Oliver's. He nodded at her reassuringly. Oh, he understood at any rate, the darling, that she simply couldn't be mixed up any more in this, she couldn't face it, she couldn't come to this place again.

touch was by no means absent. "What had you both to drink at the dance?"

"I had a lemonade, str, and Fred, he had a gingerbeer."

"Nothing alcoholic, no wine or beer or whisky?"

"Oh, no sir, we couldn't have afforded it. We were saving up, you see. We were going to be married at Easter."

A murmur of sympathy ran round the Court. Oliver felt angrey eye upon him Daisy Childs atopped down, to collapse into the arms of a woman in decent black, whose face above those shaking shoulders exampled like a landelide. I've done that to them, thought Oliver. He was alive now, every nerve in him was vibrating. I have done that to them, thought Oliver. He was alive now, every nerve in him was vibrating. I have done that to them, thought Oliver. He was alive now, every nerve in him was vibrating. I have done to those shaking shoulders exampled like a landelide. I've done that to them, thought Oliver. He was alive now, every nerve in him was vibrating. I have done to that they had had too much to drink that. She won't go with her man any more to those shaking affects.

"Dr. Oliver verker."

HE was in the wines-bex and had taken the oath A curt demand from the coroner to recount his own attions on the 28th. Found himself explaining, as he had already explained, that he had been bringing Miss Ferrand and hor status home from a dance at the Empress Film Studie, that he'd been travelling between thirty and forty miles at the Empress Film Studie, that he'd been travelling between thirty and forty miles at the Empress Film Studie, that he'd been travelling between thirty and forty miles an and an order to the server trioks and distinct that the had been bringing Miss fact that the land been bringing Miss ferrand and her sister home from a dance at the Empress Film Studie, that he does not state the ferrand and her sister home from a dance at the Empress Film Studie, that he does not state the ferrand and her sister home from a dance at the Empress Film Studie, that he he been principle and the sister home from a dance at the Empre

"I may say that I agree with you," said the Coroner.

the Coroner.

There was an interruption. Viva had fainted. She had fallen forward against the seat in front. Giver sprans forward to her assistance. He laid her sently upon the ground. He was conscious that Jill was staring at him, staring at him as if she wanted to say something important to him. It was at that moment that Oliver felt a compelling hand upon his arm.

the Coroner.

"I didn't touch it."

There she'd said it, and there was some dreadful punishment for perjury. She would have to stick to that statement through thick and thin. Her frightened eyes met Oliver's. He nodded at her reassuringly. Oh, he understood at any rate, the darling, that she simply couldn't be mixed up any more in this, she couldn't she darling, that she simply couldn't be mixed up any more in this, she couldn't she darling that she simply couldn't be mixed up any more in this, she couldn't she was a film screen-occasionally, she said. "Does that mean that you do crowd work?" said the Coroner, glad to show his technical knowledge. "No." Jill saured him "Tve a too unusual face for that." A ripple of amusement went through the court. She did not smile.

The lights had been so queer she said. The reflections on the wet road had been dazeding. It had been so queer she said. The reflections on the wet road had been dazeding. It had been so the cyclist, than for those in front. When she had called out. Dr. Vereker's arm, and so had jerked the steering wheel.

She stepped down, having tried to do her very best for Oliver. The Coroner had even nodded to her approvingly. Oliver amiled, too, or tried to smile, but he was consciously, no doubt, had touched Dr. Vereker's arm, and so had jerked the steering wheel.

She stepped down, having tried to do her very best for Oliver. The Coroner had even nodded to her approvingly. Oliver amiled, too, or tried to smile, but he was consciously in a growing feeling of kerror. The Coroner began his summing-up. A young life had gone, that should have and many useful years in front of it. "You have to judge whether his end was due to negligence on the part of the driver, in which case you will bring in a verdict of Death by Misariwenture. Or whether his end was due to negligence on the part of the driver, in which case you must decide whether that negligence is culpable or criminal, if criminal, then you will bring in a verdict of Death by Misariwenture. Or whether his

been locked up for dangerous driving. You could live it down, he was going to live it down. With Viva, he was strong enough for that

for that.

There was her house. How gally the curtains fluttered at the windows! He swing back the gate with something approaching a swagger. And as he did so the door opened. His heart gave such a bound that it hurt him. It wasn't Viva who stood there, however, but Juli Juli looking appreciably older than when he had hat seen her, but fresh and neat in brown-and-white gingham, Jill holding out her hand, to him.

white glugham, Jill holding out her hand, to him.

"Hullo, Oliver. Come in! How are you?"

"How are you?" Oliver returned.

"Oh, fine!"

They were inside the door now, in the little square blue and white hall. Suddenly, to Oliver's surprise, Jill kiesed him. He was surprised, touched, delighted; he gave her a boyish hug. That kiss had welcome, sympathy, affection in it. Oh, yea, the world was going to be all right again.

"Viva?" he inquired, still with his arm round Jill's walst.

"Viva?" he inquired, still with his arm round Jill's wais.

"SHE'S expecting you, too, but she can't see you for a minute or two. There's a Press photographer taking "stills" of her. She's got the lead in Freyne's new show, Oliver. Isn't that perfectly marveilous? Wait a second, I'll show you." She opened the door of the lounge very softly. Oliver stood behind her. The lounge windows were open, giving into the garden. The light poured over the breakfast table. Viva was seated at it. "Miss Ferrand begins the day with grapefruit and toast," would no doubt be the caption underneath the photograph. A rather untidy young man was parked behind the camera. Just as Jill opened the door, he took his head out of the black velvet cloth.

"Is that right?" said Viva in tones of dulcet sweetness.
"I want the curve of your er lashes," said the young man. "The chin just a little this way—yes, that's it."
Suddenly Viva saw Oliver.
"Oh!" she gasped involuntarily.
The young man looked round and frowned. Viva spoke quickly and rather sharply. "Hailed I'm busy. Mr. Morton will soon have finished with me. Take Noll into the other room Jill. that's a darling! Like this, Mr. Morton?"

She presented the curve of the eyelashes as requested.

She presented the curve of the eyelashes requested.

as requested.

Jill and Oliver withdrew. They were both looking rather crestfallen.

"Of course," said Jill, "these photographs are terribly important. You must get good publicity for the films. It counts far more than on the store. Well, we won't wait breakfast for her, Oliver. I've laid ours in the kitchen. And there's something else besides toast and grapefruit!"

A thought occurred to him.

"Don't you and Viva usually have breakfast together, Jill's "he said.

"Yes, but—well—it's got to be a pretty photograph—you see."

Jill wrinkled up that comical little nose

photograph—you see."

Jill wrinkled up that comical little nose of hers in the way she had when she was amused. Oliver found himself laughing too. Of course, Viva's little sister was still plain. It didn't matter, though: she was so trim and neat to look at. It struck him suddenly that the world might be rather dull, if there were nothing but pretty people in it, and you left out what in the studio largo, they called character parts. And then, just as he was thinking that, they saw the young

"Yea, when you came in. You shouldn't have come in then, Noll. It was stupid of Jill."

"I'm sorry," said Oliver.

"Oh. darling, you couldn't know, of course, Actually it spoilt my expression. Morton said I'd lost it entirely. You mustn't think of worrying things, when you're having a photograph taken. A star has to look as if she hadn't a worry in the world, you see. I do hope those photographs are all right. I did concentrate after you'd gone. I did try to forget you."

"Was it difficult?" said Oliver grimly.

"Oh. darling, don't be offended I'ts all so terribly important And, of course, you are rather a worry, aren't you? And I could see Moton wondering who on earth It was, breezing in on me at that time of the morning."

"What did you tell him?" said Oliver.

"I said our electric radiators were always going wrong, and left It at that," said Viva. "Well. I couldn't very well say you were my finner, could I? I mean."

She broke into smiles. He realised to his surprise that she really was amused. Then she drew him to the mirror. He saw himself suidenly as he must look to her. The prison crop, the roughened skin, above all his eyes, and the bitterness about his mouth. The bitter lines became more bitter.

"No, I suppose you couldn't say I was your fiance." he said. "I'd forgotten that I would look like—like a man who'd come to mend the radiators. I suppose come to that, I'm hardly your fiance."

"Oh, Oliver, kiss me kiss me, before we say anything more!" whispered Viva.

"And that isn't how I treat the man who mends the electric radiators," she whispered Viva.

"And that isn't how I treat the man who mends the electric radiators," as we helfore we say anything more!" whispered Viva.

"And that isn't how I treat the man who mends the electric radiators," she whispered Viva.

"And that isn't how I treat the man who mends the electric radiators," she whispered Viva.

"And that isn't how I treat the man who mends the electric radiators," so it was going to be all right. The photograph episode now seemed humorous to

to know that you still love me. I can't think why."

Neither can II. Viva was thinking dumbly, neither can II It's ridiculous of me. It's fatal weakness. Why can't I let him out of my system? I thought perhaps I had. I meant to tell him quite candidly that everything was over between us. And now I've let him kits me—classed him back. I wish he'd had five years in prison, instead of one. That's hardly fair, perhaps.

"Darling, of course I love you, but we'll have to talk terribly seriously. I expect Jill hold you. I'm a star now. It's the most critical point in my carees, Oliver. Publicity is everything in the world to a film actress. That's why I told Morton you'd come about the electric radiators. Just think what the papers would make of it. If they kines I was engaged to somebody who's just come out of — who'd been where you've been.

man go away camera and all, and Jill spoke.

In the lounge, Viva, in her gaily-colored coat and her workmanlike black satin trousers met Gliver, met him with two hands finitiered in greeting. And the first words she spoke were by no means the words he had expected.

"Hullo, Noll: Did you think that a successful pose?"

"You mean you're not engaged to me any longer?" said Oliver.

"How had stupidly. All he could think of was that he wanted to kins her, and kiss her!

"Yes, when you came in. You shouldn't have come in then, Noll. It was stupid of Jill."

"The sorry," said Oliver.

"Oh, darling, you couldn't know, of course, Actually it spoilt my expression.

Morton said I'd lost it entirely. You mustn't think of worrying things, when you're having a photograph taken. A star has took as if she hadn't a worry in the world, you see. I do hope those photographs are all right. I did concentrate after you'd gotte. I'm sure you're clever enough, it was breeding in on me at that time of the morning."

"Was it difficult?" said Oliver grimly.

"Oh, darling, don't be offended! It's all so terribly important And of course, you are rather a worry, aren't you? And I could see Moton wondering who on earth it was breeding in on me at that time of the morning."

"What ild you tell him?" said Oliver, "I said our electric radhators were always going wrong, and left it at that," said viva, "Well, I'r couldn't very well say you were wy fance, could i? I'm mean."

She broke into amiles. He realised to his surprise that she really was amised. Then she drew him to the mirror. He saw himself suideling as he must look to her. The prison crop, the roughened skin, above all his eyes, and they blive here. The said of the realistors. I suppose come to that, I'm hardly your fiance."

"No, I suppose you couldn't say I was your faince." he said. "I'd forgotten that I would be a say anything more!" whispered Viva.

"And that isn't how I treat the man who'd come and the said and the prison, and they have been met. And every kies viva had given him

HE never thought of the other girl who had kezed him. The girl who now, from the kitchen whidow, watched him go.

It was between ten and eleven when he reached his own house. It stood in the middle of Charmford High Street Charmford was a town that was a mixture of country and industrial practice. There were factories in the neighborhood so in addition to pleasant country people, to city people who travelled in trains each day, there had always been plenty of panel patients. And as Oliver approached his front door, he saw one of them coming away from the surgery entrance, a draggled-locking woman without a hat, clutching a chemist's order for medicine in her hand.

So the practice isn't entirely put.

So the practice isn't entirely put, thought Oliver.

thought Oliver.

The thought no longer gave him any comfort. He told himself that he cared nothing whatever about his practice. He was conscious only of a dull instriculate agony. Nevertheless it gave him a curious stab to see how soiled the curtains looked, to mark that this windows hain't been washed for weeks. He had to ring his own front-door bell twice before he heard shuffling footsteps inside. There came the sound of the chain unloosened and his house-keeper looked out. Her face dropped. Oliver had not told them that he was coming.

"Why, it's the doctor!" she said.

"Yes," said Oliver.
For a moment he actually forgot Viva altogether in the shock he experienced at Mra. Forster's appearance. He had left behind him a respectable and self-respecting woman. He had thought the care of his house would be safe with her. Here she was at eleven in the morning, unwashed and with her hair in curling pins. He pushed past her into an unswept hall. "Whiere's Dr. Smith!" he asked curity. "He's not up yet," said the housekeeper. "Not up? But I saw a woman coming away from the aurgery with a certificate." "Oh, them there? He writes those in bed," said Mra. Forster. "I'd better go and tell him you've come."
"I think you'd better," said Oliver.
A faint flush came into the housekeeper's cheeks.

A faint man came into the housekeeper's cheeks,
I'd like to know what call you've got to speak to me like that," she said hectoringly. "It's not many women would have stayed as I've done. Working my fingers to the hone for you! I've always worked for respectable people. And yet I stuck on here, although folk told me I was a fool. And not one word of thanks I've been given for it!"
"You've been paid well." said Oliver

You've been paid well," said Oliver

shortly,
"Paid well? I would have got a pound
a month more anywhere!"
"Then you'd better go and get it," said
Ollver. "And now fetch Dr. Smith."
"I waen't meaning any harm," said Mrs.
Forster unessily.
"Weren't you? Go and fetch Dr.
Smith!"

Smith!"

The old woman shuffled upstairs, muttering under her breath. Oliver passed into the consulting room. In the old days he had been very proud of it, proud of its up-to-date fittings, its spotices sink, the leather sofs, the desk with all the most up-to-date equipment.

up-to-date equipment.

And now, it was difficult to recognize it all! He stood for a moment and swore under his breath. None of those rooms to begin with could have been cleaned for a month. He need hardly ask what had happened to the practice. Here was the answer. "Hullo, Vereker, so you're out—back again, I mean. Didn't expect you quite so early in the morning."

"So it seems," said Oliver.

Dr. Smith had just entered the consulting room. He wore a dreasing gown over rather soiled pylamas, and there was a day's stubble on his chin.

"Well, I've been a bit under the weather.

stubble on his chin.

"Well, I've been a bit under the weather, that's why I stayed in bed," said Smith, rather aggressively. "Anyhow nobedy tomes in in the morning."

"Or any other time either, from the fook of things," said Oliver.

"Well, you couldn't expect it to be a ourishing practice, could you?" said

Smith.
Suddenly Oliver flared out. He was in the dispensary now, and the state of it injuriated him. Mixed with the Winchesters, with their Latin labels, were other bottles.

Te was, when I left it, and, if you'd done decently, you could have carried on. What did I pay you seven guineas a week for, all this time? You're a pretty sort of doctor, Smith! You could have behaved decently for the sake of humanity, if not for the sake of honesty, or for me! No wonder you're a bit under the weather this morning! You could have cleared out the empty whisty bottles at any rate."

"When your solicitors engaged me, I

"When your solicitors engaged me, I never told them I was a blooming testotalist!" said Smith. "Dashed impertinence

talking in that tone to me! I like you talking of honesty, of humanity! Well, I haven't been where you've been and I've not killed anybody yet, like you have! Standing there like a hypocrite because you found a bottle or two. Jealous, I suppose—not soo much aleehol in prison."

"Get out!"

Dr. Smith left hurriedly.

"Well, I'm going, thought Oliver, I'm through! I'll tell the solicitors to sell the practice for what it'll fetch. They can put up the house for sule, too. I'll clear out to-night. I'll take locuras until I can get a job as a ship's surgeon—on a ship going as far as possible! This is done with, finished, dead."

far as possible! This is one was hungry and found some bread and cheese Mrs. Forster had left in the pantry. Then he went upstairs and drugged some suitcases from the box-room. He began packing them; he had nearly inlished when the surgery bell rang. It sounded through the house shrilly maintenally. Of course, it was surgery hour now, he thought. Well, he waen't taking surgery any more. Let them ring!

Boy the bought. Well, he wasn't taking surgery any more. Let them ring!

Boy the bell continued to ring, and he knew that he had to answer it. He wasn't a doctor for nothing. All his life, up till the last year, had been dedicated to the service of that bell; when it called he had to answer. And so he answered now, coming down from the top of the big old-fashioned house to do so. He passed through the consulting-room and waiting-room and opened the door.

There on the threshold stood Jill Ferrand! Oliver stared at her for a second without speaking. She was the last person he had expected to see. Neither Viva nor Jill had even been here, come to that. It was raining a little; she wore an old beret and a mackinton. Very small and insignificant she looked as she stood there. She smiled a little uncertainty.

"Hullo, Oliver!"

"Hullo, Oliver!"

"Hullo, Oliver!"

"That I come in a minute? I've something I want to say to you."

"The afraid it isn't exactly the sort of place to sak a lady to enter."

"Then I'm not a lady!" said Jill.

She came hi, without waifing for a further invitation. After a second's hestiation Oliver led her into what he had called his sitting-room. He hadn't been in there since he had come back. It was as bad as the rest of the house. The ertoing covers were filtly, there was a bole in the hearthrig made by a digarette. He dusted two chairs with a handkerchief. Jill sat down in one, he in another.

"They don't seem to have looked after you very well," said Jill.

"I cleared them out this morning," said Oliver.

"They don't seem to have looked after you very well," said Jill.

"I cleared them out this morning," said Oliver.

"They don't seem to have looked after you very well, "said Jill.

"I cleared them out this morning," said Oliver.

"They thought and only said Jill. Her cheeka were pink with anneer. "I knew it was like

"I cleared them out this morning," said Oliver.
"I'm glad you did," said Jill. Her cheeks were pink with anger. "I knew it was like this, Oliver. As a matter of fact I came a fortnight ago to see. I said I wanted some cough medicine. A horrhie young man gave it to me. He charged me five shillings for it."
"And out the five shillings into his market."

"And put the five shillings into his pocket, no doubt," said Oliver.
"I expect so," said Jill. "I saw the house-keeper, too. They were both vile people, Oliver! What are you going to do now?"
"Do? Clear out, of course!" said Oliver.
"Where?"
"Then you are running away," said Jill."
"Then you are running away," said Jill."

"Anywhera," said Oliver. He broke off.
"When I saw you there," he whispered, "I
thought you'd brought a message from
Viva."

"She doesn't know I've come," said Jill. "She doesn't know I've come," said Jill.

"You mustn't blame Viva too much,
Oliver," she went on sofily. "I know it
seems frightfully hard. But after all you
knew yourself she was an actress before
she was anything else, didn't you? She
had to follow her luck when it came Look
at things from her point of view, Oliver,
She'il be a star. If this picture succeeds,
she will have arrived. You couldn't expect
her to give up all that?"

"I cave up a lot for her," said Oliver.

her to give up all that?"
"I gave up a lot for hor," said Oliver.
"But lif all right, Jill. I'll feel better about
this when I get away from it. I'm goingto-night."
"Running away." said Jill, very quietly,
"Dash it, you've no right to say that!"
"This was your practice, wasn't it?"
said Jill.
"Place"

"There's not much left of it."
"But it was yours," said Jill.
Oliver rose to his feet. His chair scraped against the floor.

against the floor.

"It's ridiculous talking like that!" he said harshly. "If, if I were still engaged to Viva it would have been different. I'd have fought them, tooth and nail! Why should light now? I'm thred—tired, I tell you! You've not been in prison, Jill. You've not looked at a cell wall till it grew light again, in the morning. You've not esten prison food and done prison exercise, and seen nothing but the faces of fellow inmates, of warders. You've not come out, as I have, and had everything you wanted taken from you, come back to find your practice ruined. Running away."

"You're very sorry for yourself, Oliver, aren't you?" said Jill.

"Sorry for myself?"

aren't you?" said Jill.
"Sorry for myself?"
Suddenly all the pent-up emotions of
the last twelve months were too much for
him. He sat down again, his elbows on the
table. Utter misery and desolation overwhelmed him. Twelve months ago he had
had everything a livelihood. a girl, a
future. Now nothing-not even a home,
nor a friend to turn to. His shoulders
shock.
"Oliver Olives deer down!"

"Oliver, Oliver dear, don't!"
Jill was kneeling beside him, her arm
round his shoulder.

round his shoulder.

"Oliver, don't! Oh, I'm managing so dreadfully badly. I wish I was clever so that I could say what I felt! Oliver, listen! You're not running away! Oliver, there's a chance for the practice yet! I spent the day in Charnford when I came for that cough mixture; I talked about you. I went into shops and cafes and the local pub and sossiped like any old woman! Some of them blame you, Oliver: zome think you really were drunk, lots of them, though, blame Viva. There was one old woman, keeps a haberdankery, said to me: 'Dr. Vereker saved my life, Miss! If he'd been in prison a dozen times I'd stick to him!' "That must have been Mrs. Honderson,"

"That must have been Mrs. Henderson," said Oliver. "Perforated appendix. Dashed her into hospital, just in time. You can't run a practice on one Mrs. Henderson."

"Then you are running away," said Jill. She had risen to her feet, and her eyes were brilliant. "You're running away like a coward. Oliver, I tell you if you're willing to fight you can get the practice back! Oliver, I can help. I'm willing to help.

The analysis of the perhaps I ought to the control of the providing gloom, perhaps he would alway—I search and stared at her. Tithought, on the control of t

walker of the series of the series of the series with search of the series with the proper way to stage a comback, thought Mias Croft, with flags dying!

That's the proper way to stage a comback, thought Mias Croft, with flags dying!

The door opened; a girl in spotless white stood on the threshold. She smiled at Mias Croft, the did not the threshold of this kind, also was the did not the threshold. She smiled at Mias Croft, the did not finch when some of the series with the proper way to stage a comback, thought Mias Croft, with flags dying!

The door opened; a girl in spotless white stood on the threshold. She smiled at Mias Croft as if everything in the world was well.

"Good afternoon," said Mias Croft, (Dr. Grahame didn't run to an efficient-looking white-robod damsel of this kind, also was telling hunself gleefully.) "Is the doctor at home?"

said one swallow means that summer is the end of the incline, when so neouragingly, a triple and provide looked for me everywhere, Mr. Trant. Why didn't you ask Viva?"

The worl is a specific was desperabely upfull work. There were times when Jill work. There were times when Jill work. There were times when Jill work and the practice of more than they could manage. Every morning and every afternoon of the she hold of the when some of this week. It she going to many Greer, may I ske?"

There's couldn'th' was going to be an upfull fight, hought the was going to be an upfull fight hought the was going to be an upfull fight hought the was going to be an upfull fight hought the was going to be an upfull fight hought the couldn'th' what a for the inches of the kind of the said Jill, cutting of the kind you calk Viva?"

The wan't so casy," and Trant. The Austrian Tyrol is preticus to was desperabely upfull work. There were times when Jill what a fashionable background it is for pictures nowadays. I did mean to get pictures nowad

"I don't believe it," whispered Jill. "I

won't believe it.—"
Trant shrusped his shoulders.—"Well, that's what everybody is saying, but I quit agree, you sught he know more than anybody size. Jill. I've a likey part in the new scenario I've just finished ainsyly meant for you. It's called 'Dear Little Plain Girl." He broke off. "What are you loughing about?
"The title." joered Jill. "It's on suitable lan't it? Offer me a part at 'Dear Little Pretty Girl' and I might consider it. Mr Trant."
"But, look here!" great the standard of the consider it. Mr

of.

"I see," he said, "that's your way of sayge-nothing doing."
"I'm rather afraid it is," said Jill.
"But why? You've gone mid! What do
not get per week disprinting? Not more
an fifty bob, I'll be bound."
"It len't quite as much as that," said
il, who still refused to take a penny from
liver.

"Then I shall call the next fine evening on the chance that she wants to be free," said Trant. "Au revoir my dear."

He held out his hand to Jill. His eyes were mischlevous. They told Jill that he had discovered he serie. She was furious to find herself blushing again. When he had gone, Oliver spoke.

"That man's in love with you!" he said. Oh, never on this earth! was what Jill and on the tip of her tongue to say bill the changed it. Perhaps she was rather youngily after all.

"Maybe," she said sirily, in the best Viva namer.

"Are you in love with him?" said Oliver World you mind if I were? Jill wanted

There's a man in the case," said Maledim Instantly. "That's wants the trouble, "Orb, tripe!" said Jill, but she binded to the said she said the said she said the said she said s

For a month now she had known nothing but a doctors practice, eaten it, seen it, dream about it, taked about it. There was a world outside, a world reborn with the new-born summer, even though this man weren't the right man to share it with her. And yot Oliver seemed to think that Maicolm Trant might be the right man. He had even seemed a trifle jealous. To be able to make Oliver Jealous of Trant was exhibitating.

Jill was laughing as the car disappeared down the High Street. She did indeed register a perfect picture of the young woman going out with a very attractive gentleman. Trant, himself, was quite deceived by it.

"Are you in love with him?" said Oliver World you mind if I were? Jill wantes to ask him.
"Oh, no," she answered, but very unconsingly.
"I believe you are," said Oliver.
"I shan't ever marry," said Jill. "There you are." She handed him the two pound notes and the two shillings. "That pays the gas hill.

"You mean you stung him that?" oried Oliver.
"Off course. He can afford it. He's made of money."
"The hard and laughed dresmilly.

"When there were here and laughed dresmilly."

than firty bob. I'll be bound."
I'll sun't quite as much as that," said jull, who still refused to use a penny from Oliver.

"You'd get a darn sight more than that with any contract and you know it. You really should consider my offer, Jill And it's a firm one. I've talked it over with British Photostudies already."

"Only as Dear Little Pretty Girl." repeated Jill.

"There's a man in the case!" said Malcolim "There's a man in the case!" said Malcolim it was to find Oliver turning away from the telephone.

"Oh, tripe!" said Jill, but she blushed sariest.

The accuracy of the continue o

She could sak him those questions. She could tell him of the offer Maicolm Trant had made to her. She didn't. He had really believed her, had he, when she had said she had taken this job, because she had been atraid of being out of work? "Good-night," she said quielly. She was going now. She could not help him any further. She knew dimly that she no longer need be frightened of his safety. She had been a sort of safety valve, and he had worked off most of his emotion on laz. She could leave how, she could go home to hed, and try and forget what he had said to her. She reached the front door, turned the handle.

"Jill, Jill!"

that add to ther. She reached the front door, turned the handle and the part of the front door, turned the handle and the part of the front door, turned the handle and the part of the front door, turned the handle and the part of the front door, turned the handle and the part of the part

The street of the pool and Mise Creat streets. All flowed days aren't much in my line. All flowed days aren't much in my line. The pool of the streets of the pool of the married woman't flow does one play the married woman't flow does one play the married woman't flow does one play the married woman't flow flowers and the control of the streets of the pool of the street

I'm right in two!" said Miss Croft playing at parties. She leant forward with shrewdly.

oft playing at parties. She leant forward with a smile.

"Thope you're going to like Charmford," she said.

"Thope so, too," said Jill.

"It will be a great change for you after a till be a great change for you after a till be a great change for you after a till be a great change for you after a till be a great change for you after a till be a great change for you after a till be a great change for you after a till be a great change for you after a till be a great change for you after a till be a great change for you after a till be a great change for you after a till be a great change for you after a till be a great change for you after a till be a great change for you after a soon of the pletures didn't you'll be a great change of the fundaments face I'd ever seen."

"My dear!" began Mrs Beston, embarassed "Of course you were made up tike that for the picture, weren't you?"

"And now it has brought you a husband" tiltered Mrs. Grahame.

"I don't think it is altogether Mrs yereker's face brought her a husband" said Mrs. Jones quelty "I think Dr. Vereker is to the change in Jill's face it had been yereker's face brought her a husband, said Mrs. Jones quelty "I think Dr. Vereker is to the change in Jill's face. It had been yer lades began talking rather queckly. Sylvia Grahame thought was and the was busy dispensing it. The other lades began talking rather queckly. Sylvia Grahame thought Mrs. Jones and the was busy dispensing it. The other lades began talking rather queckly. Sylvia Grahame thought Mrs. Jones and the was busy dispensing it. The other lades began talking rather queckly. Sylvia Grahame thought was in a film studio or for the main chance. I'll have Dr. Vereker if I'm ill again she told herself. He was kind at any rate. And I like the girl, whether she was in a film studio or for the main chance. I'll have Dr. Vereker if I'm ill again she told herself. He was kind at any rate. And I like the girl, whether she was in a film studio or for the main chance. I'll have Dr. Vereker if I'm ill again she told

would do you all the good in the world, where the professor of a happy and newly-married couple," said all.

"What's that got to do with ty"

"What's that got to do with ty"

"What's that got to do with ty "

"The complete couple," said all.

"People would nake the couple of a happy and newly-married couple," said all.

"Reposition of the marriage," and all. "People would nake the said to be the marriage," and all. "People would nake the was classiving quitnles.

"The canterous the dispersant where the was classiving quitnles." The said could not be breathfully promise to be hard-guizes, postents the professor of people. But he was glad, but the was classified to be him. Since the was plant to the promise of row to low the capture of the was classified to be him. Since the was classified to be him. Since the was classified to be him. Since the was plant to the promise of row to low the capture of the was classified to be him. Since the was classified t

across her at one of the studio parties?"

"I don't remember," said Oliver.

Nor did he, when he saw Burbara Barnes, think that he had ever seen her before. She was a vivacious burnette. She lay on an elaborate bed with lace frilled pillows. She said she had lumbago, but the fact wasn't particularly evident. Still he had had previous experience of decorative ladies, who sent for the doctor if a finger ached.
"I'll sand some medican for you," he said. She was a vivacious brunette. She lay on an elaborate bed with lace frilied pillows. She said she had lumbago, but the fact wasn't particularly evident. Still he had had previous experience of decorative ladies, who sent for the doctor if a finger ached.

"Til send some medicine for you," he said, "and you must keep off meat and alcohol. Here's a filet sheet you ought to stick to I'll call gash at the end of the week."

"You've done me a lot of good already," said Barbara.

"An and some medicine for you," he said, "and you must have you?" cried Viva. "Darling, I've been perfectly miserable. How could I say all mean them. You must have known that I didn't! Jill, I've come to apologise."

She dropped her parsels on to the table.

Before she knew what was happening, "Ill found herself kissed, but carefully so that her scilled overall should not spoil this adiant beauty."

"Oh, Jill, you've forgiven me, haven't con?" cried Viva. "Darling, I've been cerfectly miserable. How could I say all hose dreadful things to you?" But I dim't nean them. You must have known that didn't! Jill, I've ceme to apologies."

She dropped her parcels on to the table—

"But what?" said the doctor.

"Oh, nothing much."

Mrs. Grahame nibbled a piece of rusk slowly. She had been going to say: But low? She had been going to say: But with vereker in the least like a film person. She had thought better of it, and she did not always share her ideas with her husband. Jill Vereker certainly wasn't like a film person at all. In her shabby clothes, a basket over her arma,

prodding ods of the market, or frowning antiously because sugar had gone up a half-enry, who looked plain and small and in-dignificant.

And Mrs. Grahame's maid was a friend of life chartery of the chartery of the succession of the consequence. And as keep that all in cleaned and cooked and mended that she dispensed and washed up, was a regular bousehold drudge, in fact. No, finat iddn't she had entered that she dispensed and washed up, was a regular bousehold drudge, in fact. No, finat iddn't she had never come again. Mrs. But there was the new thin, as with the tailier. But there was the new the consequence. And as the with the tailier and the succession of the consequence of the conseq Hill had seen Dr. Verelor coming of the collace Cotage? And if he had well that was funny, waen't it? That was worth investigation. There is no smake without fre, thought Mrs. Grahame. A dector should be like Caesar's wife, without reproach be like Caesar's wife, without reproach be like Caesar's wife, without reproach to like the same and the last why that's bound to do his practice a lot of harm, isn't it she thought to herself.

That evening, as it happened, Dr. Grahame went to a meeting. He was a member of the parcohal council. Mrs. Grahame took out the can herself. She passed Liliac Cottage, where lights gleanmed behind daffodil curtains. She caifed at the Stevenson Mrs. Stevenson was a large, ample, impressive person head of a dosen committees and charitable organizations. And she was one of the women who always at in her front window, so that nobody passed it without her knowledge.

"The stry to trouble you," applogised Mrs. Grahame. The just had a breakfown with the car. I've begn put right now, but the phone of the garage was out of order. I wondered if a might ring up from here. My heaband's always to offer. I wondered if a might ring up from here. My heaband's always to offer. I wondered if a might ring up from here. My heaband's always to offer I wondered if a might ring up from here. My heaband's always to offer. I wondered if a might ring up from here. My heaband's always to absend y anxious about me if Tm a minute late."

"My dear, do by all means," said Mrs. Grahame had counted on this, as a certainty. She accepted gratefully. And quiet naturally, conversation recreed on to the subject of the reddents of Loon Lane.

"We've one stockbroker, and a former Lord Mayor of London," tittered Mrs. Stevenson, "but of course they don't count scenario and the state of the day and former lord propose there's a fet of coming and going from her house," said Mrs. Grahame.

"Yes, and almost as pretty as her pictures, if you like that sort of thing."

"The film star, ten't she'p said Mrs. Grahame.

"Yes, and almo

"Oh, doctor—" began Miss Croft.

Then she coughed, as the cold air met her face. The spasm was too much for her. She tottered, put a hand to her heart Oliver caught her. Without saying a word he lifted her up bodily. He took her upatairs to the fireless bedroom. Miss Croft was horrified, cannishised, terribly embarrassed, relieved all in a minute. She knew she could never have got up those stairs again, unaided. She tried to explain.

"I didn't feel so well this morning—didn't get up—"
"Watt a second!" said Oliver, "Fil warm your hot water bottle again for you."

It lay on the floor. He picked it up and

Christmas too well haven't you? Now drink that, and then I'll tell you what I've come to ask you."

"What is it. Doctor?" said Miss Croft.

"Jill's lonely now," said Oliver. "She's been a bit homesick over Christmas. It's a big house for her, when I'm out so much She wants to know if you'll come and stay a few days with her."

"Of course, if Jill really wants me—"said Miss Croft.

"You don't suppose we'd ask you if we

"You don't suppose we'd ask you if we didn't?" said Oliver.

diant?" said Oliver.
"Not a fire anywhere." he told Jill after wards. "not a bite in the house. I remem her size told me before that her mone; came in at the New Year. You'll keep her till then, won't you, dear? I'm glad we've got that chicken. But don't try and give her much of it, or much of anything come to that. She's been starving herself consistently for weeks."

Twas the New Year and her money had come and she was back in her own house. She was looking more like her old self. For one thing, the quarterly cheque had been just a bit higger than she had expected and Oliver had found such a respectable girl called Gladya, just left school, to come in and do for her for five shillings a week and her meals, which were certainly rather big ones. But, since Gladya meals were big Miss Croft found herself, too, eating a little more and good food certainly kept the cold out. And now she was having ica with Mrs Grahame. She had been in two minds to accept the invitation, remembering Mrs. Grahame, and the search of the state of the search of the sear

went, the same why you should fly into such a rage about it all," said Sylvia Grahame a rage about it all," did Sylvia Grahame "What Oliver Vereker does doesn't concern son surely."

"He's a friend of mine, they're both friends of mine," said Mins Croft. She said no more, but left the house, slamming the door behind her. She was literally trembling with rage.

But now what to do? she wondered as she nurried along the High Street. Not for one minute did she believe the atory true Jill and Oliver can contradict it in a munute she thought. Yes, and they'd better! This was serious. She, too, knew that a doctor must be above suspicion. I hope he has somebody up for libel, thought Miss Croft fiercely, all the fighting blood of her ancestors string in her veins. Somebody has got to pay for this!

"They say that Oliver—Oliver is in love with Viva?" said Jill, ten minutes later.

"Tes," gasped out Miss Croft. "It's that Sylvis Grahame. Of course she and be! hisband are furious because Oliver came back again. She says Oliver aces your sister three or four times a week. I told her it was a ite. Til tell everybody! Why, I've seen you and him together. I know you're both of you in love with each other! But you must be! Oliver. Jill. You'll probably have to get to the bottom of this matter. Don't look so white child! What do you care as long as you know it un't true."

"Of course it isn't true," said Jill.

probably have to get to the bottom of this matter. Don't look so white child! What do you care as iong as you know it will true."

"Of course it isn't true," and Jill Thank you for telling me, Miss Croft I'll sell Oliver—not to-day though, I think He's got a perfectly notten cold. I don't want to upper him more than is necessary."

"Well, he ought to know some time, and Miss Croft "This is the sort of thing that wants pulling up by the roots."

Miss Croft made a violent motion with mer hands, as if she were indeed disposing of some noxinus weed. Illi nearly laughed She edged her visitos obtrusively towards the door. When she was alone her face thanged however. Of course, it isn't true she had said Of course it is true, was what her heart told her. No smoke without fire was a silly saying, but in this case there was probably sense in it. She remembered obliver's face when he had brought Viva to the house. She remembered how much nappler he had been since.

If I ever get the chance of it, I'll pay you out. Viva had said. Yes, and she was probably doing it. She had not come back to the house in Charnford High Street again. She had not needed to.

"Oh, but it isn't true, Jill told herself violently, It can't be. I'm as bad as the rest, thinking such dreadful thoughts about him! Miss Croft has more faith in him than I have, and I'm his wife. I ought to be anhamed of myself. Oliver married me He wouldn't do that to me, he wouldn't me had and to me he wouldn't a wary poor anxious woman, a young baby in her arms. Jill recognised her. It was Mrs. Murphy of Wynyard's Yard, and this was the child who had been born a month ago. "Oh, Mrs. Vereker, Mum." ahe said anxiously, "is the doctor in?"

"No," said Jill. "Can I take a message?" "I sent for him this dinner-time, and ne promised to come first thing on his round this afternoon. It's Tommy, the second of them message like that, she thought of course he'd been very overworked and seedy, all day Funny, too, how upset Mrs. Murphy had been she had seven children and tree anyw

with Oliver. Sometimes she rang him up at houses where he was calling, and so saved valuable time for him and the patient. To-day.—

Her face changed It became hard and white. She took up the telephone. She cave the number of Link Cottage.

I'm a fool, she told herself, a hysterical, suspicious fool. I'll be sorry for this in a noment.

uspicious fool. I'll be sorry for this in a noment.

"Hullo?" said Viva's voice, crisp on the elephone as any B.B.C announcer.

"Oh, in that you, Viva?" said Jill "Will ou give Oliver a message for me, please?"

"How did you know he was here?" said Jiva trepressibly

"Do you think Oliver comes to see you without me knowing?" said Jill. "Will you cell him to call and see Mrs Murphy's boy in Wynyard's Yard as soon as possible? Yes, Murphy Wanyard's Yard That's all. Except a happy New Year to you, Viva."

Then she rang off before Viva could answer. This is the end, she thought, the very end.

THAT afternoon Oliver Vereker, forgetting entirely the measure from Wynyard's Yard, hurried through his visits as much as possible. It was half-past four when the car drew up at Lilac Cottage. It was misty, and the lights of the lounge loomed polely through the prevailing gloom. As he opened the sate Oliver found himself coughing: A sudden pain in his chest startled him. Jove, he thought, his cold was worse than he had imagined. The maid accustomed-to-the-best-people admitted him. It struck Oliver that her units was not so discreetly welcoming as usual. The fact was Helena had been with Viva in Paris. She had seen the luxuries of the Ritz had wasched with satisfaction Gerald Greer spending money like water. What's the good of her cluttering up her thanes with a doctor, she was thinking contemptuously, even if he's good-looking like this one. She showed Oliver into the lounge, and left him there.

It was warm here. A great log fire curnt in the grate. There was central heating. The room was filled with flowers, and their scent was a trifle overpowering. Oliver did not notice that at first, however. He was glad to be gut of the cold and the damp, conscious of an increasing malaise, conscious of an increasing malaise conscious to that he had an ordeal in front of him. He had to tell Viva that, in fairness to Jill, he did not mean to see her any more. It would be good-bye to sait this from hiene-forward, to this pleasant room, to Viva hereally and the damp, and the cold of the cold and the damp, conscious of an increasing malaise emerged to the cold and the damp, conscious of an increasing malaise conscious of an increasing malaise

"How nice of you to come and see me again so soon. Oliver."

again so soon Oliver."
"Did you have a good time in Paria?"
said Oliver
"Wonderful." said Viva. "I was glad
to get away from an English Christmas All
this holly-cum-waits-cum-turkey-and-plum
pudding bores me attiff. It's pre-Victorian,
Dickensian. I'm a modern, if ever there was
one!"

One!"
Oliver laughed politely. As he laughed, he coughed. A similar spasm to that which had assalled him outside. But viva, who had been standing close to him, now sprang away. She looked at him accuaingly, "You've got a cold. Oliver."
"I'm afraid I have." pusped Oliver."
"Mostly cough. It will be better in a minute."
"I have to see the control of the control of the cold."

"I hope to goodness you don't give it to me," said Viva.

"You never think of anybody but yourself, do you, Viva?" maid Oliver.

The words came out, before he had meant
to say them.

"I might repest the compliment," she
said. "I suppose your patients don't mind
you giving them an extra germ or two.
They don't hold up a film—a whole filmif they go sick. As it happens, I do. I'm
sure you ought to get back home, and let
dill mix some nausenux drug for you. Come
and see me when you're better."

"I came," said Oliver, "But let
the said. "I suppose your patients don't mind
if they go sick. As it happens, I do. I'm
sure you ought to get back home, and let
dill mix some nausenux drug for you. Come
and see me when you're better."

"I came," said Oliver. "But let
the said. "I say sorry for you."

"That's not true," said Oliver. "But let
the said. "I say sorry for you."

"That's not true," said Oliver. "But let
the said. "I say sorry for you."

"That's not true," said Oliver. "But let
the said. "I say sorry for you."

"That's not true," said Oliver. "But let
the said. "I say sorry for you."

"That's not true," said Oliver. "But let
the said. "I say sorry for you."

"That's not true," said Oliver. "But let
the said. "I say sorry for you."

"That's not true," said Oliver. "But let
the said. "I say sorry for you."

"That's not true," said Oliver. "But let
the said. "I say sorry for you."

"That's not true," said Oliver. "But let
the said. "I say sorry for you."

"That's not true," said Oliver. "But let
the said. "I say sorry for you."

"That's not true," said Oliver. "But let
the said. "I say sorry for you."

"That's not true," said Oliver. "But let
the said. "I say sorry for you."

"That's not true," said Oliver. "But let
the said. "I say sorry for you."

"That's not true," said Oliver. "But let
the said. "I say sorry for you."

"That's not true," said Oliver. "But let
the said. "I say sorry for you."

"That's not true," said Oliver. "But let
the said. "I say sorry for you."

"That's not true," said Oliver. "But let
the said. "I say sorry for you."

"That's not true," said Oli

The spots the compliance of the property of th

And Mrs. O'Flynn's manner had been so ordinary. He was surprised however, at his audden sense of loss and disappointment. The sitting-room looked lonely and lost without Jall, though the fire burnt brightly. She had, in fact come in to see to it the last thing before she went.

It was only when he went into his consulting room that Oliver saw the not morped against the inkstand for him, and guessed in a flush at the truth.

He sat down heavily at his desk and read the letter. The words blurred in frost of his eyes. She had gone, quite simply and quietty, as Jill did everything. Gonel of the confort and for the practice. 'Get Miss Croft—send old Firth his bill.' And at the ond, "I love you so'-bill."

Oliver jumped to his fest, opened the

and the arrangements for his comfort and for the practice. "Get Miss Grott—send old Firth his bill." And at the end. "I love you sel—slill."

Oliver jumped to his feet, opened the door violently. Then he stopped The clock in the hall was striking six-thirty. That meant that the London train had gone. Somehow he knew that Jill would have taken it. No, it was no use. She had set month of two before he heard from her.

He realised that he had spoken aloud and that brought him to his sense. He certainly did feel ill and queer. And in the waiting-room, patients were coughing and shuffling impatiently.

They came in, one after the other. In turn, none of them perhaps as sick or as set as he was. Most of them were passes, he was. Most of them were passes, he was. Most of them were passes, but there were private cases too To-night he did not dispense for hem. He gave them prescriptions. But there were private cases too To-night he did not dispense for hem. He gave them prescriptions as also distreted of making up the medicine as Jill did. From six-thirty to eight-thirty the surgery went on: whenever the waiting room year went on: whenever the waiting room grew supply a fresh lot of putients would fill it again.

I seemed an eternity before the surgery went on: whenever the waiting room year went on: whenever the waiting room grew supply a fresh lot of putients would fill it again.

I seemed an eternity before the surgery went on: whenever the waiting room grew supply a fresh lot of putients would fill it again.

The cooked the fish for your supper Doctor, said Mrs. O'Flynn, addenly appearing, "and now I'll have to be getting back 'ome I'll san't gauge go now, I hope for the was dealing with it and a knack of cooking interpensive field, but Mrs. O'Flynn hadn't, and the fish the first there than hear Mrs. O'Flyne exposituating. While he was dealing with it another than hear than hear the allowed the first preserve field. The first preserve field the first preserve field the first preserve field the first preserve field t

Yard.
Yea there's going to be an epidemic all right thought Oliver. He'd better go now before Mrs. O'Flynn went, while she was still here to answer the door to other actions.

patients.

He went out to the car and found himself thaking. Jove, he waam't going to be realty thaking. Jove, he waam't going to be realty in the second of the car swerved, as he too't tout of the garage. Funny if they had into up again for dangerous driving. Durn turny, the sort of joke that you simply accounted with laughter at! And it was nadeed another case of scarlet fever. The young man who had caught it was tuber-cular already. He'll probably die, though

hospital once more. The voice at the other end of the line sounded prevish "We're rung off Oliver simply collapsed in his

"YOU know, Mrs. Vereker," said Dr. Frith, the man who was
doing locum teners for Oliver during his
liness, "I consider myself very lucky to
be setting all this experience of scarlet
fever. I'm glad, though, that I've been
inoculated, ha, ha! Six fresh cases again
his morning it's not the all go with

dangerous. Who is this Viva person he keeps talking about? Giddy reminder of his bachelor days? I suppose so!"

"I suppose so," said Jill. "Don't you think you'd better get off on your round now, Dr. Prith? There seems to be a lot to do."

"I'll get a move on as soon as I've finished his cigarette," said Dr. Prith, kindly.
And they were paying ten guineas a week, as well as board and lodging for this thought ill scornfully Dr. Prith was an example of the worst kind of commercial medical practitioner. He was in medicine, as he had already told her, only for what he could get out of it and he didn't mean to exert ilmself more than was strictly necessary. Jill left him and went upstairs. Miss Croft, sat beside Oliver. As soon as she had heard of the doctor's illness she had offsred to help.

"Viva, Viva, you didn't mean it, did you? You're not like that really, are you?"

"If only he would be quiet!" said Miss Croft, in a low voice.

Jill went to the bed and took Oliver's hand in hers.

"If only he would be quiet!" said wiss Croft, in a low voice.

Jill went to the bed and took Oliver's hand in hers.
"Of sourse Viva didn't mean it," she said clearly. "She was only tessing. Viva sends ber love. Oliver."

"Viva's love," muttered Oliver. "Viva's love, Viva's love," muttered Oliver. "Viva's love, Viva's love."

"You'd better go down and have something to eat," said Jill to Miss Croft.

When she was alone she took her place at Oliver's bedside. He was obvinuity, desperately ill. And there was so pitifully little one could do for him. The district ourse came in three times a day. It had been impossible to get a resident one. There was a terrible outbreak of illness round Charnford. And in the meanwhile Miss Croft and Jill tended him. It was a good thing it was only Miss Croft to hear these ravings of his thought Jill.

"Was I

"WELL, how is he this

norming?

It was Dr. Anderson, a doctor from the other side of Charnford. He was looking after Oliver. He was the right kind of medical man, just as Dr. Frith was the wrong one. His face was serious as he took Oliver's pulse.

Oliver's pulse
"He's giving his heart no chance getting
excited like this," he said. "If we could
keen him quiet be might do. He's very
ill, Mrs Vereker. I can't hide it from you.
He spoke to Oliver, trying to reach him
through the make and haze of delirium.
Try to sleep, old chap, fry to sleep."
"Viva," muttered Oliver. "Viva."
"Doctor's said Ill. "Krow who this Viva."

"Doctor," said Jill. "I know who this Viva is. If I managed to get her, it might make a difference?"

"It might make all the difference in the world," said the doctor. "Or it might not." "Then you think I ought to try?" said Jill. Her face was very white and strained; the last few days had worn her to a thread. "I think if you were willing you might "ry." he said.

"Very well," said Jill.

He was down the steps, as if shot from

Viva Ferrand let her eyes rest on the apparition which had so suddenly appeared. She didn't like pimply young men, but in the role of budding film star, she smiled at him graciously.

"I suppose Mas Vereker is fn?" she said "Oh, rather - rather," said Dr Frith "Please do come in I suppose et-you mow her husband is laid up?"

"That's was safely past.

The crisis was safely past.

The exett day Malcolm Trant turned up. He demanded to see Jill in a way that hrooked of no refusal.

"The Viva Ferrand"

"That's why I'm here," said Viva quietly. 'Tm Viva Perrand,"

"That's why I'm here," said Viva quietly. "I'm Viva Perrand."

The effect on Dr. Frith was gratifying. "Great Scot!" he guiped. "Great Scot! Fool I was not to recomise voil I say, I never miss a picture you're in, if I can help lit! I'll teil her you're here. I say, fancy you being the Viva that Vereker keep asking for. Finever tumbled to li-not for a minute! Doot wonder he did call for you. His wife's not exactly easy to look at is she? And she doesn't half keep me in order, believe me! And—""You're talking about my sister," said Viva quietly. "Do you mind fetching her please!" De Frith turned a sickly green, and tried to say something and falled.

Gosh, he thought that's done it! The first time I've had a chance with getting off with a film star and I'd got to step into it with both feet! Why can't I learn to keep my mouth shut? Anyway I ruiess there's a lot more in this than meets the eye. If he's married to one sister, why's he talking all the time of the other? Delitium's a funny thing. It lets out some secrets.

"Please come upstairs, Viva," said Jill, from the lindius.

funny thing. It lets out some secrets.

"Please come upstairs, Viva," said Jill, from the landing.

It was a little dark on the landing, but Jill's face was clear to see. She had an entereal and unearthly took She's stealing the picture from me was Viva's instant professional thought, as she ran upstairs, Jill drew her into another room while the explained things whitely and clearly, Oliverwas desperately ill. His crists was at hand. It was essential that he should rest. If he didn't—

Her volce stormed suddenly. Even Vice.

didn!—
Her voice stopped suddenly. Even Viva, in spite of hercelf was impressed.
"What am I to do?" she said. "Tell me what to do, and I'll do it."

what to do, and fli do it."
"Say as little as possible," said Jill "Justlet him know that you're there."
"I hate sickrooms." said Viva petikhly.
They had seemed rather dramatic and
exciting, but now with death looming in
the background she was frightened.
"Come!" said Jill, taking no notice of that
remark.

stood out clearly to him. She cangith be reach. What would happen now? Would vive accomplish what she had not accomplished.

Still Cliver aid nothing, but be smiled a little. He turned his head on the pillow, and closed his eyes.

That eviding his paid.

The next day Malcolm Trant turned up. He demanded to see Jill in a way that brooked of no refusal.

"I he began without preliminary, "what has Vive been up to new?"

"I never saw anything so outrageous, never! Of course after the police case last year there's hardly anybody who haven't guessed at the name of her police case last year there's hardly anybody who haven't guessed at the name of her feetced admirer, I don't know what truth there is in the story, but Viva's a brat and a minut. She deserves smilect of one of the best girls in the worth."

"It does my conceif a whole lot of good when you say thines like that to me. He's married to you then he's a fool But I early believe he deet hange of flowers and what not."

"It does my conceif a whole lot of good when you say thines like that to me. Malcolm." and Jill half-laughing and half."

"It as y them because they're true. By the way. I've brought him the urual offering in the shape of flowers and what not."

"It as yet on you about it would be a start plant and the play, which had life conceited young men! How any of the prittents stand him. I can't blink."

"It as yet on you about it would not be automated to see the plant of the pla

"I'm here, my dear," said Viva, natural it last, and she took his hand.

They all waited, breathless. Miss Croft at a corner of the room, picture of indomitable spinsterhood, Jill at the foot of the bed.

Oliver's voice ceased. There was no answering response, but it seemed to Jill shat his eyes focused themselves, as if, in his delirium, he at last saw Viva, that she stood out clearly to him. She caught her breath. What would happen now? Would Viva accompliah what she had not accomplished.

Still Oliver said nothing, but he smiled a little. He turned his head on the pillow.

vance," said Freyne, who had been watch-

"Nothing doing, I'm afraid. I've a sick husband at present. I'm a married woman, Mr. Freyne."

Freyne.

"Not Oliver's wife," said Jill quietly, "Oh, I'd do it if I could. It's a wiserd's part. I'd do it for you, Malcolm."

Oliver had always hated the films, and, since his filmess, this hatred had increased. He put down Viva's conduct to their influence. It pleased him now in his weakness to think that she might have been perfect had not the glamor of the cinems destroyed her. And Jill did not tell him that, long before the films had taken Viva, she had been precisely as she was now, self-seeking, hard as nails, ambittous, luxury leving, that she had been born with what might be called the film-star complex. "Well, we'll have to look round for some-

"Well, we'll have to look round for some-body else," said Freyne, with a sigh, "And until we find her, 'Dear Little Plain Girl' will have to be docketed."

"The so sorry," said still, pitifully,
"That's all right. Here's a cheque for the afternoon, at any rate."

THE fact is, Mrs.

Vercker," said Dr. Anderson. "It's no use biding the truth from you your husband inat's picking up as he ought to. It will be a long time before he can tackle the practice again at this rate of progress."

"If that means we have still to go on paying that odious little Dr. Frith, I shall go mad," said Jill hysterically.

"I think you might give Frith a gend-off," said Dr. Anderson. "I think if I speak to the medical agents they can get something better than that for you. Of course, pneumonia is a nasty business. And we've still six weeks of possible had weather ahead of us. It might mean that Oliver's lungs will be permanently affected. If you could get him abroad now, until the March winds were over. I'd feel happier about him. Is that impossible?"

impossible?"
"Impossible!" said Jill. "We were only just getting the practice together again, you see. And people had been paying so badly. And I haven't been able to be so careful with the housekeeping with Olliver III, and I lie awake at night thinking of the bills. Oh, it's rather tough lock, isn't to. Dr. Anderson? We've tried so hard."
"No rich relation you can sting for a lean?" asked Dr. Anderson.
What about that atstur of here be

them." said Jill.

"You may have to, if it's the case of a life," said the doctor seriously.

He left Jill a prey to morbid and frightened horror. She, too, knew that Oliver want't picking up as he should. She knew that he fretted, because he was still too weak to take over the practice. Dr. Frith's negligent care of it goaded him to fremy. He fumed over the book-keeping, listened to the surgery bell as eagerly as if he nad had to answer it. Certainly a doctor's house was no pi: "e for a doctor to get well in, Jill reflected saidy. But when they hadn't a five-pound note to their name how could they talk of foreign travel.

Quite suddenly she remembered Freyne's offer and the possibility of playing in "Dear Little Plain Girl." She had never mentioned it to Oliver. Lately his hatred of the films had increased. It had become almost an obsession with him, something which in better health he would forget about, but at present he talked of gangater films, that goaded lads to crime, of amorous films polluting the minds of young men and women. Nor would he have allowed Jill to work for him — mush though she worked for him already. Oliver still had oid-tachioned ideas about husbands supporting wives.

Wes, but supposing he was abroad, somewhere—supposing he didn't know?

Jill sat perfectly still, thinking over the matter in all its aspects. First of all, it was essential to got Oliver away. Secondly they must get rid of Frith, find a locum tenens who was truttworthy and competent. And when Oliver came back, not to bills, but to a practice ready and waiting for him. And you couldn't do that without money.

"I'd pay you a thousand pounds and you could have a good spot of that in advance." Those had been Freyne's words. She went to the telephone and rang up Trant.

"Have they found anybody for 'Dear

"Have they found anybody for 'Dear Little Plain Girl" she asked him.
"The scenario is still in the pigeonhole," said Trant morosely.
"Then I've changed my mind about it. If the offer's still open, I'd like to accept."

If the offer's still open, Td like to accept."

Malcolm's shout of triumph told her
that the offer was still open.

"Til have to make stipulations, though,"
she said quickly. "Oliver's going away,
I can't begin rehearing until he is gone,
and I don't want him to know anything
about it, until the picture is finished
and I want two hundred pounds down,
please."

"Til ace that you get it and the agreement."

"Til see that you get it and the agreement to-morrow," said Malcolm. "Jill, I wish I could tell you how glad I am!" "So am I, come to that," said Jill.

Two days later Jill went up to Oliver's bedroom.

"Tve news for you, Noil," she said. "I've taken rooms for you at the Eclat Hotel at Blarrits for the next month."
"What?" said Oliver, and then sharply, suppleiously: "Who's paying for them?"
She knew that he was thinking of Viva.

"The Regam are paying for them," lied Jill, "They've settled their bill at last!"

"No rich relation you can sting for a sain?" asked Dr. Anderson.

What about that sister of hers, he condered, reputed to be earning thousned.
"I couldn't take anything from any of hem," said Jill.
"You may have to, if it's the case of a fe," said the doctor seriously.
"READY there!" roaved "Cameras Shoot!" of hexameras Her head on the shoulder of young Harry Gask, who was playing opposite her. She faced the giaring lights of the cameras Her face was bright yellow and her eyes montrostics.

what some of those awild manufacturing forms are like, too. You just hate to think who might have slept in the bed before I can be really plain when I feel so perfectly lovely inside!"

"Fine," said John Freyne. He jumped from his seat. "That makes a dalay of a curtain! This picture hasn't gone badly, it hasn't gone badly at all! We've only those scenes by the fiver to shoot." He picked up his megaphone. "Principals and extras at my place to-morrow morning at eight, unless it's pouring a deluge. Should be through by the end of the week with any luck."

"What some of those awild manufacturing towns are like, too. You just hate to think who might have sleept in the bed before you did! But occasionally we'd get somewhere not quite so bad, and if he indicated would have me in the kitchen why I'd be av pleased as Plunch! There was one once who let me make some somes."

"You funny kid," said Jill. "What did they tast like?"

"Not so bud. She said I had a light hand for pastry."

"And you're on the films instead?" said Jill.

"What else could I do?" said Sally simply.

"Oh, one minute, Mr. Preynel" said Jill. "Might I speak to you?"
"Sure. What's the matter?"

"Sure. What's the matter?"
"Must I have a 'double' for that accident scene to-morrow?" said Jill. "I'm a pretty good awimmer, you know."
"Can't risk anything," said Freyne. "If you got hurt, the whole picture would be held up. I've just had a message from the casting people, saying they've found a suitable girl. Stre's got her certificate for swimmins. You wouldn't want to do her out of five quid, anyhow, would you? I'm pleased, Miss Ferrand! I don't often say I'm pleased, but this time I am!"
Jill smiled radiantly.

In peased, but this time? I am?

Jill smiled radiantly.

In her dressing-room she found somebody awaiting her, a slip of a girl in rather pathetically chabby clothes.

"Oh, Miss Ferrand," she said in a shy voice, "The Sally Bryant. I'm doubling for you to-morrow in the river scene. I've been given the glothes, but they sent me slong to ask you how you were going to wear your hair?"

"Miss Cowan will do it for me," said Jill. She's somewhere round the studio now. She will do yours, too. We're all going to meet at Freyne's house, nearby Henley, to-morrow morning, you know. Miss Cowan will be there then,"

"Oh, thank you," said Sally Bryant. Her hands twistor rather nervously. "It's the first time I've ever doubled for anybody, though I've done a lot of crowd work, of course. I'll have to look exactly as you do, won't I?"

"Well, you couldn't have my face very well," said Jill. "You're pretty. Sure you're a good swiminer?" she saked sharply.

"Oh, yes, yes, of course," said Sally, just a shade too quickly.

"Well, there's a masty current at the place where they're shooting this scene." said Jill. "I saw it hat Sunday. I wish they'd let me do it myself, but they won't. They keep their 'leads' wrapped up in cotton wool nowadays. Not like the time of the rough and cumble silent pictures. Get hold of Miss Gowan, child. Say I sent you. Hope the water's not too cold to-morrow!"

"Worth if for five pounds," said Sally.

"You can be poor if you're married," said Jill.

"Oh, yes, but it's worth it then, and

were married.

"You can be poor if you're married," said Jill.

"Oh, yes, but it's worth it then," said Sally. "Not befine alone, I mean, and having a place of your own. I've always wanted a sirchen more than anything else in the world."

Jill turned and looked at her in surprise. "A kitchen! That's not what most people want in their Christmas stockings." I don't know about Christmas stockings." said Sally. "I never had one. I've lived in rooms all my life. Mother was an attress on four, you see. You know what theatrical lodgings are on tour. You probably know what some of those awful manufacturing towns are like, too. You just hate to think who might have slept in the bed before you did! But occasionally we'd get somewhere not quite so bad, and if the land-lady would have me in the kitchen why I'd be as pleased as Punch! There was one once who let me make some scones."

"You funny kid," gald Jill. "What did they taste like?"

"Not so bad. She said I had a light hand for pastry."

"And you're on the films instead?" said Jill.

"What else could I do?" said Sally simply.

She suddenly realised that she was taking up a good deal of Jill's time.

"Thank you as much, Miss Ferrand. Till to-morrow, then."

She slipped away. Jill's dresser appeared, and the transformation scene was begun, Jill thought a little of the girl who had just left her. A nice child. Come to that, most of them were nice. She had enjoyed this brief come-back to the world of the silver acreen again. She had been exhiliarated, amused, interested. It had been nice to be somebody, to hear: Yee, Miss Ferrand; No. Miss Ferrand; to see the girls in the crowd looking at her with unselfach enzy, as one who had reached the heights to

floated downstream. But the eyes of the rest of the company were focused on Sally brief took Sally with emphasia. "Well, perhaps you never need," said Jill. There's a use for people who like kitchens better than chemis."

Then she caught her lip between her teeth sally back to Charnford. It was young later and the machines were clicking. There's a use for people who like kitchens better than chemis."

She rang up her house. Then she took Sally back to Charnford. It was young later and the machines were clicking. There's a use for people who like kitchens better than chemis."

She rang up her house, then she took Sally back to Charnford. It was young later and the machines were clicking. There's a use for people who like kitchens better than chemis."

She rang up her house, then she took Sally back to Charnford. It was young later and the machines were clicking. There's a use for people who like kitchens better than chemis."

She rang up her house, then she took Sally back to Charnford. It was young later and the machines were clicking. There's a use for people who like kitchens better than chemis."

She rang up her house, the sall to later and the machines were clicking. There's a use for people who like kitchens better than chemis."

She rang up her house. Then she took Sally back to Charnford. It was young later and the machines were clicking. There's a use for people who like kitchens be to-morrow, then,"

She slipped away. Jill's dresser appeared, and the transformation scene was begun, Jill thought a little of the girl who had just left her. A nice child. Come to that, most of them were nice. She had enjoyed this brief come-back to the world of the silver acreen again. She had been exhilarated, amused, interected. It had been nice to be somebody, to hear; 'Peo, Miss Ferrand. No. Miss Ferrand, to see the girls in the crowd looking at her with unselfah envy, as one who had reached the helphe to which they all appired. It was nicest of sil to know that "Dear Little Plain Girl" was a success.

The shild len't half scared still either"

"It's she really" and Jill.

"Oh, she's keeping if up preity well, but I could see her hands shaling. What's she got to do?

"All ight," said Jill. "Quiety! Jisst To could see her hands shaling. What's she got to do?

"All ight," said Jill. "Quiety! Jisst To could see her hands shaling. What's she got to do?

"All ight," said Jill. "Quiety! Jisst To could see her hands shaling. What's she got to do?

"All ight," said Jill. "Quiety! Jisst To could see her hands shaling. What's she got to do?

"All ight," said Jill. "Quiety! Jisst The carried way a way to warete the web;" said Jill wearily. "I wish threy'd really let me do it, but they all any No. I never touch time waker at all. The kid takes my place. She has to look as if she were drowning. The well of the weir scene weeks ago—somewhere near Oxford. Anybody who can seein well will."

"Oh, it isn't dangerous really and there's no weir at all, just there. They took the weir seene weeks ago—somewhere near Oxford. Anybody who can seein well."

"It's hope she does then," said Miss Cowan, taking another pair of culling torpas from the stand.

"Cowan, taking another pair of culling torpas from the stand.

"It's limb to be not of the company. She booked across until she found Sally. The girl wore the came clother as the wore—of cheaper material. Jill's Change goven of flowers depongent to have been been considered by the condition of the preliment of the company. She booked across until she found Sally. The girl wore the came clother as the wore of flowers sheeping the same clother with the same clother as the provision of flowers depongent to have allowed to register it. Then came the pure the morning. Even Jill kept way from Freyne in a temper, Harry Gook approval and the rame clother as a limb any pallor she might have provided a pure the morning. Even Jill kept way from Freyne in a temper, Harry Gook approval and the cameras were allowed to register it. Then cames the pure took an hour rebusting this, until it wor Freyne'

wanted. Or was she acting? Was that downstairs again. "She doesn't look a bit string as one who had reached the heights to which they all aspired. It was micest of all to know that "Dear Little Plain Girl" was a success.

M. B. WILSON ran Jill down to the station the next morning. Forty minutes later Froyne's car met her at the other end. When she reached his house she found the rest of the company assemble found the rest of the company assemble in the hall. An enormous bedroom had been allotted to her as a decissing-room. Miss Cowan was awailing her, a stout woman with a pleasant, homely face.

"Did Sally somebody or other find you last night?" said Jill.
"Yea, I've just done her hair for her. The child lant half scared stiff either!"
"Is she really?" said Jill.
"Yea, I've just done her hair for her. The child lant half scared stiff either!"
"Is she really?" said Jill.
"All right," said Jill. "Quietly! Just I could see her hands shaking. The state of the control of the control of the plant of the plant of the control of the

She was frantle. Freyne took her arm But she wrested herself away from it. Before he realised what she was about to do, she plunged! She wouldn't need that warm spray now, she had tâme to think She was in the water, finding as poor Sally must have done, how inpeding was her frock. She swam towards the struggling terrifled, gasping girl who had 'doubled for her. Even as she reached her. Sally sank, rose again, found herself held up by Jill.

"All right," said Jill. "Quietly! Just float!"

She got Sally on to her back, and managed to bring her to the bank. There were a dozen arms to bear them upwards. But they were still to act. "Take the girl, somebody!" shoutde Freyne. "Stay where you are, Jill. Harry, grab her. Cameras!" and Jill found herself hauled out of the water, and carried by a dripping Harry, according to programme, as if there had been no intervening narrowly averted tragedy, as if she had indeed been merely aprayed in nice warm water. The asene was continued.

"Well, it's all right," said Freyne, when it was over and whan Jill was wearing dry clothes again. "I've been taiking to the cameramen, and they say they got enough shots of the girl, before you butted in, Jill. I suppose you know you might have come a mighty loc of money. As it is, it will be O.K. As for that girl, she doesn't get crowd work again, much less doubling—where both got over that!"

Where's Greer" asked Cliver sharply.

But somehow he did not mention Viva when he wrote to Jill. And, since such an omission would have seemed curious in a letter, he contented himself with postcards:
"We drove into the Pyrenees to-day," "We might try rice cream instead," said Jill "We might try rice cream instead," said would say, "We bathed to-day," "We might try rice tream instead," said since such as the words stuck in this throat. He could not get them out said for invalida."
"As I remarked before," she said, "It's "Of course I wanted to be home," he said instead."

be anybody he reflected. Leave it at that!"

Then one day Oliver gave in. His arms went out, and drew Viva towards him. How soft, how yielding she was. Her face was thrown back for his kisses. This is Life, at last, thought Oliver, as his lips bent to hers.

This is the moment I have lived for! Viva's cyes were like stars. You could drown yourself in them. He drew back a little, and looked at her.

Jill burst out laughing again. "As I remarked before," she said, "it's fump, when you think of all the women in kitchens whing that they were on the films, and you so devoutly thankful that you're in a kitchen!"

"I'm the one with senag," said Sally "What are the films and the stage, but pretending? What I want is life—real life!"

"Do you mean that?" said young Dr. Wilson.

He had come unneticed into the kitchen.

"It sounds too wonderful to be true," sighed Jill.

would say, "We battled to-day," We might be anybody he erfebeted. Leave it at that "Then one day follow gave in the same and the same a through which Oliver has seen her fase when she had kissed Greer. She had never through the importance of it.

But at that moment, Oliver, too, saw the mirror He too saw the picture reflected in it. Mirrors took the traith Sometimes they took you more than you knew already.

He awa himself. He was bolding Visa, the sahe had branched the look in the days since she had brought Sally was facelanted with the fronger than you knew already.

He awa himself. He was kissing a her, sake had branched that he should kiss her, were alreed she had come to Bharriza. That not she had come to Bharriza. That no control the control of the control

had been. Had it not been for Jill, he would not have been here at all. She had taken his life into her small hands, and had guided it and tended it. And now the practice was going to do, his patients had a restored confidence in him. He had put his infabration for Viva behind him, and the future omens were propitious. Surely even his house looked better, brighter and aprucer, than he rememered it. As for Jill.

"What have you been doing to yourself?" asked. "How do you mean?" asked Jill.

Her hair had actually been 'permed,' as only Miss Cowan at the studies could 'perm' it.

"I like that red frock, too," said Oliver "R's new, ian't it?"

"You can get things for almost nothing at this time of the year," said Jill.
"It looks expensive. You're the world's wonder, really! Lucky I am to have you!"
"Oliver, do you really feel that?" said Jill.

Jill.

"Never so much as I feel it now," said Oliver. "But I've aiways known, of course."

He followed her into the dispensary. She was putting on her white overal! He was suddenly overwhelmed with tenderness for her. Dear Jill, a man would be a cad that could hurt her! Thank Heaven he had run away from Biarritz! She never need know how near he had been to falling That's over at last, he thought.

"Jill, my dear—" he began.

Dr. Wilson came hurrying into the dispensary.

portant. This time there was a newspaper for her.

It was a copy of the Paris edition of the Daily Wire' and had been sent to her from the London office. The address on it was spewritten. Jill took it into the dispersary and opened it. She wondered why it had been sent to her; then a picture caught her eyes. "Celebrities at Blarritz," was the heading above it. "Cocktail Hour outside the Hotel Eclait. That was where Oliver had been staying, of course Yes, there he was, quile plainly distinguishicable. He was laughing profile turned to the camera, obviously unaware that he was being photographed. And—

Jill put down the paper. All the color was drained from her face. Oliver was being photographed. And—

Jill put down the paper. All the color was drained from her face. Oliver was point and the table under the photograph her name was mentioned. "Miss viva Ferrand, the well-known film actress with A Friend." That's how they described her. And the friend was Oliver.

Jill leant back against the dispensary table. Then happiness fell from her as it it had been a sament. So viva had been at Barritz, and the sort of people he had ocen friendly with at the hotel. He had not meant her to know about viva. Some "well-wisher," no doubt, had sent her the paper.

I ought to have guessed it, After all when her her paper.

I ought to have guessed it, though Jili on whit to have guessed it. After all when her her paper.

I ought to have guessed it, though Jili on whit to have guessed it. After all when her her paper.

I ought to have guessed it, though Jili on whit to have guessed it. After all when her her paper.

I ought to have guessed it, though Jili on whit to have guessed it. After all when her her paper.

I ought to have guessed it, though Jili on whit to have guessed it. After all when her her paper.

I ought to have guessed it, though Jili on whit to have guessed it. After all when her her her paper.

I ought to have guessed it, though Jili on the her her paper.

I ought to have guessed it, though Jili on the her her pape

The could be always known, or course, where the could have thought you may be a could have the c

Viva's lemon colored car drove up to the doctor's home in Charnford High Street. By this time it was a familiar aight. Heads appeared in the window opposite. Viva descended, slowly, leisurely, so that passers-by had time to see her. Lovely as ever, involent as ever, aure of heraelf. She was looking forward to the interview ahead of her. It might be amusing.

"Darling Jill," she gushed. "How marvellous to see my only sister again!"

"Hullo, Viva," said Jill.
"Likae Cottage seems so quiet," complained Viva. "I really had to come over and see you. I think I'll get married, now I see how idylically happy you and Oliver are. Ah, there is Oliver! I dight see you at first brother-in-law."

"How do you do," said Oliver.
"I needn't sak how you are!" said Viva.
"It's difficult to imagine what a thin, wan wreck you were, when I last saw you. Biarries seems to have suited you. Did you enjoy staying there?"

"Very much, fiank you," said Oliver.
"You dish't meet Milly Cornish and her hushand, I suppose?" said Viva.
"I don't think so."

"Curlous—I asked them to look out for you. But Blarries is quite a large place, isn't.

where nad been taken out of his hands. Viva
"And you tell me that you got a thousand
new that
"Twenty guineas?" said Viva. "So wise
"Tm telling you the truth," said Jill.

of you, dear. I always say you should pay for dressing. I believe in other days Feed the Brute was a good wife's motto. But—Make Yourself Look Niee for Him, would be my suggestion. You were so very shabby before dear. Well, I'll be going now. I just wanted to have a glimpse at you both. So glad Biarritz has done you so much good. Oliver. So glad you've not moped too much without him, Jill. Will somebody tell my man I'm ready for the car? Good-bye, both of you."

She left Oliver on the doorstep, and Jill in the sitting-room. Jill had lit a cigareste, and was nerving herself for the scene in front of her. She was going to tell Oliver the fruth. In return he would have to be truthful with her. But he didn't come. She heard the car being driven away. Why didn't he come? She wanted to get it over, to know the worst as soon as possible. If Oliver really loved Viva, why had Viva shown her talions so obviously this afternoon. If he didn't love her. . . .

Cilver, too, knew that an interview awaited him with Jill, but he was hardly ready for it. He wanted breathing space to think. Yiva and her malice had stunned him. Today he had not even thought her good to look at. Deliberately, definitely, she had done her beat to hurt him. That remark about the Rosetie frock, too—woman's malice. Yet Jill had admitted it, had admitted that it had cost twenty guineas. "On, Doctor, Doctor, just a minute!"

He had stopped to buy a packet of cigarettes. A portly, well-dressed florid man was hurrying across the road toward him. It was Mr. Regan, the wealthy straw-hat manufacturer, who had been away on a world four.

"My dear fellow," he said to Otiver. "Tro

miny may be the wealthy straw-hat manufacturer?

"Yety much, finant you." said Oliver.
"You dother meet Milly Cornish and her husband, I suppose?" said Viva.
"A don't think so."
"Gurlous—I asked them to look out for "Our loue—I asked them to look out for "Our loue—I asked them to look out for "My dear fellow," he said to Oliver. "The said them to look out for "Why should I have?" said oliver.
"Why should I have?" said oliver.
"Why should I have?" said oliver.
"This is Sevres," said Viva, examining her teacup.
"Jull got it cheap at a sale," said Oliver," had not seen the suppose of the pour land the covering letter in my desk. If you like to look for it. Mailbert the significance of Oliver's had not seen, expensive, too. The asker the suppose of t

"Oh, I daressy you got a thousand pounds—but not just for acting in a flim!" said Oliver. "The not a fool! You admitted your sent that Trant's in love with you. You admitted that he klassed you. You saked me if I minded. I said I hadn't the right to mind. I suppose you think I still haven't. But I've a right to object to Trant's thousand pounds being spent on my house, by my wife. I've a right to object to being led to to being deceived. I thought you were straight Jill. I thought—"
"How dare you!"
Oliver broke off sharply. He stared. He hardly recognised his wife. He had never seen her singly before. Viva could have told him that the little girl Jill had had fits of temper. The wife Jill had been kind, genlie, patient and long-suffering. But now her face was twisted with anger, her eyes snapped with it.

"How dare you speak of deceiving? You and viva sitting here this afternoon talking of Biarritz—talking as if you'd been alone there, and she in Paris! Smilling at each other, thinking how eleverity you were hood-winking me. Well, as it happened, you weren't! I knew not yesterday, but foday. She was there with you. You'd have you inde a plot together, against me, to deceive me, Well, you didn't tell me. You lied instead. You made a plot together, against me, to deceive me, Well, you didn't deceive me, but you've get what you wanted."

made a plot together, against ms, to deceive me, Weil, you din't deceive me, but you've get what you wanted."

JILL I can explain, said Oliver. "I can explain, said Oliver. "I can explain everything about viva."

"You needn't bother," said Jill. "Pm librough! Of course you can explain. You'd tell me, perhaps, that you were just friends or not. It doesn't matter to me any longer. I'm going Oliver, and this time I'm not coming back. I've still got some of that thousand pounds left to live on. And it was paid me by British Photo Studies by the way. You'll find the covering letter in my desk, if you like to look for it Malcolm Trant didn't give me a penny of it. He put me in the way of earning it, that was all."

"If that is so, I apologis—"began Oliver. "Oh, apologise!" said Jill.
Before the scorn in her face, he was dumb.
"I loved you," she said, "and I suppose I made you into a sort of hero. I thought you everything that was good and fine. I'd have laid down my life quite gladly for you—that han't exageration. It was stupid of me, of course. People don't want loving like that—It only embarrases them because they can't give it back again. Well now, I'l try to cure myself. I'm going to stop loving you, if I kill myself in trying to do it?"

"Jill" cried Oliver. "Jill!"

But Jill was up the stairs. He heard her bedroom door close, and the turning of the key. He went after her, but she would not open the door to him.

That evening she ieft Charnford. Cliver was alone in the bouse in High Street.

Oliver rang up Malcolm Trant's house, a few weeks later, made sin appointment to see him. The two men met that right.

"You want to marry Jill?" and Oliver. "The sould do exercit her that polity and to hear yill?" and Oliver. "The sould do exercit her happy married to you?" said Oliver. "The world so men met the sould have you?" said Oliver. "The world so men met her happy married to you?" said Oliver. "The world so men met her happy married to you?" said Oliver. "The world so men met her happy married to you?" said Oliver.

The remark was a shrewd one and left Oliver silent. It was true, he had treated Jill abominably. He remembered those

afternoons, before his illness, and the drawing-room of Lilac Cottage He remembered those days. Those enchanted evenings in Blarrita. He looked back amazed at himself. He knew now that he would never again want Viva. What had been this madness that had been upon him? Whatever its origin, he was paying for it now, paying for it over and over again. "Of course," he said. "you saw a lot of Jill when I was away. Trant."

"I saw her every day," and Malcolm.

Jill When I was away. Trant."

"I saw her every day," said Malcolm.
"Yes, of course Jill loved him, thought
Oliver bitterly. Why shouldn't she? Trant
was a decent fellow. Yes, it was up to
him to offer her her freedom. The two
men did not say much more to each other.
Oliver went home. That eventing he wrece
to Jill. He did not know her address, so he
directed it care of the British Photo
Studios. In it he asked her quite briefly if
she would divorce him. If he turnished the
necessary evidence. Concluding rather
oddly and unexpectedly. Your affectionate
husband. Oliver Vereker.

As it happened, his letter was not the only

As it happened his letter was not the only one that Jill received that morning. Re-hearsal had been called for ten-thirty. She found another envelope in her dressing-

found another envelope in her dressingfrom.

My dear Jill (Viva wrote), I am writing
this because I have a feeling that you
would rather not see me at present. I'm
asking you as I think Oliver is going to
ask you, to divorce him. We love each
other, Jill, as you know we've always loved
each other. We were together at Biarritz,
and I knew then that we were made for
each other. I'm sure you won't want to
keep him unwillingly, I am awfully sorry
if this makes you unhappy, but honestly
I don't think it can make you as unhappy
as going on being married to him would
do knowing all the time that he cares for
me. I admit we've both treated you diagracefully, but love was too strong for both
of us.

Some day, perhaps, when it is all over.

Some day, perhaps, when it is all over, you will feel like seeing me again Both Oliver and I will always be fond of you Viva.

Fond of me, thought Jill Fond of me?

But he didn't want her back again, now Miss or ever. And there was only one thing to "Y be done about this letter."

De done about this letter.

Jil took up her pen. She wrote quickly:
Dear Oliver, I am quite willing to divorce
you. My lawyers—(who were her lawyers?
On well the people who had advised her
about her present contract would do, no
doubt)—are Messrs Scriven and Knaresborough, Lincoln Inn Fields.

She bentiated down the

She hesitated about the conclusion of the letter. No. she wouldn't write Your Affectionate Wife. She ended: Yours in haste, Jill Vereier.

It was so that Malcolm Trant found her. "Jill," he said "what's happened to you? ney're all on the set waiting for you. And e—Why Jill!"

"Oh. Malcolm," sobbed Jill. "Oliver wants me to divorce him and I don't want to. I don't want to!" "You poor, poor child," said Malcolm.

He and down beside her, and gathered her thin his arms.

"He was never good enough for you. Jill; he sald. "Never! He never looked after you properly, nor cared enough for you. Jill; he should make a miscrable for you when the all over."

"I'll be good to gou all right," said Malcolm.

But he found himself wondering as he comforted her if he were resily being good to her. If he were not instead doing the power to do.

"Vou'RE fools—fools to her with the was her power to do."

"Vou'RE fools—fools to her with the was her power to do."

"Vower heard of such a thing. You and Jill going your apparate ways! Jill in low with you fare the you there if you when the found himself wondering as he combined with the stimute of the same and to see you there."

"Vo wher heard of such a thing. You and Jill you," raged Miss Croft, "Divored Nover heard of such a thing. You and Jill you," raged Miss Croft, "Divored Nover heard of such a thing. You and Jill you have from the dead, are you't rise a play she didn't beatev you't ree. Jill the low standy and you for her. Beades she in you want you want to be your mother, and I shall talk to you mant of you married Jill in the first plant of you man and you for her. Beades she in you with her. I so you they will you are. Oh, you mustr't do this' and Miss Croft, the mer hands in distress. "You must 'I sand see you wness up your lives in this way."

"Teame here to treat you medically, and not to see you worked up in this way."

"Teame here to treat you medically, and not to see you worked up in this way."

"Teame here to treat you medically, and not to see you worked up in this way."

"Teame here to treat you medically, and not to see you worked up in this way."

"Teame here to treat you medically, and not to see you worked up in this way."

"To ame here to treat you medically, and not to see you worked up in this way."

"To ame here to treat you medically, and not to see you worked up in this way."

"To ame here to treat you medically, and not to see you worked up in this way."

"To ame

Then she put her head down on the table Oliver, "I don't want to see this film," said of cried.

"Oh, well, just as you like," said Miss Groft, "Give the tleket to somebody eine then, but I don't want to be bothered with it. You might go away now, I'm going to

chance—the only chance!"

But Oliver had forgotten Miss Croft, as he gave the ticket to the attendant Actually he had never been to a London onema before. He had expected to alip into a seat, as one did in Charnford. He was taken aback, when he was unhered to his place, conscious too that he wasn't in evening dress, and therefore a trifle conspicuous. At that moment, if retreat had been possible, he would have turned and bolted. But as it was, men and women

National Library of Austhatipa//nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4619939

were rising politely so that he could pass them. The lights were gradually diminished the music had begup. He fumbled for his place, to find himself next to Malcolm Tranti

place, to this interpretable place, to this interpretable why, hullo, Vereker!" said Trant before he sould step himself.

"Trant!"

"Trant!" went up, and they were

Trant!"

Then the curtain went up, and they were silent, Fool I was to come, thought Oliver furiously. Trant cast a look in the semi-darkness at his face. He had expected the maiden lady, Jill had described to him. The sight of Oliver disconcerted him. The fellow looked iil, he thought, and haggard. Of course, divorce was always a sticky business, Jill was looking iil, too, come to that. She had refused to be whible at this first night, but was hidden in a box behind a curtain Nobody knew site was there. She was invisible to the audience, and the audience to her.

Britiah Photo Studios present

British Photo Studios present

British Photo Studios present
"Dear Little Plain Girl."

The preliminary news items were over.
There was a rustle of expectation, as the
curtains fell apart. Oliver's face was
set and grim. So far Jill was not upon the
screen. The scene was a drawing-room, and
there were three extremely attractive young
women in it. Jill, gathered Oliver, from the
conversation, was the plain member of a
family known to be aupremely goodlooking—the one ugly duckling in a brood
of easy-to-look-at brothers and sisters.

Jill, as herome, was preparing for the
evening's festivities, "You'll see my last
line in young men," her lovely aister ead
smillingly. Jill was interested, by no means
tealous Harry Gesk, as here, drove up to the
house. She looked down from her window
and saw him—as Elaine saw Lancelot,
saw him laughing, gay, young and gallari.
The audience saw her change then from
childhood to girthood. Oliver thew so well
that shy gesture of hers—half-frightened,
as she looked down on the unconscious man
below. To call, this Love at First Sight was,
of course, a backneyed phrase for something
beautiful. You saw her dressing fervently, of course, a hackneyed phrase for something beautiful. You saw her dressing fervently, even horrowing the lovely one's cosmetics, for this meeting with the man she loved. You saw her running downstairs to meet

In the drawing-room the hero had ar-rived. Only Lord Bertle was there—a part played by one of England's chief comedi-

"As for Susan," Lord Bertie was saying, "there should be a national pension scheme for a girl as plain as she is!"

"there ahould be a national pension scheme for a girl as plain as she is!"

For one second the girl in the picture stood stricken. How dare they hurt her like that, how dare they thought Oliver furiously. Then the two men turned and saw her. Their laws dropped, thought of the horror-stricken. And now you realised that the Little Plain Girl no longer thought of herself. Her one instinct was to put these two at their case, to reassure them, to tell them that she didn't mind a hoot, and that they could forget about it. "Or a salary for adding to the galety of nations, and there was no sames, no recrimination in her voice. Oh, a fine kid, a fine kid, indeed!

Oliver had forgotten Trant sitting beside him. Come to that, Trant had forgotten Oliver, Oliver had seen Viva in "Off White," and had been cruelly disillusioned an hour afterwards. On another occasion, he had seen Viva again in a mirror, exactly for what she was But how what he saw was the real Jill, and he knew it, the Jill he had seen overy day without heeding, in this film

made important, with the interest of the picture centred upon her, transformed from Jill Who Doesn't Count, Into Jill the heroine. And yet just Jill, so rare, so sweet, so unassuming, that you might well ignore her, if you were one of those who had not eyes to see.

I've been blind, blind, thought Oliver to himself.

He was filled with shame and forest of the picture, which was the said.

"Well, what do you think of the picture, Vereker?" he said Oliver.

"I kee was filled with shame and forest of the picture, vereker?" he said of the picture, when the said it. "One moment, Vereker," said Malcolm.

Twe been blind, blind, thought Oliver to himself.

We was filled with shame and impotent fury. He had had this treasure for himself. He had described it for something empty and mereliridous. He had been entangled by the outside show of beauty. And he had believed—what had he believed of fill? That the lure of the picture world had begulled her, that she had been too fond of Malcolim Trant, that she had been foo fond of Malcolim Trant, that she had been fooled and faithless and unreliable! Fool he had been doubting fool! In this picture Harry Gask made no such mistake. The story, in fact, deviated from Jill's own story allogether. But only somebody who had known Jill could have written it. Only somebody who loved her, come to that.

Yes, I love her, thought Malcolm Trant, sitting beside Oliver, But that's not enough. She doesn't love me. He, too, though he know the scenario by heart, saw the picture in a new light. He had not been present at many rehearsals; they had been such a hotch-potch, too, that they had given him no idea of the coherence of his own story. But here It was, the picture of a child who could be faithful, to whom faithfulness, in fact, was everything, who in the river scene was in fact prepared to die for this.

SHE doesn't love me, thought Malcolm Trant. She loves her husband.

Suddenly he was sahamed. Queer that his own picture could make him feel like that. But then it wasn't his own picture. It was Jill's. And she emobled it somehow. Malcolm Trant here that he may have that he had advised. Jill to apply for the divorce, because he wanted her, not because he wanted her happiness. But if her husband doesn't love her, he thought if he hasn't the decement to Oliver beside him; Oliver was learning forward. Malcolm rant lime as indeed in a sort of way he was, seeing the Jill, if a shore him as the stars, Jill whom he ought to have her prepared to worship. Hang it he does love her, thought Trant. And yet he's asking her to divorce him. Why?

He knew why, It was Viva's work—dirty work indeed.

Yes, but you were going to take advantage of it, an inner voice told him.

Malcolm't face was grim. The picture was drawing to an end. He saw quite clearly, what he had to do. But I love her, to, his linner conscience told him. If she is free, she will turn to me. I come second with her always—always. Second? That's not much use it marriage, he in? that voice dold him again miserably. Hang it sail! If I'm willing to be second best, that's my bushess, sin't it?

The picture was over. It had a happy one of I can choose the happy ending again—for her at any rate. But then what shout me? No, I can't do it. I won't do it! I won't do it! I won't do it! I'm willing to to say good-night to the fellow beside me now, and it'll be over.

The lights went up. He saw Oliver's face.

The lights went up. He saw Oliver's face.

The lights went up. He saw Oliver's face.

The lights went up. He saw of the missing in the him in the heart of the first time, naked, and their film had done, are realled only that here was somebody to what her film had done, are realled only that here was somebody to what her film had done, are realled only that here was somebody to will be a seen the for the film had contine to plant the film had contine the film had contin

His voice was somehow harsh and un-

Would he like to speak to her?
"I don't think she'd like to speak to me," said Ollver.

"I rather think she would," said Malcolm.
"We can get through this way."

"We can get through this way."

There was a staff exit to the side of the usual exits. Malcolm dived through it. Oliver followed him. They went up a flight of stater, and so reached the box in question. Malcolm opened the door. I'm a fool, he thought. I should have said good-night. I couldn't somehow. Now, I've done it. Jill was picking up her cloak, she turned her head. Her eyes looked a little as if she had been crying.

"It's wonderful, Malcolm, dear," she said. "It's not Malcolm," said Oliver.

"It's not Malcolm," said Oliver,

He was alone. Malcolm had shut the door on them. Jul turned startled eyes. Oliver had had no time to plan anything to say to her. He said what was in his heart.

"Oh, Jill, I love you," he said.